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The All-America Football Team

December 30, 1933

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Collier's

NATIONAL WEEKLY

DEC. 30, 1933

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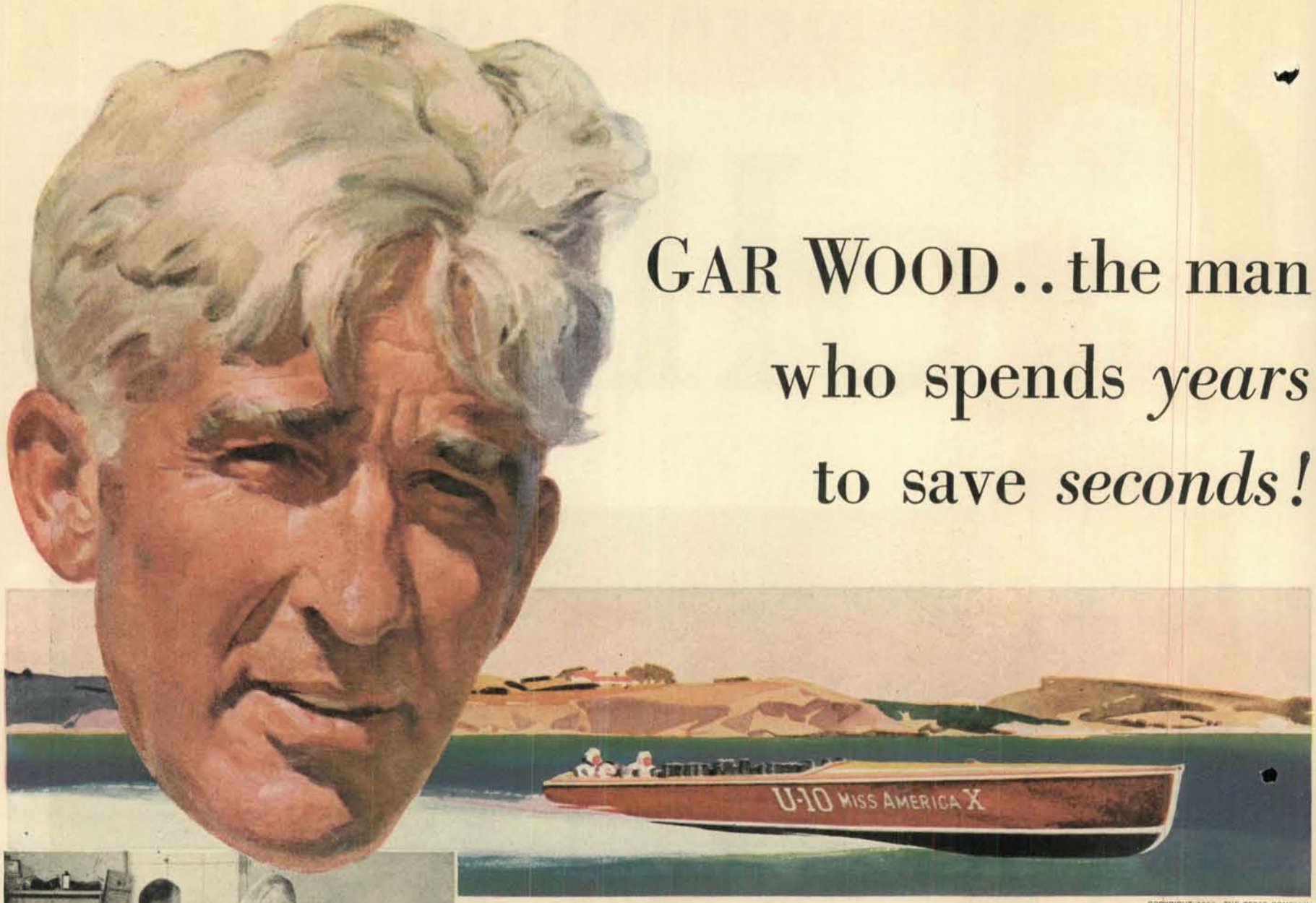
GAR WOOD .. the man who spends *years* to save *seconds!*



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Gar Wood in the workshop of his magnificent home at Gray Haven where experiments are continually being carried on.

On the boat landing at the edge of the Detroit River, Gar Wood looks over some of the boats which have made him world-famous.

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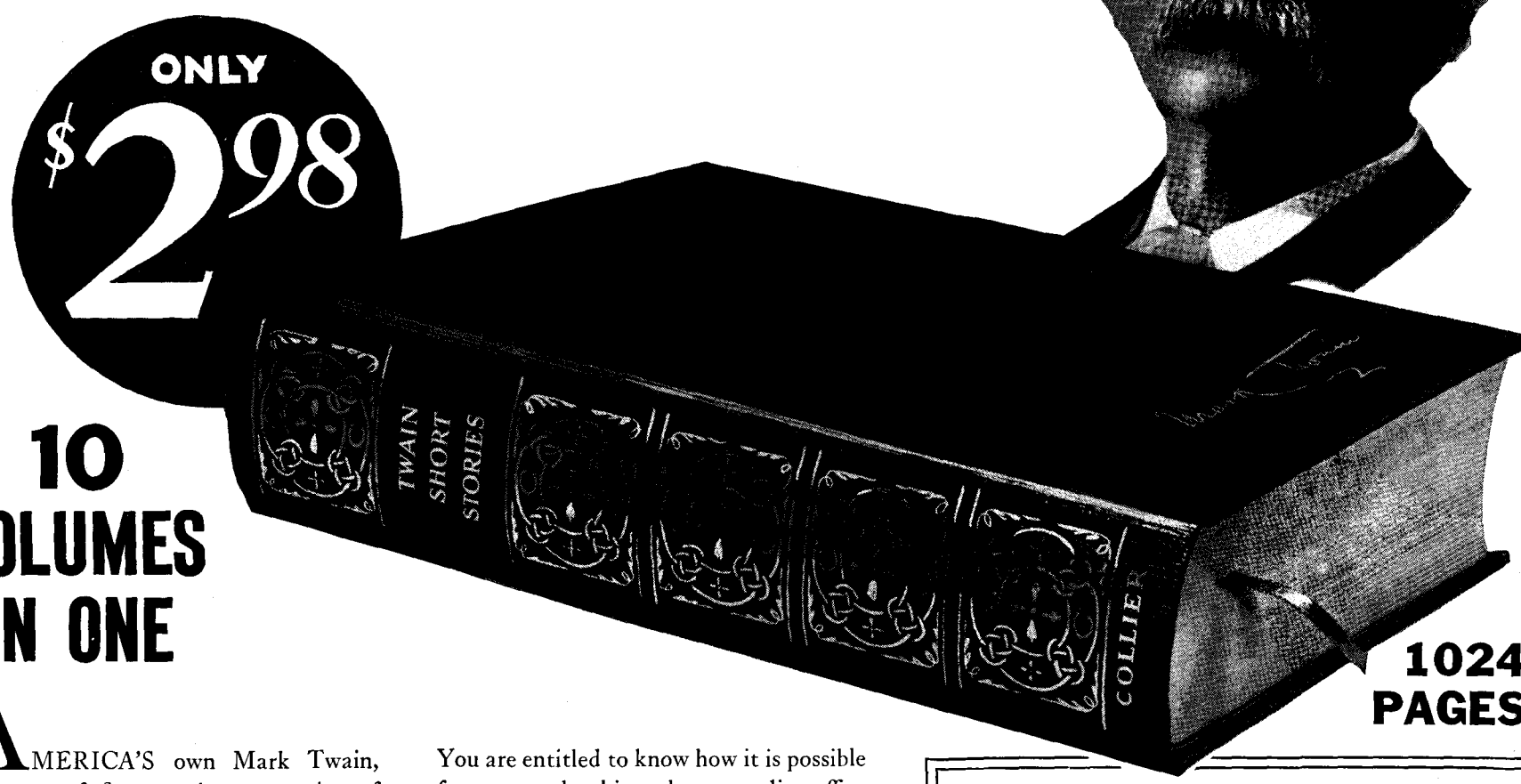

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

TRUCK DRIVER MAHADEY was on the Boston-St. Louis run. For a year he'd been driving through little towns, watching the lights in windows late at night, watching the sun come up behind haystacks, and he wanted to know what it was all about. What did people do in little towns? He picked on Ostopolis, Illinois, to find out. He would spend the week-end there; it would be a good rest anyway.

It turned out to be "A Perfect Week-end" but by no means a good rest. Mr. Mahadey was twice put in jail; he got into a fist fight and a riot; he assaulted a state policeman; and most important of all, he met Dorine, who was a swell wisecracker and looked like Claudette Colbert, only her eyes were prettier. Frederick Hazlitt Brennan furnishes the particulars.

FOR a century or more in this country we've had a weakness for canals. They appeal to the imagination; they suggest leisurely ways and quiet commerce. In the popular mind they stand for economy.

It's a nice picture, but is it fact? The answer is no. So far from being a cheap means of transportation, they are one of the most costly —to you, the taxpayer. "Get Out of the Ditches" is the advice of George Creel, an expert.

ELLEN CHASE was perfection. She had to be; it was her trade. But it made her fiancé uncomfortable; he was a long way removed from perfection himself. She was a champion ski jumper; he was a dub. That irritated Ellen. And so things stood when they started south from the Quebec Club in the face of a storm. They went by car, for, as Ellen's sister asked, what would Daniel Boone have done? And they got stuck for the night in a snowdrift. "Champion Preferred," by Bernard DeVoto, is a dramatic record of the results.

OWEN P. WHITE tells the story of "A Man Called Smith" who had trouble with his hands. Whenever he hit anyone with them, the person hit not only stayed hit but had to be buried. Mr. Smith wandered all over two continents, dodging the embarrassing consequences of this peculiarity and, incidentally, breaking hearts on his way. We think he'll amuse you.

DANA BURNET, Ray Tucker, Harold Lamb, Freling Foster, Teresa Hyde Phillips, Quentin Reynolds and others contribute stories and articles. Alan LeMay and George Agnew Chamberlain continue the serials. That ought to give you an idea of what the new year's going to be like.

This Week

December 30, 1933

Cover by E. M. Jackson

GRANTLAND RICE
The All-America Football Team. **Just to settle all arguments.** **Page 7**

LEONA DALRYMPLE
Signal 46. **Santa Claus plays Cupid in a radio patrol car.** **Page 10**

FRANK CONDON
Careful Young Man. **He wrecked airplanes—professionally.** **Page 12**

WALTER DAVENPORT
The Wings of Song Get a Lift. **Backstage in Radio City.** **Page 15**

ALAN LeMAY
Thunder in the Dust, Part V. **Romance in Lower California.** **Page 18**

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Tell Me That I Am Fair, **by Henri Duvernois.** **Page 20**

RAY TUCKER
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At Cinders Lake. **Fishing for a monster out of the dawn of the world.** **Page 22**

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. **Food for thought.** **Page 24**

W. B. COURTNEY
Russian Nights' Entertainment. **Dissipation in the grand manner.** **Page 25**

ELMER DAVIS
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SALVATORE A. COTILLO
Wife-Beaten. **A parasitic disease known as alimony.** **Page 31**

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Marriage for Revenue, Part III. **Raglan takes note of his secretary.** **Page 32**

H. L. DAVIS
Wild Headlight. **Quick work on the railroad.** **Page 34**

EDITORIAL
Good Will Toward Men. **Page 50**

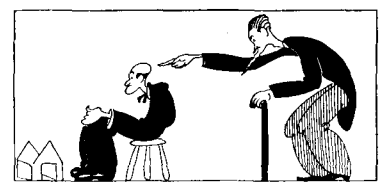
Any Week

"I SUPPOSE," says Mr. Joe Fenner of Richmond, Virginia, "that you're all set for the big showdown. Congress is about to descend upon the New Deal and poke it around a bit. It is going to be a battle between the Bright Young Minds and Conventional Age, and I'm watching my health so I won't miss it. Personally I'm betting on the Bright Young Minds. They can take it."

BUT Miss Ruth W. McKinney of Washington, D. C., has a different idea about it. She admits that it's going to be a good show but contends that the old rules will be reversed. "It used to be," writes she, "that the audience threw the eggs, turnips, cabbages and raspberries at the actors, but now it is the audience, whom some folks call the consumer, who has to dodge them. The actors are doing the throwing."

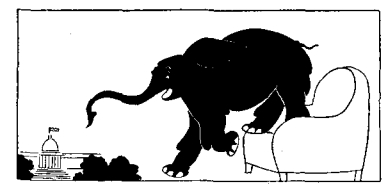
AND Miss Mildred S. Johnson of Killdeer, North Dakota, makes a plea for "those of us who are comfortably dumb." This is a classification very near to our hearts. We feel at home. But Miss Johnson "loathes mystery stories" and would have us publish fewer of them. Nevertheless she reads us "from cover to cover every week." We warn her that she simply can't keep that up and be spokesman for the comfortably dumb much longer.

LOTS of letters about W. B. Courtney's "Face the Mirror," which, as you know well enough, has to do with baldness. One comes from Mr. Homer Drown of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. "Mr. Courtney," says Mr. Drown, "should have talked to my old man. My old man used to tell me that some men get bald because an empty barn didn't need no thatchin'."



LEAVING us free to proceed with settling the world's large affairs and solving its distressing problems. Mr. L. R. Nelson of Beaverdam, Ohio, read recently in this department a pronouncement from Mr. Vanny Calfone of St. Petersburg, Florida, that in the light of the New Deal, previous federal administrations were obtaining money under false pretenses. Mr. Nelson thinks that "the current administration, red-inking a few millions every day, will be mighty gratified to get money under any circumstances."

"I SEE," says Mr. Lawrence Cahill of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, "that your man Tucker says that 'silence —vast, organized and deliberate— has fallen over the Republican party.' What's the matter with him? Dead or something? Hasn't he heard the creaking of the joints of the Old Guard as it arises from its leather chairs in the Union League, preparing to totter on Washington? And what does he think Messrs. James M. Beck, Bertie Snell, Jim Jam Watson, Ham Fish and the United States Chamber of Commerce have been doing lately? Whispering? Mr. Tucker seems to be keeping his ear to the ground, though. I guess he is listening to the worm stop turning."



WE PAUSE a moment to have a word with Mr. T. D. MacGregor of White Plains, New York. Mr. MacGregor catches Collier's speaking of "England's most unique organization." He takes us to task. And he's right. The adjective "unique" cannot be compared. The thing's unique or it isn't unique. It can't be more so nor less so. Which squares us with Mr. MacGregor. It probably wasn't so very unique anyway.

AND while we're at it, we may just as well record a protest from Mr. William H. Sassaman of Cleveland, Ohio. Mr. Sassaman has been here and there and is not to be fooled even in the Malay Peninsula. He read Frederick Hazlitt Brennan's story, "Far Pasture," and forthwith dropped everything to write us. Mr. Brennan writes of a "mud-caked caribou" and of "caribou teamsters." This, insists Mr. Sassaman, is wrong. Caribou in the Malay Peninsula are like the snakes in Ireland. In short, there aren't any. What Mr. Brennan meant, says Mr. Sassaman, was carabao, a numerous and popular beast of burden among the Malays and better known to us as water buffalo.

"I'M SUNK," cries Mrs. J. McCracken of Cedar Rapids, Iowa. "I have read all that I could about gold and inflation, silver and commodity dollars and, as I say, I'm sunk. Also I do not understand international finance. Please explain it in simple and non-technical terms."

AFTER you, Mrs. McCracken, after you.

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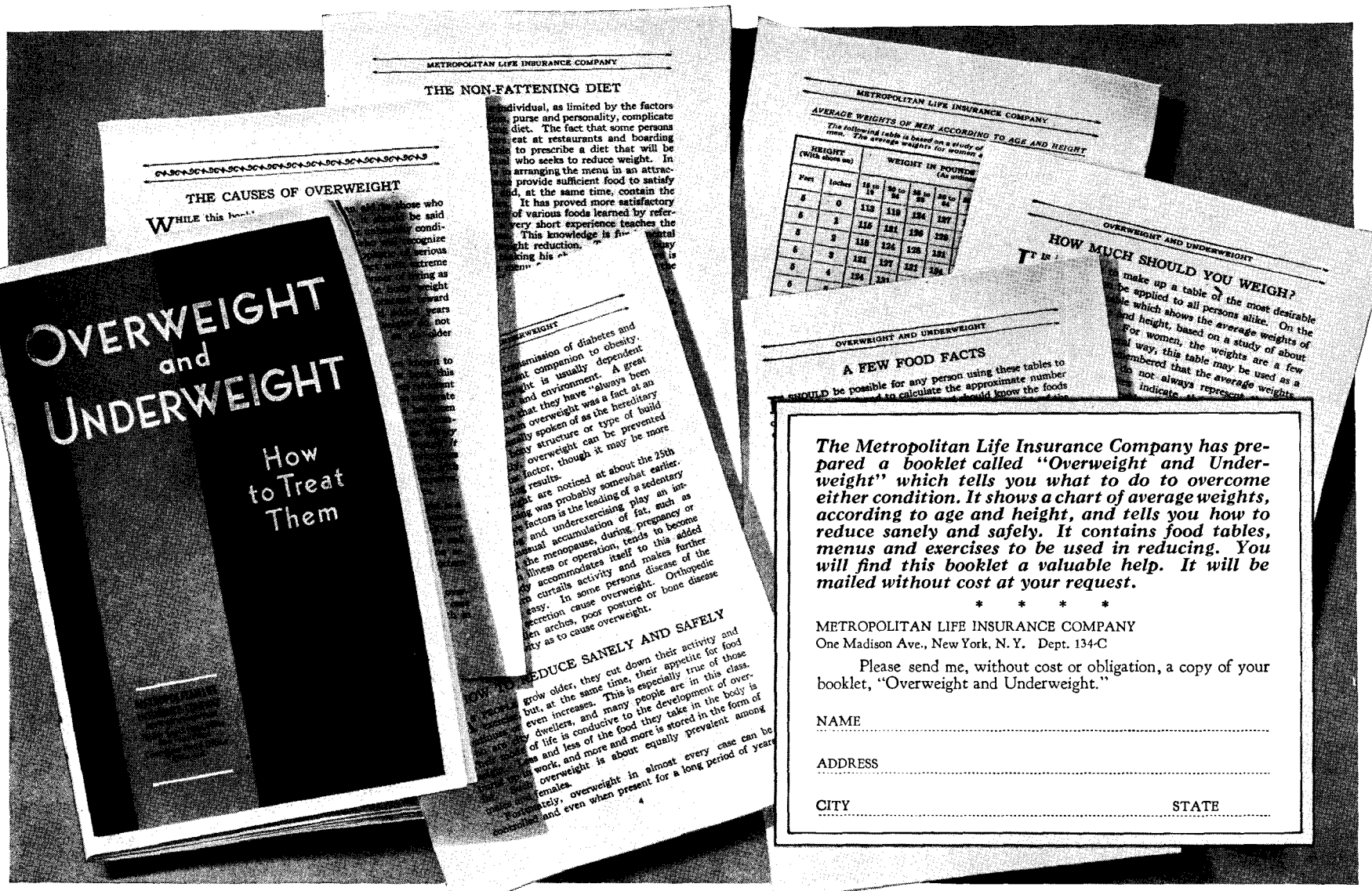
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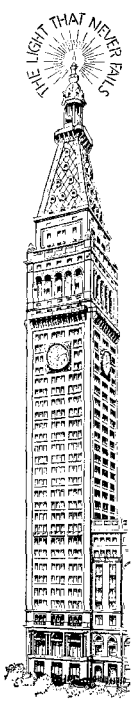
Overweight is Dangerous

IT is sometimes extremely difficult to persuade a jolly person who weighs many pounds too much —and who honestly says "I never felt better in my life"—that excess pounds are as dangerous as some of the diseases to which he would give immediate attention, if afflicted.

Consider these figures, especially if you are more than 35: People past 45 who weigh 20% more than the average have a deathrate greater by one half than the average for their age. If they have a persistent 40% overweight, the rate is almost double that of the average.

As a simple cold may lead to pneumonia or to serious bronchial trouble, so excess weight may be a forerunner of high blood pressure, heart disease, diabetes, kidney trouble, hardening of the arteries, or apoplexy. It makes recovery from surgical operations and acute diseases more difficult.

In rare instances, overweight is caused by disease of the glands of internal secretion, but in nearly every case it is brought on by eating too much food and exercising too little.



You will not be uncomfortably hungry if you gradually change to foods which are bulkier and less fattening than the foods which have brought the dangerous extra pounds. With a corrected diet and proper exercise, it is usually possible to reduce excess weight, comfortably, about a pound a week, until a reasonable reduction has been attained.

Do not attempt abrupt or too extensive reduction of weight. Beware of "reducing" medicines. Some of them would wreck a normal person's constitution, to say nothing of a fat person's. Before taking any drug in an attempt to reduce your weight, consult your own physician.

If you weigh too much you should treat your overweight as you would a menacing disease. Give it immediate attention. Fill out and mail above coupon.

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FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

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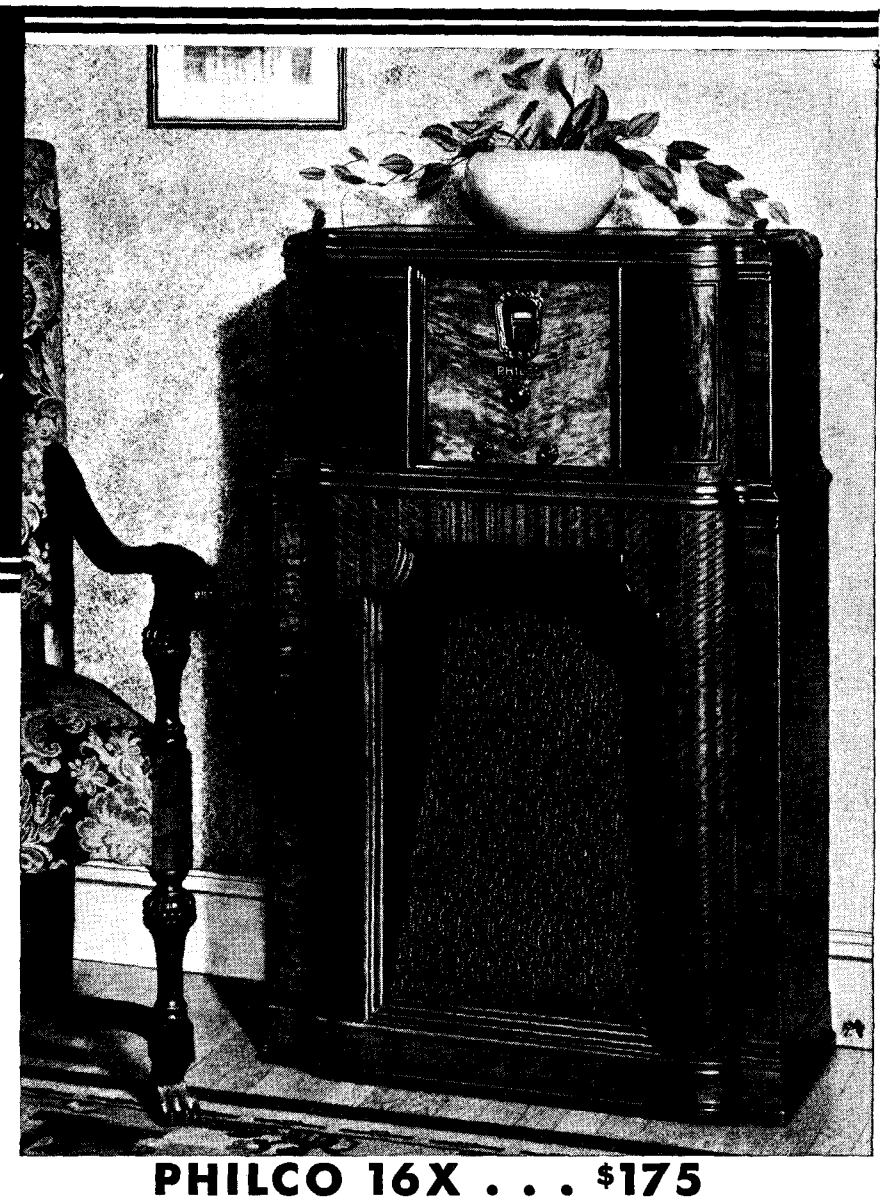

START the New Year right — with the right radio, a REAL radio, one of the great 16X models which are PHILCO'S latest and greatest achievement!

On New Year's Eve let this PHILCO bring you the New Year's celebration in Berlin as you sit down to dinner! An hour later hear Big Ben ring in the New Year—*direct from London!* You can actually tune in the great German, British, French and Spanish short-wave stations on a 16X with volume enough to entertain everyone in a room. You can count on hearing these stations not as an occasional thrill — but as *regularly* as you can listen to stations in this country 500 or 1000 miles away.

Then when you have enjoyed New Year's Eve overseas — switch to the regular American broadcasting stations—and enjoy the great chain programs. So true to life will be the reception through the patented Inclined Sounding Board that it will seem that all the artists have come to perform for you right in your own home!

See and hear one of the PHILCO models with the great new 16 chassis at the nearest dealer's! Find out how little it will cost to put a REAL radio in your home before the New Year dawns. And what better use could you make of that Christmas check than investing in a REAL radio?

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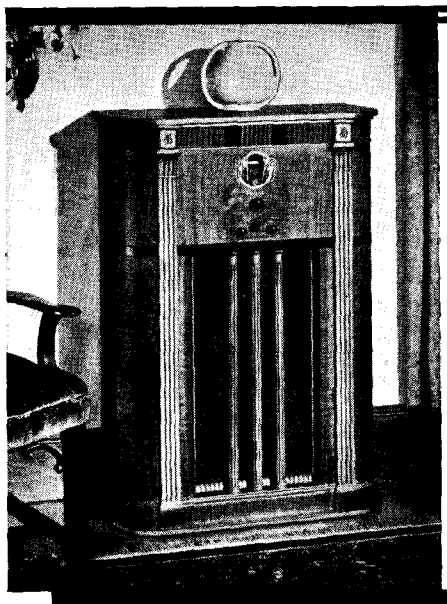

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Irvine Warburton, quarterback, University of Southern California. Height, 5:6. Weight, 147. Home, San Diego, California

The All-America Football Team

By Grantland Rice

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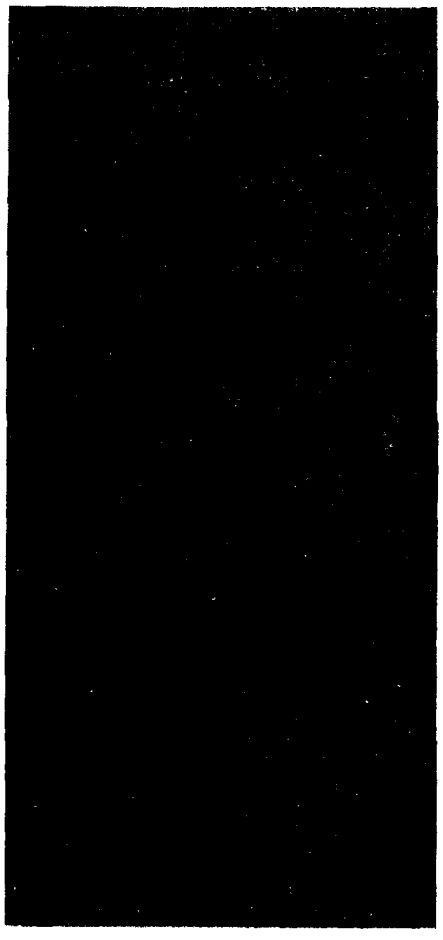

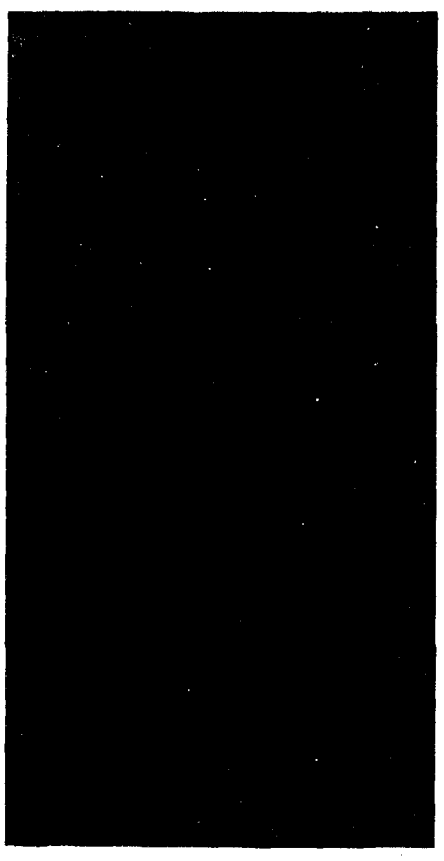

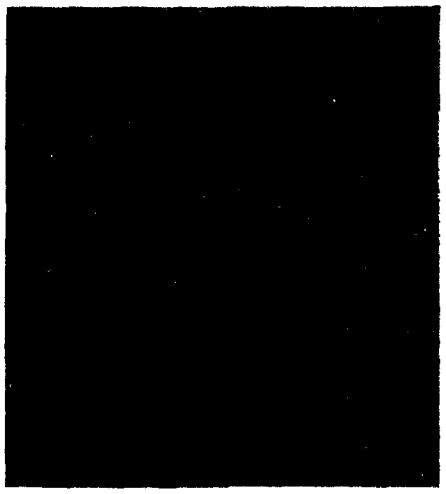

THE season of 1933 was a golden autumn for defensive football and the schedule makers.

The defense, on a general average, carried too many fangs and claws for even fast and powerful attacks to handle.

To make the glory road leading into the land of touchdowns rougher than ever before, most of the schedule makers threw teams of equal class together where the battle for a first down was something to think about. For the greater part, the set-ups and the push-overs were eliminated in the upper grades. The rabbits were kept well segregated from the jungle beasts.

As a result of all this, football set a new record in the way of close, low-score and no-score games where charge and counter-charge were rolled back week after week and efforts to break down strong opposing barriers were futile.

For example, a fine Stanford team with a good line and a brilliant set of fast, versatile backs, picked to represent the Far West in the Rose Bowl assignment, scored only thirty points in six of its leading games. This is an average of only five points to the game made by one of the strongest offensive outfits between the two oceans.

Minnesota, with a big, hard-charging line and a set of swift, high-class backs, ably coached, scored only twenty-six points in six of its games, averaging less than five points per Saturday in these six contests.

Notre Dame, with such backs as Lukats, Brancheau, Pliney, Young, Elser, Banas and Bonar, were blanked six times, while Northwestern, strong enough to tie Stanford and Minnesota, suffered no less than seven Saturdays of scoreless sorrow and whitewash woe.

Little Centenary, with one of the best teams in the Southwest, ran across three scoreless ties in a row with twelve consecutive periods of fine but futile play.

A good part of the scoring had to come from long-range thrusts. That ten-yard strip of turf guarding the goal line became a fierce and savage battle ground, all too often an impregnable barrier against assault.

The two outstanding battle grounds of the recent campaign were the storm pits of the Western Conference and the Pacific Coast Conference, where no one team could clear away the path. In the Big Ten war Michigan and Minnesota remained unbeaten, but Michigan was tied and barely got by Illinois 7 to 6 after one of the finest four-year records any football team has ever had.

Minnesota ran into four drawn contests. Stanford and Oregon, the twin champions of the Pacific, each suffered one defeat. Even Southern California's powerful team was beaten and tied, to show again how steep and rocky this football trail of 1933 was.

Princeton, deep in the abyss two years ago, was the lone team of the upper crust to finish with a perfect record.

Princeton had a fine line and a brilliant sophomore backfield, a high-class team that was never called upon to meet any strong opposition, with the exception of Columbia. Facing none of the strong Mid-Western, Far-Western or Southern teams, Princeton had no thought of claiming any mythical championship, as the Eastern area was far below its normal strength. Yet Princeton finished as the top team in the East.

The battle for supremacy in the South left Alabama and Tennessee as the two leading teams, capable of facing any teams in the country with an even chance to win.

The football of 1933 was best exemplified in the Army-Notre Dame game before 80,000 spectators in New York.

Notre Dame, held scoreless in six contests, was trailing an unbeaten Army team by twelve points with less than fourteen minutes left. Yet in those closing fourteen minutes Notre Dame scored thirteen points in the most thrilling melodrama of the year, with Lukats leading one of the fiercest offensive drives ever seen on any field.

The fine play of a strong Nebraska team, champions of the Big Six, was another leading chapter in the football history of the late campaign.

THE ALL-AMERICA

For the first time in many years the All-America turned into a logical selection that became fairly obvious to anyone considering the full record of every candidate. Starting back in late September, Collier's All-America Advisory Board gave the closest possible inspection to over a thousand possibilities. Week by week there was a thorough, complete check on every leading football player from every section.

No details were overlooked—the quality of opposition, versatility, competitive spirit, skill under fire, contributing elements to a team's success and mechanical equipment. Strangely enough the closest battle was in the guards' position where three candidates ran neck and neck for only two places. At almost every other spot Collier's Board found practically unanimous backing from leading coaches who had the advantage of engaging in intersectional games where they were in position to survey a wide field.

Ceppi at tackle, Lund at halfback, Smith and Geisler at ends and Schammel at guard figured closer to the first nominations than any others. It was almost a dead heat among Corbus, Rosenberg and Schammel all the way along.

The players considered by Collier's

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Board finally simmered down to the following list of candidates:

ENDS

Smith, Washington	Canrinus, St. Mary's
Moscrip, Stanford	Petoskey, Michigan
Skladany, Pittsburgh	Larson, Minnesota
Manske, Northwestern	Ward, Michigan
Schustek, Illinois	Devore, Notre Dame
Batchelor, Georgia	Geisler, Centenary
Rogers, Duke	Arial, Auburn
Ruppert, Kentucky;	Slocum, Georgia Tech.
Dermody, Loyola	Borden, Fordham
Matal, Columbia	Anderson, Colgate
Fairman, Princeton	

TACKLES

C. Jorgenson, St. Mary's	Lutz, California
Schwammel, Oregon State	Gentry, Okla.
Fehring, Purdue	Wistert, Michigan
Rosequist, Ohio State	Buss, Mich. State
Mehringer, Kansas	O'Brien, Nebraska
Crawford, Duke	Dildy, Alabama
Williams, Georgia Tech.;	Torrence, L. S. U.
McCollum, Auburn	Ceppi, Princeton
Curtin, Yale	

GUARDS

Corbus, Stanford	Rosenberg, So. Cal.
Volok, Tulsa	Stevens, So. Cal.
Gilbert, St. Mary's	Bashara, Oklahoma
Schammel, Iowa	Burzio, Carnegie Tech.
Gailus, Ohio State	Bishop, Nebraska
Hupke, Alabama	Moorehead, Georgia
Barclay, North Carolina	Ellis, Tennessee
Cuppoletti, Oregon	Haslam, U. C. L. A.

CENTERS

Christie, Cal.;	Lawrence Siemering, U. S. F.
Bernard, Michigan	Vuchinich, Ohio State
Oen, Minnesota	Coats, U. C. L. A.
Hajek, Northwestern	Moore, Iowa
Maples, Tennessee	Robinson, Tulane
Del Isola, Fordham	Kent, Louisiana

QUARTERBACKS

Warburton, So. Cal.	Sarboe, Wash. State
Dunlap, Oklahoma	Beynon, Illinois
Laws, Iowa	Pardonner, Purdue
Masterson, Nebraska	Tom Murphy, Ark.
M. Smith, Centenary;	Montgomery, Columbia
Johnson, Army	Hall, Oklahoma Aggies

BACKS

Wilson, St. Mary's	Arleigh Williams, Cal.
McNeish, So. Cal.	Grayson, Stanford
Joe Paglia, Santa Clara	Mikulak, Oregon
Stansberry, Montana	Griffith, So. Cal.
Lund, Minnesota	Purvis, Purdue
Everhardus, Michigan	Buckler, Army
Stancook, Army	Sebastian, Pitt.
Franklin, Oregon Aggies	Roberts, Tulane
Berwanger, Chicago;	Stansberry, Montana
Willis Smith, Idaho	Nott, Detroit
Lukats, Notre Dame	Carter, Purdue
Sauer, Nebraska	Crayne, Iowa
Graham, Kan. State	Beach, Kansas
Norby, Idaho	Key, Georgia
Grant, Georgia	Harold Oslin, Centenary
Howell, Alabama	Kercheval, Kentucky
Phillips, Georgia Tech.;	Kimbrell, Auburn
Vaughan, Tennessee	Le Van, Princeton
Danowski Fordham	Feathers, Tennessee
Bill Clark, Navy	Odell, Pittsburgh
Switzer, Cornell	Dixon, Vanderbilt
Borries, Navy	

From this list the All-America squad was selected.

Then came the final recommendations of Collier's Advisory Board:

RECOMMENDED

H. G. Salsinger, Middle-West—Larson, end, Minnesota; Wistert, tackle, Michigan; Schammel, guard, Iowa; Bernard, center, Michigan; Purvis, halfback, Purdue; Lund, halfback, Minnesota.

Braven Dyer, Pacific Coast (Southern Section)—Corbus, guard, Stanford; Warburton, quarterback, Southern California; Rosenberg, guard, Southern California; Canrinus, end, St. Mary's.

R. L. (Dink) Templeton, Pacific Coast (Northern Section)—Warburton, quarterback, Southern California; Corbus, guard, Stanford; Smith, end, Washington; Rosenberg, guard, Southern California; Franklin, back, Oregon State.

Grantland Rice, East—Skladany, end, Pittsburgh; Buckler, back, Army; Ceppi, tackle, Princeton.

O. B. Keeler, South—Feathers, back, Tennessee; Crawford, tackle, Duke; Hupke, guard, Alabama.

C. E. McBride, Big Six Conference—Sauer, fullback, Nebraska.

Edward Cochrane, Missouri Valley—Graham, fullback, Kansas State; Bishop, guard, Nebraska; Sauer, fullback, Nebraska.

George White, Southwest—Geisler, end, Centenary; Smith, quarterback, Centenary.

The selection of eleven leading names from this list was simpler than usual when the final check-up was made in December at the end of the season, backed up not only by Collier's Advisory Board but the majority of leading coaches and scouts. The leading storm center was the guards where Corbus of Stanford, Rosenberg of Southern California and Schammel of Iowa were bunched down the stretch.

Here are the qualifications that lift the eleven survivors above the field:

BERNARD—*Center, Michigan*

Michigan has been noted for her centers. Starting with Gregory, more than three decades ago, a parade of great and near-great pivot men has trod the turf at Ann Arbor. Bernard, two inches more than six feet in height and weighing more than two hundred pounds, had better range than most of the Michigan centers. His height, weight and physical power combined with a keen football intelligence, made him an ideal man backing up the line. He was quick at diagnosing plays and went to the right spot. He was one of football's best defenders against the forward pass and adept at intercepting passes. In his career at Michigan he never made a bad pass. Roving behind the Michigan line he was the heart of one of the best defenses in the game.

CORBUS—*Guard, Stanford*

He was an All-America guard last year and his work, if anything, was a bit better this year. He led the Stanford interference and, playing in the line on defense, he made it extremely difficult for opposing teams to gain between the Stanford tackles. Besides being a fine running guard and a brilliant defensive guard, he was one of football's best place kickers and this kicking talent enabled Stanford to end Southern California's long winning march. Corbus kicked two field goals in the final period to topple the Trojans. He stopped a California touchdown march on the 4-yard line, rallying a shaken team.

ROSENBERG—*Guard, So. California*

Howard Jones calls him the best guard he ever coached. He was undoubtedly the best running guard in football and his great defensive skill caused Jones to give him a roving assignment behind Southern California's six-man defensive line. Playing in a line with two inexperienced tackles this year, he still held the Southern California defense together. He was the spearhead of the Southern California running game and his effective blocking was responsible for much of Warburton's success as a ball carrier.

WISTERT—*Tackle, Michigan*

Wistert was unanimously selected as the best tackle in the Middle-West this year. He was the key to Michigan's defensive line play. He was a sure tackler and it was next to impossible to fool him on trick maneuvers. He was keen, quick and accurate in diagnosing plays. Six feet three and one half inches tall and weighing more than two hundred pounds, he was as fast as the majority of backs and he made it next to impossible to return punts. Going down under kicks, Wistert made nearly all the tackles and gave his kickers the maximum yardage. At Ann Arbor they made "Follow Wistert" synonymous with "Follow the ball." With Wistert in the line and Bernard backing up the line Michigan was remarkably well protected. Wistert was also called upon to forward pass. He can pass as far as any back in football.

CRAWFORD—*Tackle, Duke*

The tackle Wallace Wade picks as the best forward he ever coached. Six feet two in height, weighing two hundred pounds, Crawford belongs to the fast, alert, aggressive type. A year ago his speed and eagerness carried him out of position now and then, but through the last campaign he was the ideal tackle for any coach or any team. In addition to skill and power, spirit and speed made Crawford feared by every team he met.

The All-America Advisory Board

Pacific Coast
R. L. (DINK) TEMPLETON
San Francisco Call-Bulletin

BRAVEN DYER
Los Angeles Times

•

Southwest
GEORGE W. WHITE
Dallas News

•

Missouri Valley
C. E. McBRIDE
Kansas City Star

•

Mid-West Roving Assignment
EDWARD W. COCHRANE
Kansas City Journal-Post

•

Middle West
H. G. SALSINGER
Detroit News

•

South
O. B. KEELER
Atlanta Journal

LARSON—*End, Minnesota*

Six feet two and weighing one hundred ninety pounds through the playing season, Larson made full use of his height, weight and power. He followed an unorthodox type of end play, making him a most difficult man for any attack to combat. He would wait, drift, float, fade or slash. It was impossible to decide what he would do by his position on the field. A keen analyst, he has an uncanny habit of going to the right spot and always striking hard when he arrives. While Minnesota won only two Western Conference games, Larson was the main reason why Minnesota went through the season unbeaten. He lacked flash. There was nothing spectacular about his play, but he had deadly accuracy and devastating consistency.

SKLADANY—*End, Pittsburgh*

It is almost enough to say of Joe Skladany that a series of strong opponents finished the season against him with a net loss of more than twenty yards. Here was one of the keenest analysts many seasons have shown—smart, fast and completely equipped with all the weapons needed for end play. Several opposing coaches have labeled him "the best end of the generation." A terrific blocker, he stands as one of the iron men of the game.

WARBURTON—*Quarterback, So. Cal.*

Warburton is more than a great ball carrier; he is the inspiration of Southern California. He demoralizes the defense. He is a magnetic and soul-stirring individual, a player who can figuratively pick up a team and shoot it ahead. He is the heart and soul of the Southern California attack and its main ignition. He is fast as a rabbit and slippery as an eel. He has rare football instinct, timing and rhythm. He shoots along the ground, running low, moving in and out with dazzling rapidity, slipping away, relaxing and gathering speed, changing pace but going ahead. He weighs one hundred forty-seven pounds and lacks power, but he has invaluable substitutes in speed and suppleness.

PURVIS—*Halfback, Purdue*

Purvis of Purdue can be described as a complete back. He did all that any coach can ask a back to do. He led the Western Conference in ball carrying with an average of 5.86 yards per play. He was one of the best punters in the Middle West. He was a leading forward passer and one of the game's best receivers of forward passes. He was a great blocking back and his ability to cut off tacklers made it possible for Carter, his team-mate, to execute his spectacular touchdown runs. He backed up the Purdue line on defense and made many of the tackles. In the Wisconsin game he hauled down a pass with one hand and scored a touchdown. Against Notre Dame he outjumped two defense men, hauled down the ball and ran fifteen yards to a touchdown.

FEATHERS—*Halfback, Tennessee*

Feathers must take his place among the best all-around backs that football has ever known. Weighing one hundred ninety pounds, he was not only a brilliant ball carrier, punter and passer, but also one of the best blocking backs and one of the strongest defensive backs of the year. Like Purvis of Purdue he was a "complete back," an outstanding star in both offensive and defensive play. His kicking average alone for three years has been over 42 yards. In those three years he has carried the ball over 1,900 yards. But it has been his blocking and his rare defensive ability that made him one of the best backs of many years.

SAUER—*Fullback, Nebraska*

Sauer of Nebraska was the leading scorer of the Big Six Conference and the main reason why Nebraska again won the Missouri Valley championship. Sauer, tall, heavy and powerful, plays the tail-back position on offense. He punts, place-kicks, runs and passes. He backs up the line of defense. He has dynamic force and driving power and was one of the best competitors in Western football.

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Fred E. Crawford, tackle, Duke University. Height, 6:2. Weight, 195. Home, Waynesville, North Carolina

Aaron Rosenberg, guard, University of Southern California. Height, 6 feet. Weight, 200. Home, Los Angeles, California

William Corbus, guard, Stanford University. Height, 5:10. Weight, 195. Home, Vallejo, California

Francis M. Wistert, tackle, University of Michigan. Height, 6:3½. Weight, 211. Home, Chicago, Illinois

Frank Larson, end, University of Minnesota. Height, 6:1. Weight, 190. Home, Duluth, Minnesota

Second Team

End	Petoskey	*Michigan*
Tackle	Mehringer	*Kansas*
Guard	Schammel	*Iowa*
Center	Del Isola	*Fordham*
Guard	Volok	*Tulsa*
Tackle	Jorgenson	*St. Mary's*
End	Geisler	*Centenary*
Quarterback	Laws	*Iowa*
Halfback	Lund	*Minnesota*
Halfback	Buckler	*Army*
Fullback	Danowski	*Fordham*

Third Team

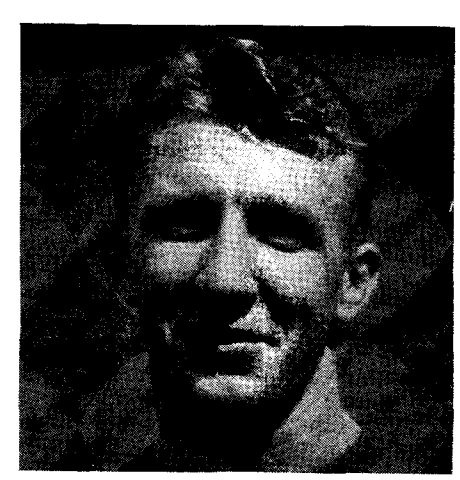
End	Smith	*Washington*
Tackle	Ceppi	*Princeton*
Guard	Gailus	*Ohio State*
Center	Vuchinich	*Ohio State*
Guard	Hupke	*Alabama*
Tackle	Buss	*Michigan State*
End	Matal	*Columbia*
Quarterback	Grayson	*Stanford*
Halfback	Everhardus	*Michigan*
Halfback	Franklin	*Oregon State*
Fullback	Mikulak	*Oregon*

Joseph P. Skladany, end, University of Pittsburgh. Height, 5:10. Weight, 190. Home, Larksville, Pennsylvania

Charles J. Bernard, center, University of Michigan. Height, 6:2. Weight, 216. Home, Benton Harbor, Michigan

Duane Purvis, halfback, Purdue University. Height, 6:1. Weight, 196. Home, Mattoon, Illinois

Beattie Feathers, halfback, University of Tennessee. Height, 5:10. Weight, 180. Home, Bristol, Tennessee



George H. Sauer, fullback, University of Nebraska. Height, 6:2. Weight, 195. Home, Lincoln, Nebraska

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Signal 46

By Leona Dalrymple

Explaining the Christmas Eve adventures of a wild Irishman who was so dead in love the police had to take action

THE high-powered, seven-passenger radio cruiser with a crew of three patrolmen and a driver passed the Municipal Building in a windy squall of rain and moved south with the traffic.

"Gettin' colder," Jim Adams said, in the driver's seat. He stole a cautious glance at the glum young patrolman riding beside him.

Tim Donovan gazed indifferently at the wild rain splashing across the windshield. In the No Man's Land between the clear arcs of the windshield wipers it caught up sparkles of colored light from the community Christmas tree ahead of them. A dripping sea of umbrellas bobbed about on the crowded sidewalks.

"Same old lunatics loose buyin' bundles!" Tim grunted.

"Well, Groucho," Mike Glover said behind him, "it's a better way to spend a Christmas Eve than patrollin' the burg in a bullet-proof vest." He yelled something insulting at a traffic officer glistening in the downpour. The traffic officer casually thumbed his nose.

The police car, traveling back to its precinct from a general call, drifted on, filled with the odor of drenched evergreens piled along the curbs.

The radio set caught up a staccato signal from the headquarters dispatcher:

"Calling Cruiser No. 4. Calling Cruiser No. 4. Burglar. Closed house. 80 Maple Avenue. Signal 30."

"Out of our territory," Tim Donovan said, relaxing.

"Funny"—the patrolman riding with Glover stirred in his seat—"I'm always sap enough to think it'll let up Christmas Eve."

"Well, what d'you expect?" Tim Donovan demanded. "It's just another night. Somewhere guys are walkin' the floor wonderin' why a baby has to tear the heart out of you, checkin' in. Somewhere guys are checkin' out. Somewhere—saps are gettin' married. Same old bunk!"

BACK in its own territory, the crew of No. 5 watched for listed criminals and stolen cars. It watched closed stores, parked cars and prowlers and then the alarm signal sounded again and the monotonous voice of a distant operator chanted out of a void: "Calling Cruiser No. 5 . . ."

An intent silence settled over the car.

"Calling Cruiser No. 5. Small apartment house. 16 Jefferson Avenue. Apartment 2B. Jeremiah Kennedy. Signal 46."

Cruiser No. 5 roared east.

"Old Jerry Kennedy," Tim exclaimed. "Wonder what he's bumped into. The inspector and my old man and old Jerry," he added gruffly, "cleaned up the German Army together in 1917. They used to call 'em 'The Three Musketeers.' If my old man had—come back, they'd still be swappin' lies and playin' pinochle."

The precinct Cruiser No. 5 patrolled lay south of the Inwood Station in charge of Inspector Doyle—a region of small stores and houses east of the river and west of a fashionable sweep of boulevard.

"Signal 46," grumbled the driver. "'Unclassified emergency,' ain't it? Last time they pulled 46 on us, some dame got her finger jammed in the drain pipe of an ice box, cleanin' it up. Remember?"

They all remembered. An emergency squad had settled around her swollen finger with chisels and hammers and hacksaws.

At 16 Jefferson Avenue, the crew piled out. As usual Tim was ahead. Jim Adams stayed with the car.

"Rear of the house," Tim said on the second floor. "Old Jerry owns this dump."

For a second in the dim light of the hall, Mike Glover envied him his youth, the quick sting of scarlet in his skin and the clear flashing intensity of his eyes, dark under the visor of his cap. Well, you had to hand it to the inspector, all right. He had grabbed Tim up at twenty-three, a handsome, insubordinate kid hanging around on the waterfront, looking for trouble. Brooding then over a luckless marriage.

Tim, still ahead, stopped at a door and banged.

THE door opened promptly in the grasp of a small boy with black rumpled hair and amazing eyes. They were a fine, brilliant blue—sea-blue like his small woolly pajamas—and big with excitement in a dark, smoky curl of lashes. They sparkled over the three patrolmen sheathed in glistening rubber.

"Gosh!" he gasped. "Three cops!"

"Somebody here call up the police station, kid?"

"Yes, sir. Cousin Jerry told me if I needed him I—I could tell Inspector Doyle, but the wire was buzzin' fierce and the more I hollered, the worse it got—"

Tim went in. "You here alone?" he inquired, looking around.

"Sure!" The boy's voice grew in volume. "I'm not afraid."

"You in trouble?"

"Yes, sir. I can't reach m'cough medicine."

Glover threw up his hands. "Unclassified emergency!" he murmured.

"I'll get his medicine for him," Tim grumbled. "No need of you two hangin' around."

"Okay." The two patrolmen moved off down the hall.

"Well, guy," Tim said, looking him over, "where's the medicine? What's your name?"

"Nora calls me 'Colonel.'" The Colonel blinked. "Nora's m'mother."

"So Nora calls you 'Colonel,' does she? How come?"

"Well," the Colonel explained, "while I was sick I asked Nora to be an army and I—I used to lie in bed and drill her and everything."

"You been sick?"

"Yep," the Colonel said proudly. "I had complications out in the country. M'cough medicine's in the bathroom. Over there."

"Where's your mother?"

"Workin'." The Colonel scampered along at Tim's big heels.

"Nights?"

"Yes, sir. In the telephone office. She's an oppilator."

"Oppilator, eh?" Tim had reached the bathroom.

"Up there," the Colonel said, indicating a bottle of medicine on the remote top of a medicine cabinet. "I couldn't even reach it with a chair. I guess Cousin Jerry forgot how high he put it."

"Huh!" Tim grunted. He seized the bottle. "Is that old Jerry's idea of a good place for a kid's medicine? Why didn't the old dumb-bell give it to you himself before he went out? Is this the spoon?"

"Yes, sir. Cousin Jerry was in a hurry. He—he told me if I'd take the medicine myself he'd gimme a dime."

"What's the big idea of callin' your mother Nora?"

"Nora likes it. Cousin Jerry says Nora's not much older'n I am. Nora's twenty-five. I'm six."

"Scram!" Tim said abruptly. "If you've been sick, you oughtn't to be prowlin' around loose like this. I'll give you your medicine in bed."

The Colonel irresponsibly emitted a war whoop, bolted through some doorways with Tim at his heels and reached his bed in a flying leap. Tim's big arms

Illustrated by Harry Morse Meyers

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captured him, folded him up and slid him under the blankets.

"Golly!" the Colonel said deferentially. "You're a big bird, aren't you?"

"Open your mouth!" Tim commanded. He poured some medicine into the spoon. "A dime's a dime and I don't want you docked for missing your medicine."

The Colonel reluctantly opened his mouth, wrinkled his nose and swallowed a brown-looking fluid.

"You better take some too," he said. "You sound like you got a frog in your throat."

"Nope," Tim said. "It's probably only a tadpole." The Colonel giggled.

The Colonel reluctantly opened his mouth, wrinkled his nose and swallowed a brown-looking fluid. "You'd better take some too," he said

"How many nights are you alone like this, Colonel?"

"This is the first time. Cousin Jerry skipped out on me after Nora went to work. Whatcha doin'?"

Tim had approached a window. "Well, Colonel," he said, exploring a lock, "in my opinion, a good cop in—in an—unclassified emergency like this—would check on your windows for you."

HIS gloved hand swept aside Mr. Kennedy's curtains and examined a second lock. He was on his way to Mr. Kennedy's closed parlor door when he became aware that the Colonel, thoroughly aroused, was out of bed again and in the doorway.

"Hey!" the Colonel said sternly. "Nobody can go in there but Cousin Jerry and Nora. M'Christmas tree's in there and m'gifts and everything. I had to promise Santa Claus in a letter that I wouldn't even go in and peek."

Tim's handsome eyes remained for a full minute on the Colonel's earnest face.

"Nora's awful funny about a promise," the Colonel explained, embarrassed. "Once I forgot a little bit of a one and Nora cried."

"So"—Tim's voice was expressionless—"Nora's bringin' you up never to break a promise, is she?"

"Yes, sir."

"Okay, I'm for it." Tim scooped him up, settled him on his shoulder and carried him back to bed. He curled up promptly into a small woolly heap.

"Well, good night, Colonel. Merry Christmas."

"Goo' night."

Downstairs Tim climbed moodily back in the cruiser.

"Well," Jim Adams said with a grunt, "you took your own time about it."

Tim looked straight ahead. "Why not?" he said quietly. "It was my kid. Nora must have come back."

"Funny," Mike Glover said. "When'd you see him last, Tim?"

"When he was two. He wouldn't remember me. If you ask me, old Jerry's got a heck of a crust, walkin' out on him. What if the dump burned down?"

Jim Adams in silence backed the car across the street and turned.

The sharp note of the radio signal crackled above them.

"All police cars stand by. . . . All police cars stand by. Holdup. . . . Drug store. Vogler St. and Jefferson Avenue. Clerk shot and wounded. . . ."

"Two blocks!" Tim said. "Two blocks away from my kid." His eyes under his cap had the gleam of black ice.

"Hell, Tim," Jim Adams said impatiently, "the kid's safer than you are."

The car raced west.

"There's the crowd," Tim said. Revolver in hand, he swung out on the running board.

The crowd, screaming, had plunged to the curb, pointing ahead at a dot of red racing into the distance.

"Give her all you got, Jim. They're in that taxi."

HEADLIGHTS illumined the distance, swinging in from a street ahead of the fleeing tail-light. A sharp crackle of shots blazed out of the taxi as the car ahead drove it against the curb. Figures tumbled out of the cars, shooting.

"My luck!" Tim muttered. "It's another cruiser."

The crew swung off a minute later into the group around the taxi.

In the flying snow under an arc light, steel gleamed on the wrists of the taxi driver and a second prisoner plunging into the cruiser in the clutch of a big patrolman.

Tim's glance rested darkly on a still figure beside the curb. He said to the nearest patrolman: "Did you kill one of the rats, Steve?"

Steve looked uncomfortable. He liked Tim. "Yeah," he said. "Ben did. Link Green."

Link Green, in Tim's waterfront days, had been one of his boon companions and Steve, to escape the topic, hurriedly added: "Inspector's hangin' around the station tonight, cranky as hell."

The whistling crack of the radio signal snapped out of the cruisers.

In the colored district an excitable Negress had hurled a brick through her mother-in-law's window and the street was taking sides.

"Well," Steve said, "we're outa that. We'll have to mop up here."

"Okay," Tim said. He looked tired. He said, back in his cruiser: "Funny. Link used to be a good guy."

A depressed silence settled over the crew. At the end of Vogler Street, Cruiser No. 5 turned left into the boulevard. In the windows along the way an occasional Christmas tree was illumined.

A fleet of cruisers and scout cars from all points of the compass cleaned up a teeming street in the colored district and Tim's car conveyed a mulatto gentleman with a razor to the station.

Inspector Doyle was still in his office. Tim rapped on his door.

"Come in. . . . Oh, hello, Tim." The inspector hastily closed a file and locked it up in a drawer in his desk. "What was wrong in old Jerry's apartment? The wire was on the blink. That kid certainly had a pair of lungs."

(Continued on page 41)

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The singular adventure of Jimmy West, of Hollywood, who gave a girl reason to suspect that he might be a—

Careful Young Man

By Frank Condon

THE movie gentleman in charge of such matters had selected Saturday afternoon for Jimmy West to earn his two hundred dollars, and so Jimmy was out there earning his stipend, with an ambulance waiting to whisk him off to the friendly hospital, and a brace of surgeons sitting on their little black bags.

It was an ordinary motion picture afternoon, with bored assistants standing by morosely in their short pants and leather leggings. There was a wide stretch of flat field, with an imitation house, and on top of the house an imitation chimney made of hollow wooden bricks, and all Jimmy West was asked to do was to knock the chimney silly, smack the wheels off his airplane, come back to earth minus his undercarriage, and see if he could avoid killing himself. The cameras were everywhere, like raisins in a pudding.

It is considered man-size work in aviation circles to come pancaking down in a plane without wheels, and that is why Jimmy was drawing two hundred. Knocking chimneys loose and other trifles of the air were part of his trade and caused him no excitement, and he hoped he would hit the chimney the first shot, as it seemed small.

He was a rosy-faced youth, at the age of twenty-two or -three, a period when youth has no great judgment, or ability to balance this against that. He had mild, blue eyes and a diffident grin and his hair was cropped short, as though his head had been shaved. He looked like an innocent altar boy in a musty old cathedral, and when he smiled he looked sixteen. He could do anything with an airplane—any airplane—except chase it through a wedding ring or make it sing tenor, and secretly he was of the opinion that the man was an idiot to pay two hundred good dollars for knocking loose a few wooden bricks and coming down without wheels.

He once asked a friend if he had ever been up in a seaplane and the friend saying no, he never had, Jimmy took him up, Jimmy himself never having set foot in a seaplane. Everything went smoothly until they decided to come down, at which point the seaplane hit the water and bounded high into the air. This process being repeated six times, the friend was impressed and after Jimmy finally got the seaplane to the water, the friend spoke of his skill. "No," said Jimmy, "I just couldn't bring her down. This is the first time I was ever in one."

He likewise saw a German plane standing alone on a California field and, being curious, he took it aloft without permission, and as the wiring is reversed in German planes, he had a magnificent time with the stranger, but broke nary a bone.

The surgeons glanced into their bags to see if the saws were ready. A nurse stood in the shade of the ambulance and ate salted peanuts, and at three o'clock the cameras were singing and the man waved his hand. Mr. West strapped himself into his plane, rushed off into the air, knocked the chimney into smithereens the first crack, dropped off his wheels and came down neatly where the cameras could pick up the disaster. He bumped definitely, broke off a wing, and turned over and over like a tumbleweed in a wind. Anxious hands tugged him out of the plane and when the surgeon began going over him for wounds all he found was a lump on the jaw.

"You all right?" asked the saw-bones.

"Yes, sir."

"You got a smack on the jaw."

"From a toothache," said the aviator coldly. "Lemme out of this."

THAT was Saturday in mid-afternoon, and with his easy earnings—he was paid off immediately in fives and tens—young Mr. West purchased for his own use a fine blue cravat with curly white flowers, a snappy panama hat and a pair of brown shoes with striking red laces. The reason for this sartorial splash was a Sunday afternoon social affair, to which Mr. West was bidden—a soirée or fiesta, given for and in honor of the movie extras of Hollywood by one Mr. Rollins. Only extras were invited and the prominent ones were scorned for this lone occasion.

Mr. James West was a movie extra—far more a movie extra than aviator—and was eligible. He frequently fell into studio jobs at five dollars a day, standing on the edge of the marble pool in a red swimming suit as one of the fifty guests, or passing by the billiard hall, a hurrying pedestrian, while the stars within prepared for murder on the pool table. Good jobs, such as knocking down a chimney, came with disgusting infrequency. In crack-up episodes the movies often use stuffed dummies in the doomed plane, and shoot it from a catapult, thus cheating the young workers like Jimmy, but keeping off the front page.

The Rollins mansion swung into its Sabbath wassail at two in the afternoon, with rare viands on many tables, a parlor filled with flowers and bottles wherever one gazed.

Jimmy drifted into the merriment, knowing not a soul, wearing his bright blue tie, his jaw slightly puffed from the faulty tooth; and being a youth who abstained from alcohol, he remained sober and ate of the cold chicken, sandwiches and ham with stuffed celery. He sat down eventually upon a very red settee, and a smallish girl on the other end stared at him thoughtfully while he crackled celery. She had a friendly manner and a quick smile and she was pretty. She began talking to Jimmy at once, and as he knew nobody, not even Mr. Rollins, he was happy to chat.

"You don't seem to be having such a very good time at the party," the girl observed.

"If I was jingled I would be gay enough," he retorted with a grin. "This is my first movie party. I notice that everybody seems to be heaving in drinks."

"Not me," she said, "and I'm having a grand time. Are you an extra?"

"Of course. I have a legal right here. How about you?"

"I work for the movies—when I can get a job."

"Same here. My name's West. Want me to get you some cold chicken?"

"I'll go with you," she said, and they arose and strolled off through the large rooms, bumping into guests. Mr. West procured food and they drifted into the patio, found a wicker seat beneath a tree and became acquainted rapidly.

THE noise increased as the afternoon passed.

Amid the gay confusion, Jimmy West led his new-found friend hither and yon, fed her freely of the food and noticed that she was a rare and exceptional creature. He perceived, about third-sandwich time, that she was really a beautiful girl, with lovely eyes and the smile of an angel. At four o'clock, she had become a perfect, sublime, entrancing and ethereal wonder, entirely too good for this faulty old world, and all of this dawned upon Jimmy without benefit of brandy or the all-pervading rickeys and fizzes. He was twenty-two or -three and at that age a man can fall in love between meals.

The abstemious ones enjoyed a pleasant afternoon, and he learned that her name was Marya Evans, an extra lady in thin financial circumstances, but joyously hopeful. She was getting along in a manner of speaking, waiting for her day to come.

"Whatever is the matter with your face?" she inquired when they were well acquainted. "It seems swollen."

"Is swollen. I got a tooth."

"Why don't you go see a dentist?"

"Not little James. I don't get along with dentists. They hurt."

The girl stared at him, wondering if he meant it.

"You don't mean you're afraid of a dentist?"

"I would never go near any dentist, unless by a miracle I could find one that wouldn't murder me."

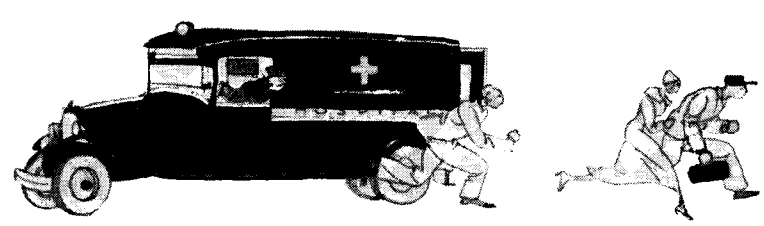
"My dentist is a kind and gentle soul," volunteered Miss Evans. "You better go and see him before that gets too bad."

"We can talk about it later," said Jimmy. "You like stuffed olives?"

The party continued to step up its speed. Lady extras danced with wild abandon, and gentlemen extras fell into the swimming pool and knocked over statues and almost everyone sang of the bad wolf. Mr. West inquired if Miss Evans would care to go home.

"I'm ready," she admitted. "Only a question of time, now, until the neighbors telephone for the police."

THEY departed, first thanking Mr. Rollins, who wore a white turtle-neck sweater and red Russian boots and was himself as festive as any guest. It appeared that Miss Evans resided at a great distance, so Mr. West took her home on a solid and unromantic street car, where they sat near the motorman and giggled at the passengers. Marya surveyed her new friend and asked about his work.



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"I pick up whatever extra jobs I can get," he said simply. "Not as many as I need. Once in a while I fly for them."

Miss Evans permitted herself the ghost of a smile.

"You what?"

"Fly."

"In a plane?"

"You don't think I fly in a churn, do you?"

"You don't look like a joker," said Marya. "Maybe I better not ask you any more questions."

"What's strange about that? If you don't believe it, all right by me. . . . I don't know you and you don't know me, but I can tell you one thing, anyhow—you are a grand gal, Miss Evans, and I am awful glad I met you today. Usually, girls leave me cold, but I certainly like you. I guess it must be the funny way you laugh when you say anything."

"You really like me?"

"Do I!"

"I like you, too, Mr. West—"

"Jimmy."

"All right, Jimmy. Only you're utterly wrong about dentists. Dentists are nice people and save you from pain and trouble."

THE young man gallantly escorted Marya to her home, a bungalow court in the rear, meaning low rates, and he did not attempt romantic exploits on the doorstep, which pleased the girl. They agreed that parties for extra people were not frightfully fascinating and

They departed, first thanking Mr. Rollins, who was himself as festive as any guest

Jimmy asked: "What about tomorrow night?"

"You don't want to see me again so soon."

"Don't I? I want to see you tomorrow, and Tuesday, and each day from now on."

Marya laughed and advised him not to be ridiculous.

"You don't seem to understand about me," he continued earnestly. "I fell in love with you this afternoon. Remember that. This is one of those rare cases of love at first sight, and it makes a person feel very queer. I have never been in love before, and I think it's marvelous."

"Yes," argued Marya, "but what about me? I didn't fall in love with you at first sight. I could see you any number of times without falling in love. You're just another extra boy."

"You don't dislike me, do you?"

"No-o."

"Then I'll be around tomorrow night and take you somewhere. You'll probably get to like me fine when you know me."

Having nothing on the program for Monday evening, and being honestly curious about the funny blue eyes and the baby complexion, Marya assented, said good night and trotted off into her humble abode.

Miss Evans earned few dollars, and her young life was an endless struggle to balance the budget. She worried and worried and watched for jobs. In some weeks, she had three or four days' work, and those were the prosperous periods, with all bills paid promptly. Her most tremendous problem was getting around to the studios, which are all over the place. Telephone calls and car fare sank her week after week, and often she longed to own a small, second-hand automobile that she might hop from studio to studio, which was the same as longing for a small, second-hand moon. . . . On Monday night Jimmy hastened down the concrete walk and knocked.

"Where would you like to go?" he demanded after polite greetings.

"Let us," said Marya, clapping her hands, "ride down to the beach, where we can see the white breakers coming in from Japan, and the new moon."

MR. WEST assumed a pained look. "There is another thing I will have to explain," he stated. "I haven't any automobile. Furthermore, I do not like automobiles or ride in the darn' things."

He made this statement defiantly.

"You don't like motor cars?"

"Wouldn't put my foot in one."

"Why?"

"They're always killing people. You take your life in your hand every time."

"You don't take your life in anybody's hand," said Marya, smiling at him sweetly. "You're afraid of motor cars, too. And yet you fly for the movies. Pardon me, while I turn to the mantel and giggle."

"Never mind about that. Just glance into the morning paper if you want to see what motor cars are doing. I don't like them and never did."

"I'd buy one if I could," Marya said. "But let us not discuss this matter further, as it only makes you nervous, and I can see that you are a very nervous young man."

Young Mr. West therefore escorted Marya to the movies on Monday evening, dissipated two dollars and inquired eagerly concerning Tuesday night, and because Marya liked him and had nothing to do, that was arranged. Thenceforward Jimmy West haunted the neighborhood, and local residents said that every time you glanced out the kitchen window you were sure to see that boy hurrying in. He brought wild and eccentric gifts and bestowed them in person, and if Marya refused one, he took it cheerfully back to the store. At the end of a week they were on the footing of people who have known each other since childhood, and Jimmy's lumpy jaw was no better.

"You can't go on letting it swell," Marya told him sternly. "If it's a matter of money, you can go to my dentist, and I'll see that he trusts you. You can stand a little pain."

"Certainly," Jimmy said, "I can stand a little pain. I'll go and see your dentist. What floor is he on?"

"Does that make a difference?"

"It sure does make a difference. I'm not going to walk up six or seven flights. If the man is on the second or third floor, very well."

Miss Evans studied Mr. West thoughtfully.

"If I have to go up in the elevator," he said, "no dentist. I don't ride in any elevator."

"No use going any further with that," Marya admitted. "You can't see my dentist unless he would consent to come down and work on the curbstone, and he won't."

It became apparent, day after day, that young Mr. Jimmy West had by chance tumbled into the wrong world, and belonged, as Marya viewed it, to some sweet and kindly universe where he would be protected by cotton wool and held at a distance from the harsh facts of life. He was afraid of bees, too, she learned.

"How do you go about to the studios?" she asked in curiosity.

"On a bicycle," said Jimmy. "You got a chance on a bicycle."

"Add up the score," said Marya. "This is your rubber."

IN DUE time the victim found a dentist, presumably one with his office in a cellar, and the fractious tooth was treated, the jaw came back to normal and Jimmy began discussing marriage, as a general proposition and a personal desire. Marya listened and smiled at his foolishness, showing him that his earnings would scarcely keep one cat, let alone two humans.

"Anyhow," she declared, "I wouldn't marry you."

"Why not? You like me."

"I suppose I must like you, but you probably fascinate me, having so many odd things the matter with you. I've met strange young men, but you take the cake."

"There's nothing much the matter with me," Jimmy argued cheerfully. "I'm O. K."

"To begin with, you are the greatest coward I ever knew or heard of. You are afraid of so many ordinary things that it would be funny if it wasn't sad."

"What you mean is you think I'm yellow."

"Yellow is no name for it. I have known you only a brief while, and so far you are frightened white by dentists, motor cars, elevators and bees. No girl in her senses would dare marry you, Jimmy. What if there were children, and the little ones by any awful chance took after their daddy?"

BEING definitely rejected as a suitor, Jimmy continued as a close friend, talking of marriage when permitted, and the friendship rolled along peacefully. Marya knew other lads in and out of the film world, but none that she liked as well as the blue-eyed one who feared bees and never bothered to defend himself. He was joyously content to be with her and she could call him all the hard names she liked. In time he began to enjoy her indignation.

"This movie business gets tougher all the while," he assured her on a quiet night in the rear court hammock. "Of course I'll always lend you money if I have any."

"Of course you'll do nothing of the kind," said Marya. "I'm getting along as well as you are."

"In a pig's whiskers. You don't try hard enough, for one thing. You act as though the movies were going to come and toss jobs in your lap. If you don't let 'em know you're here, they'll never call you."

"So what?" demanded Marya, who was in drooping spirits.

"So I've been thinking," he said, "that maybe you ought to have a small motor car, and maybe you can get around and do better."

"Oh, you've changed your mind, haven't you?"

"Changed nothing. Those things will kill anybody, if you stay with 'em long enough. Only maybe you might have a lot of sense and drive carefully."

"I'm glad you feel that way about it. Of course, all I have to do is walk out and buy a motor car, now that you approve."

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"You don't have to do anything. I'm getting this car for you, only because of your job. You might call it a birthday present from Jimmy, and if you learn to drive it right, some day I might get in and go for a short ride with you."

"You make me smile," said she. "But I wouldn't put it past you. However, as you are only an extra man—"

"WOULD you like to take a walk down the street and have a look at something?" he invited; and that was the evening they did not attend the movies, or the band concert or the dog races. Instead, Jimmy tucked Marya's arm under his and walked her down the pleasant byways, until they came to the main stem and presently to a store that sold automobiles and displayed them in the window. The place seemed to be chock-full of new and dazzling vehicles, large, small and medium. They paused and Marya gazed in warm admiration.

"There it is," said Jimmy. "The little one."

"It is a lovely car," said Marya, "and you are only making me feel sad."

"I have been talking to the man," he explained. "We buy that car for two hundred and fifty down and then so much a month, not very much, and that's all there is to it. If you actually didn't need it, I wouldn't bother, would I?"

"Where would you get two hundred and fifty dollars," she asked mildly, "just supposing I said yes?"

"I don't care what you say. Day after tomorrow I am buying that green coupé with the silver dog on the radiator, and you get it, whether you say yes, aye or no."

Marya said neither yes nor no, because of her belief that Jimmy was talking nonsense, as he did a great deal of the time. But he was not this time. It was his definite intention to purchase, and he knew precisely how to lay hands on the important sum needed to start negotiations, for a business opportunity had unexpectedly presented itself, coming from one Mr. Starkey, a gentleman who manufactured films down on Poverty Row. Mr. Starkey was known to Jimmy, having employed him in the past on airplane bits, always underpaying him, a gift for which he was noted even on Poverty Row.

In the Starkey studio there reposed the greater part of a stirring movie drama, finished with the exception of a few important scenes, and not until those scenes were taken could Mr. Starkey sell his film to the movie theaters and take down the cash. So Mr. Jimmy West had been summoned for a business conference and had received an offer.

"Two hundred dollars," said the estimable Starkey, "for three minutes' work."

JIMMY had sniffed at the offer, first, because he didn't need two hundred—not that badly—and second, because it looked like a serious job of work. You had to fly the plane between two trees, as Starkey gently explained, and that would make the movie seem interesting to the customers. You not only had to fly the plane between the trees, but you were required to leave most of it hanging thereon, the trees purposefully close together. That was the point of the interesting shot—the nearness of the trees. The aviator was to skim through them, leaving his left wing on the branches of the left tree and his right wing on the other tree, and after that he was to come down, and having no wings at all, he would probably come down briskly. That was all there was to the job or stunt, Mr. Starkey averred, laying stress upon its brevity, and not on the probability that the aviator would not be around to collect his pay.

Then came the need for a motor car for Marya, and Jimmy suddenly changed his mind about trees. He telephoned Mr. Starkey.

"I'll take it," Jimmy announced, "but not for any two hundred. I got to have two-fifty. You know it's tough, so don't start kidding me."

There was a brief pause, while Mr. Starkey reflected.

"All right, Jimmy. Two-fifty. And right away, quick. I've been held up long enough."

"Day after tomorrow," said Jimmy, and that was the evening he led Marya around to the motor store and showed her the green coupé. Her birthday being at hand was a mere coincidence.

The next day luck changed for Miss Evans and a studio sent her a telegram, saying to come at once and have a job at five dollars a day. The sun began to shine again. The extra job promised to run along for several days—Swiss peasant with a funny petticoat—and at five o'clock in the afternoon of the first day, the assistant director, one Fred Herdy, invited a group of workers to stroll into Projection Room A and survey some new stuff, and among those present was Marya, the Swiss milkmaid.

The new stuff proved interesting, as it consisted of miscellaneous takes, bits from this and bits from that, some news film from a library and, toward the finish, a frantic airplane came zooming along and knocked the chimney off a house. When the plane popped into its close-up, spectators in Room A could observe the aviator, and suddenly Marya shoved herself forward on her seat, for there on the screen was the big, blue-eyed cry-baby. There he was with his lumpy jaw, and the grin she knew so well.

"Jimmy," she murmured, breathing hard, and that was all she said until the informal showing was ended and the crowd filed out, amid admiring comment. Marya spoke to Fred Herdy.

"Do you know Jimmy West?"

"Yeah, sure," said the assistant. "That was Jimmy we just saw."

"Yes, I know it was. That's why I spoke. He really does fly airplanes, doesn't he?"

"I'll speak up and say he flies them. That nut will do anything."

Marya departed to remove her Swiss petticoats, still finding it difficult to believe what her eyes had seen, and she decided that evening to offer James a sincere and abject apology. She made up her mind to say: "Jimmy, please forgive me, for I know now that you are not what I said."

She had no opportunity to carry out this kindly purpose, for young Jimmy failed to appear, being otherwise and seriously engaged. He spent the evening bustling about with one of Starkey's men, hunting an airplane that would shed its wings easily, and though he meant to telephone Marya, he forgot, and her feelings were hurt.

IN THE morning she returned to the studio and prepared again to be a Swiss damsel, and after a few hours' labor among the pasteboard Alps, she went to lunch, and on the way she encountered Mr. Herdy.

"Say," he began. "You spoke yesterday about Jimmy West, and I told you he was a nut, didn't I? Well, what do you suppose he's at today? I just came from Joe Starkey's studio, and Joe has a company out at Santa Susanna Field on a stunt job with Jimmy. He's to knock off both wings, run through a couple of trees and probably kill himself, and all for two hundred and fifty smackers."

Marya's knees suddenly felt weak.

"When are they doing this?" she asked.

"Now, I suppose. No fog, so they're probably shooting. What's the matter?"

"Nothing," she said, and she proved it by turning abruptly and trotting for the studio gate, with Herdy staring. She passed the gateman, who wondered where the Swiss peasant was going in midday, and hopped into a taxicab.

"Santa Susanna Field," she directed, "and go fast."

She experienced for the first time in her life a feeling of desperation, and was conscious only of a fierce desire to get there in time to prevent the boy from flying. As the taxicab hurried, she remembered unkind things she had told Jimmy, and her friendly sarcasm about dentists and elevators. She tried hard to keep from crying and almost succeeded. As to stopping her boy friend, she had no chance at all, for the risky deed was already being done. Jimmy was early at the field and the movie crowd had stood ready to shoot since nine in the morning, when the fog melted. Mr. Starkey was there, wandering happily about, for he was about to get his missing scenes and wind up the long-stalled photoplay.

Santa Susanna is a bare and pebbly expanse, a sweep of flat earth, with never a tree, but only bushes and yellow rocks, so Mr. Starkey's hired men brought their trees with them on heavy-duty trucks and planted them at the proper distance from each other. When the picture was finished, audiences would behold a forest of trees, made

(Continued on page 39)

He bought wild and eccentric gifts and bestowed them in person upon Marya

Illustrated by Harry Beckhoff

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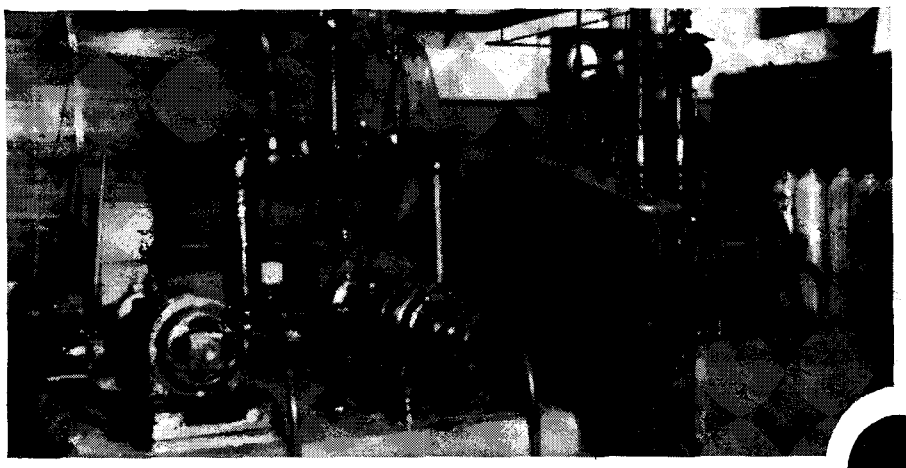
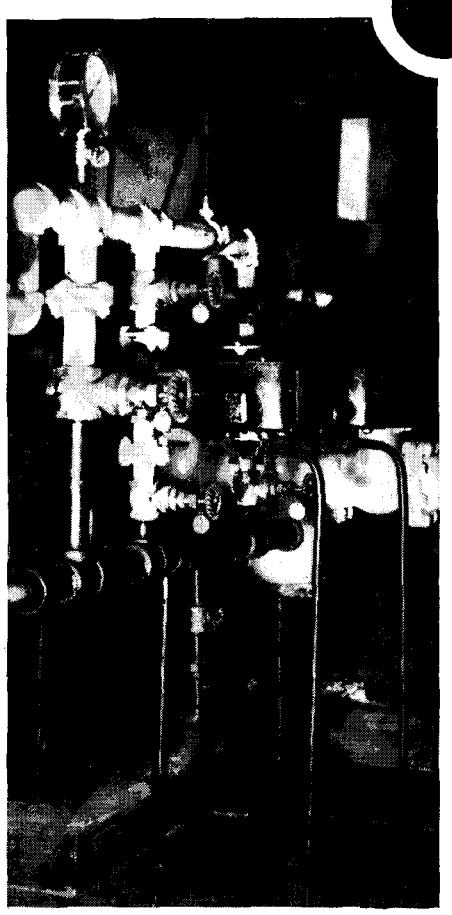
The Wings of Song get a Lift

By Walter Davenport

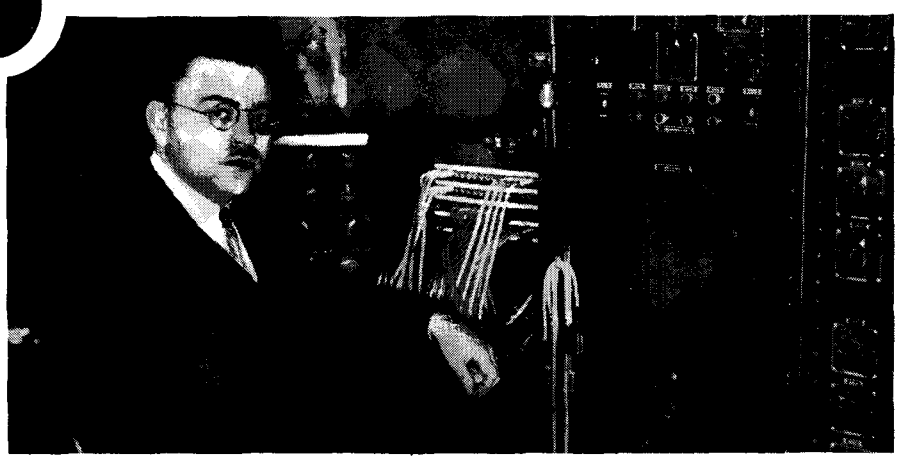


Dancing is an important part of any Music Hall show, and Miss Patricia Bowman is the ballet's leading lady

Music has been invested with new charms—and accouterments. Come backstage in the Music Hall, the Muses' temple in Radio City, and watch the works, including everything from milk-fed Roxyettes to a house-broken sun. And all dazzling



Weather is made to order in Radio City's cavernous basements



The sound-control board insures a good seat for everyone

AT a nod from young Mr. Stern, the stage director who has been standing stiffly at attention gazing at his watch, Messrs. Shapiro, Sullivan, Gamble, Gaus, Herzog, Degnan and Bender jab buttons and click little switches. And all sorts of things begin to happen.

The stage of the world's greatest music hall, the show place of the nation, made up of three enormous lifts and a revolving center-piece, assumes a series of odd shapes as if trying to make up its mind before resigning itself to a vast plateau. Scenery comes swooping out of the flies to be set down here by cranes only to be picked up again and put down yonder. By way of a warm-up romp for some scene to come, a fine yellow sun rises, sets and is banished. Then a pale June moon soars swiftly as if booted into a heaven that goes zipping from a warm orange through several shades of amethyst before settling down to a midnight blue. Stars are shaken out and commence twinkling industriously. Birds burble.

Squads of Roxyettes tap-dance into the wings poised to pounce upon the insifting audience. From tunnels or something queues of ballet dancers enter, mincing on their toes, the men with arms outspread to catch such of their partners as may decide to take a last-minute practice leap. Music, almost inaudible at birth, starts to seep sweetly through a thousand crevices above us and about. Tenors in the wings make tentative cries and throat clearings as they fluff their sleeve lace and pat their perukes. Bassos rumble in the dark and the prima donna flutes a few preliminary notes from the apex of the hay-stack of crinoline that betents her. Her scented poodle leashed to her wrist by several yards of pink ribbon emits a mild yip and at once subsides, apparently satisfied. The day's gayety in the vast cavern which is the Radio City Music Hall in Rockefeller Center in New York City is about to be unloosed.

There is even a sudden queer smell. It is not, however, coming in to play an atmosphere part, but going out. It has been there, dormant, all the time, a souvenir of yesterday's revel. It is now being ejected by the very last word in air conditioning, washing and purifying machinery set in motion by the simple touching of a button. Several other things may be happening at the moment but I have missed them in the daze of wondering how they ever find the right buttons among the hundreds that stud the board. On the big board alone, which cost them $166,000, there are 4,305 of them and they are played like the left end of a gigantic concertina.

But at another nod from Mr. Stern, Messrs. Shapiro and Company press more buttons and click more little levers, and what had appeared a moment ago to be the preliminary twitchings of a complete nervous breakdown subsides. The curtain is rising in a cathedral hush violated only by the hard breathing and muffled bumpings of a thousand early pleasure seekers deploying themselves in the 6,200 seats this great cave of the Muses contains. It is not wholly accurate to say that the curtain is rising. Curtains are rising. Not only rising but retreating, withdrawing, evaporating. And there are incidental curtains or draperies—thin, diaphanous flutteries—which waft and flicker off into nothingness. And they all have their buttons somewhere. The great curtain, the contour, that spans and shuts off the proscenium, weighs three tons. To accomplish its risings and fallings, its luffs, slues and collapses, a mile and a half of steel cable and thirteen electric motors are required.

At any rate the curtain is rising, uniting us here on the stage with the audience out there in the great beyond. It looks lonely, that audience. Later in the day it will be much more numerous.

Since this music hall opened less than a year ago nearly six million people have sat out there. But let's get this show started that we may look around.

An orchestra is being delivered from somewhere below decks on a dumb-waiter the size of a whole floor of your ten-room house. And it is all prepared to let go with Mr. Smetana's Bartered Bride at the drop of the gracefully poised hand of its conductor, who may be Mr. Erno Rapée or one of his assistants, Mr. Mischa Violin or Mr. Leonid Leonandi.

Made-to-Measure Music

These sixty-five musicians look like advertising solicitors and it is likely that a professorial dignity prevailed at their conference an hour ago when it was decided that the Inflammatus from Mr. Rossini's Stabat Mater should be sung today by Miss Viola Philo, the prima donna, instead of played by Mr. Pietro Capodiferro, the first cornetist. And of course this is just the ordinary orchestra prepared to play house-broken pieces. When they are going to do a Ravel, a Wagner, a Stravinsky or a Respighi, the band may expand to a hundred and ten.

Anyway, the show is on. If you want to see it, sit where you are in the subdued vastness of this greatest of all movie houses, which cost eight and a half millions and which makes a profit at the rate of a million dollars annually. For our part we're going to wander around the plant hoping that we'll have the fine fortune to find the hovering genius of all this splendor in his office—Mr. Samuel Lionel Rothafel, or Roxy. His office is itself a theater—or looks it. Behind it, closed off by great heavy portières, is the maestro's dining-room, a high and softly meringue igloo which looks like and has the acoustic properties of two orchestra shells clapped together face to face.

Here, after trials and experiments in the sundry rehearsal halls yonder, it it decided what the ballet is going to do for you next week—Carnaval, Amarosiana, Le Sacre du Printemps, Le Spectre de la Rose or a four-alarm explosion by Richard Strauss, Ravel, Poulenc, Milhaud or Stravinsky. Here the scenery designers and makers, the costume creators, the milliners, the color chemists, the dance mixers and all the other contributors to the emotional callithump you see on the stage offer their latest ideas to be embraced or repulsed by the ever-soaring Roxy according to how they strike him.

He listens—his hand beating time to

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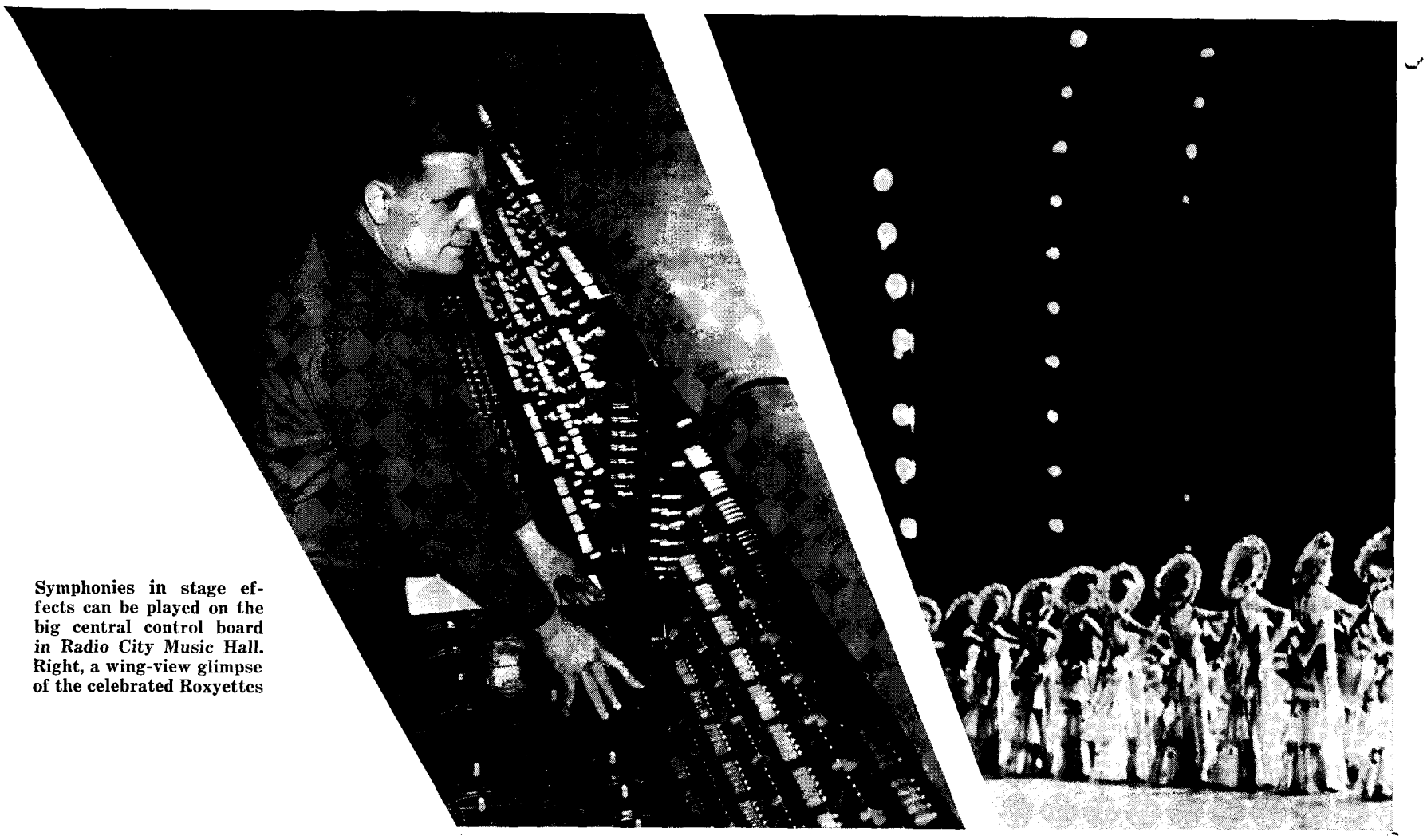


Symphonies in stage effects can be played on the big central control board in Radio City Music Hall. Right, a wing-view glimpse of the celebrated Roxyettes

a composite and probably unwritten symphonic something, his eyes closed hard, visualizing lighting shocks and color temblors. Now and then he bolts from his chair, snatched upright by an influence. You and I, seeing him like this, might cower a bit and then, when we thought it safe, tiptoe out thankful for the chance. But his staff and their understudies (everybody has at least one understudy) deliver themselves of their contributing dreams as if talking down a speaking tube. They are very practical people, these aides. Look them over.

There are Messrs. Rapée, Violin and Leonandi, of course, ready and willing to lead the orchestra in and through anything from Brahms to Berlin and eager to deny with vigor any suggestion that anything from a Gregorian chant to a collision by Prokofieff can be polished off neater elsewhere. Here is Miss Florence Rogge, director of the ballet, suggesting that her boys and girls do something elegant about The Fire Bird or The Pines of Rome but perfectly willing to tackle Hostetter's Almanac or the Bartender's Guide if Roxy thinks them better. Her group could dance the multiplication table or the Boston Cook Book, she says. And has.

Her sister Hattie is there too. Hattie Rogge makes the costumes the girls wear—the Roxyettes and the ballet. And makes them with all the nonchalance with which most of us make mistakes. Once she made three hundred costumes in twenty-four hours, which so exhausted her that she hadn't a bitter word for the stage-hand who, seeing the costumes on the girls, wanted to know what had detained her. And yonder is Mr. Leonidoff, a Roumanian dancer, now first mate in production to Roxy, and Mr. Zach Freedman, second mate. They work this way: Mr. Leonidoff helps the maestro not only by supplying the stuff of which dreams are made but by translating the dreaming into material which, everybody hopes, people will pay from thirty to eighty-five cents to look at. But Mr. Freedman, a practical gentleman, does the incidental heavy hauling. It is said of Mr. Freedman that frequently he doesn't know whether it is Tuesday or Thursday but always knows what time it is because, no matter what time it is, he is late. A very busy man. We behold him now, his brow all askew with worry and chagrin, his ears flaming. He has lost a dwarf.

This dwarf was no ordinary midget such as you order from agents in case lots, but a very special one to play a star's part in a French fairy tale, which is, of course, to be danced. It took four days to select him from shoals of dwarfs. And now—somewhere on a single flight of velvety stairs to Roxy's office, the fellow vanished. Roxy, in a mellow mood, suggests to Mr. Freedman that obviously—ha, ha—somebody ought to rip up the stair carpet—ha, ha, ha. And it is neatly characteristic of the place that before the Olympian powwow in the vast office of the maestro ended, somebody actually did. All of which inspired Mr. Rothafel, they tell me, to remark that if there was as much swift intelligence behind the scenes as there is blind obedience, the show would amuse even the ushers.

Forty Who Move as One

Across the room you see the two nimble gentlemen who train and control the famous Roxyettes—Messrs. Markert and Snyder. They're young. They have to be. They've left their Roxyettes downstairs, which is just as well, as we are supposed to be concentrating. There are forty of these girls, although there are usually no more than thirty-six of them on the stage, the number increasing and decreasing according to the intricacy or the simplicity of the dance they are doing. Besides, it is necessary to give them at least one day off in the seven.

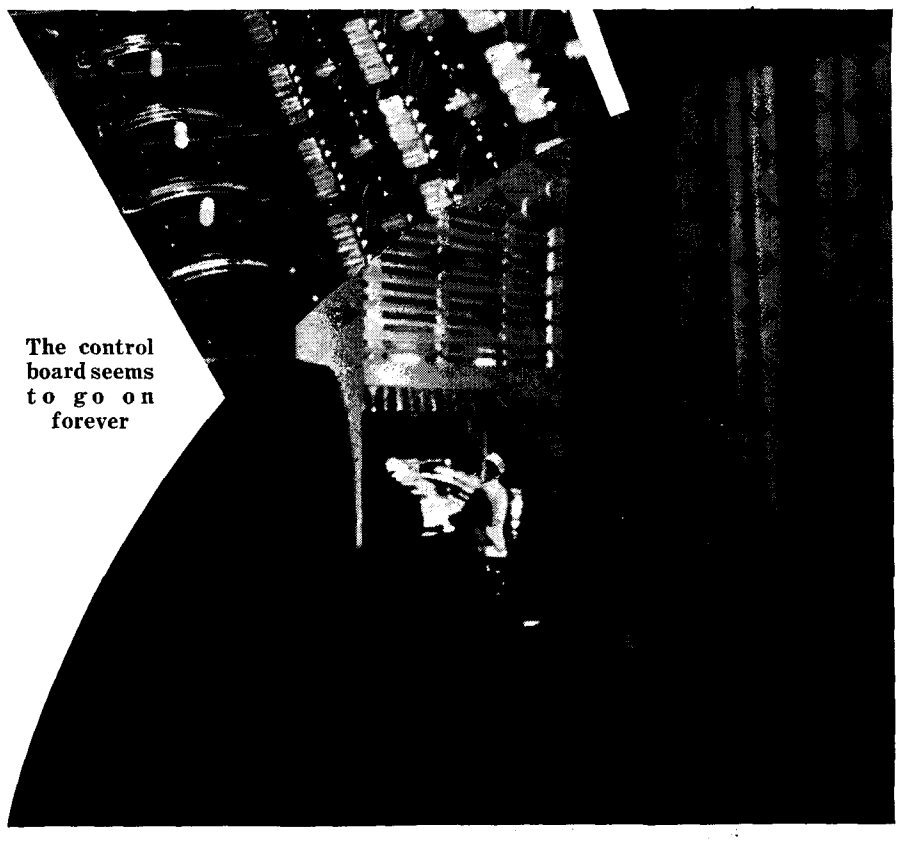
What with rehearsing and doing four shows a day they're kept rather busy. They're young, too, the average age being eighteen or thereabout, although there are veterans of twenty-one amongst them.

You probably know all about it, but in the event you've been too busy to pay attention, they're lock-step dancers. They dance en bloc, so to speak, in geometrical concert, with a simultaneity and exactitude of motion you might expect of the offspring of Siamese parents who, wearying of twins, decided to take up mass production. They were chosen from some three thousand eager youngsters and the choosing was based only partially upon their ability to dance.

Their lives are regulated with the minuteness of incubator babies; they train as if the featherweight championship were at stake. Some of them are not devastating beauties above the equator, not that that matters, but there isn't one of them who, if she chose, couldn't fill a three-hundred-page date book with hot numbers. Such is their lure. But they don't. At least they can't. Anyway, they're not supposed to. In the first place, they're too busy.

The Life of a Roxyette

Like the audiences who come daily to see them dance, the Roxyettes come from almost everywhere except New York—the old folks living back in such snug harbors as Florence, Alabama; Junction City, Kansas; Royal Oak,



The control board seems to go on forever

The sliding organ console and a corner of the 200-foot curtain

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A corner of the projection room, high above the heads of the 6,200 people who make a full house, and a look backstage as the ballet waits for the curtain signal

Maryland, and St. Louis, Idaho. Some have had some chorus experience, some come of theater people, and nobody knows just how many thousands of girls hunger for their jobs. They get thirty-six dollars a week, which is no staggering sum, but it's an all-year job, fifty-two weeks.

They are coddled like rich aunts. Nothing could be of less use to Messrs. Markert and Snyder than an infirm or run-down Roxyette. So there are rest rooms and dormitories for them, a hospital ward and lunch-room. There are podiatrists and chiropodists to police their feet, bone-setters and osteopaths to keep their sacro-iliacs, spinal vertebræ and other important odds and ends in smooth working order, masseuses of several nationalities to rub the wear and tear of weariness out of young but human muscles. And just to look after the incidentals there's a registered nurse who is also a dietitian. There's a matron too. She's the one who says "There, there, dearie" and lends the shoulders for Roxyettes to weep on.

No Place for Débutantes

If they were so disposed, Messrs. Markert and Snyder could have several platoons of Roxyettes from the Social Register and the Junior League; but they make it clear to all these aspiring amateurs that Roxyetting is a business, not a romance, and that their aim is to build up an organization, not a calling list. Besides, girls from such strata of society would never stand the discipline.

But that's enough of that. It isn't fair to those you never see, no matter how often you go to the world's greatest music hall (they never will stop arguing about whether it's the largest—which it probably isn't) nor however hard you look. To Mr. Harry Hiller, for example.

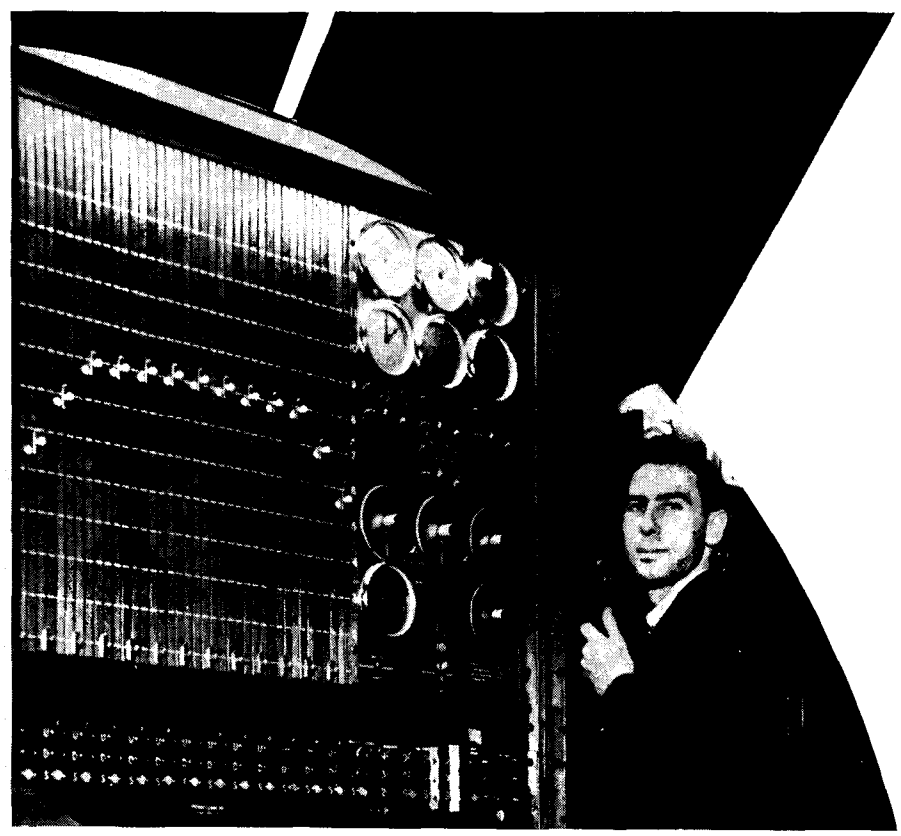
Sitting at a desk solidly covered with push-buttons and little switches—a totally independent set—sits Mr. Hiller. Besides buttons and switches he sees meters, indicators and curious little gadgets which flicker, glow, click, hiss, croon and pop. With that board, he controls the sound which comes off stage and screen to your ears. All that he has to do is to see to it that, whether you are in the first row or the fifty-first, you get the same number of sound vibrations and that words and music are distributed impartially to all the audience.

However, we can't go on being fair to everybody in Radio City. We haven't the time nor the space. So we'll have to be satisfied with a mere mention of such as Mr. Dick Zimmerman and his music library with its fifty thousand scores for a hundred and fifty different instruments. And merely nod to the music makers who work with Mr. Zimmerman: three composers stamping up and down humming things they hope aren't too reminiscent or seated at pianos hunting through the octaves for ideas; ten copyists and a corps of arrangers reducing and expanding concertos, rhapsodies, symphonies, overtures, tone poems, sonatas, oratorios and choruses to meet tomorrow's need.

Where do they get their audiences?

If Radio City Music Hall depended for its patronage on New York, it would have been what so many people predicted at first it would be—a world-shaking flop. Less than thirty per cent of its audiences live in New York, including the suburban area known as the metropolitan district. To learn the source of all those customers, the politest ushers were detailed to a bit of direct-action research. When long queues straggled past the box office to be herded into huddles awaiting seats, the ushers would pass along them asking where they lived.

Well, they had come from Cape Town, South Africa; Yakima, Washington; London, England; Albany, New York; Breslau, Germany, and on through a fat gazetteer of cities and countries. More than sixty per cent of the audience you sit in is like that. Your neighbor is probably from Hong Kong and across the aisle is a woman from Port Said.



Thirteen motors and a switchboard control the big curtain

All in a Day's Work

All of which may give you a ghost of an idea of what this roaring amusement mill is like. But perhaps it is better to sit there calmly in your tenth-row seat taking it as it comes to you and making the best of it even if it isn't the way you'd have it had they let you run it.

But it's quite an experience to have hung around all day and finally to wander out when it's all over. It stops as it started.

The leading tenor, Mr. Peerce, has delivered himself of his final swoop. The ballet's leading lady, Miss Bowman, has died in her rose garden for the last time and has gone home to rest her tired toes. The Roxyettes have given you their twenty-eight thousandth kick and are trying to get their stage smile off. The chorus has left Wagner flat. The whole outfit's pretty weary. The orchestra has vanished in a furious salvo of music. The feature picture has come to its inevitable happy end.

At a nod from young Mr. Stern, Messrs. Shapiro, Sullivan, Gamble, Gaus, Herzog, Degnan and Bender jab buttons and click little switches. And the wheels stop turning.

"Good night; see you tomorrow." This to Old Abe, the stage-door man.

"Oh, yeah?" says Abe. "Well—good night, anyway."

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Thunder in the Dust

By Alan LeMay

Illustrated by Ronald McLeod

The Story Thus Far:

IN LOVE with beautiful Kathleen Boyce, and well aware that Kathleen—who is dominated by a weak, brutal husband whom she has come to loathe—returns his love, Tom Cloud, owner of the Flying K ranch in Mexico, finds himself in a troublous maelstrom. Cattle thieves are raiding his herds; Juan Amador, his foreman, has been murdered; his neighbors are hostile; the authorities stolidly decline to give him the protection he demands.

What he needs, he believes, is a partner—a strong Mexican who can deal with the natives. Such a man is at hand: Contreras y Canedo, a swaggering braggart and man of mystery known as "El Fuerte," who, for reasons of his own, wishes to form an alliance with Cloud. To impress the American (who, knowing little of him, hesitates to work with him) he boldly attacks a raiding gang carrying off Flying K cattle, shoots their horses, and proudly restores the cattle to their owner. . . . The following morning, Cloud, duly impressed, takes El Fuerte as a partner. Whereupon, Old Beard—a veteran cattleman who had warned Cloud against such an alliance—calls on the young American. "So," he exclaims, "you've gone and done it! Well, you're going to be sorry, Cloud. Hear what happened last night? *No?* I'll tell you. Solano's son, José, was shot—killed. Think *that* one over!"

The old fellow rides away. And Cloud is worried. Solano, Sr., is a tremendously powerful man. He and El Fuerte, for some mysterious reason, are bitter enemies. To incur his displeasure would be fatal to almost anyone. And Cloud suspects that El Fuerte—*his partner!*—has killed the great man's son. He questions El Fuerte. The man laughs. "Perhaps," he replies, "I killed him. Who knows? Almost anything may happen to a man who rides with thieves!" And listening, Tom Cloud knows that stormy days lie ahead of the Flying K ranch. . . .

Riding with El Fuerte, Cloud stops for a visit at the Boyces'. El Fuerte—a most romantic figure in his picturesque Mexican garb—insists on paying his respects to "the beautiful lady." With John Boyce, Kathleen and Cloud as an audience, he tells several stories (wherein he, the mighty El Fuerte, is the glamorous hero); then, seizing a guitar, he sings a weird and strangely fascinating Yaqui song. As the song ends, Cloud glances at Kathleen. In her eyes he notes something which startles and alarms him: the stirring of a deep, hypnotic *fear!*

V

THE song had lost itself at last in the drums, and the drums themselves were dying away, fluttering and pulsing still, but fading into silence; and the rattles were once more only a whisper, the death-plaint of a wind that had whipped itself out in the dry brush. Suddenly an irrelevant sentence passed through Cloud's head, without connection or explanation. It was a sentence spoken by Old Beard, mouthed past a pipestem, through an ancient mustache: "He has a blond daughter in Guadalajara."

Cloud shrugged his lean shoulders, impatient with the meaningless wanderings of his own mind. He had no least idea why that sentence of Old Beard's should have passed through his head. And at this time in his life it would have been impossible for Cloud even to imagine that a circumstance—or a man—would ever arise such as he could not master, if put to an open test.

The last phrases of the rattles and the illusory drums were still whispering in that long room as John Boyce spoke. "Most remarkable," he said.

"Listen!" Kathleen snapped him off.

LOOKING at El Fuerte, Cloud saw that his whole frame, without seeming to move, had become suddenly alert; his fingers hung motionless over the belly of the guitar, and the rattles were still. Behind El Fuerte the tall figure of Bravo stood motionless as a post, faintly silhouetted by the firelight as a golden shadow against the blackness of the door. His head was cocked toward that door like a listening wolf.

And now from far off in the night came a strange, unexpected sound—thin and far, heard and yet not heard, as if some wind spirit echoed the sound that a little while before had filled that room within the adobe walls. Far away in the hills a voice was answering, drawn out and wailing, echoing a phrase of El Fuerte's song:

"Charanda, hobran lo—
Karev, karev charanda . . ."

So distant, so near to stillness itself that it would never have been heard, except as an echo of the song that had gone before. . . .

There was nothing but sincerity in the surprise that came into El Fuerte's face. He turned slowly to look over his shoulder at Bravo, and they exchanged a long, unreadable stare. El Fuerte's lips formed a soundless word.

Bravo hesitated a moment more, his face a blank. Then he turned and stepped out into the night. The sound of his feet moved slowly away from the house; but when he was a little distance off they heard him start running toward the horses.

El Fuerte began sounding the strings that had been silent until now. "I also know other songs," he said. "Would you like to hear a little Spanish song, called—"

"What was that?" John Boyce demanded. "What was that echo in the hills?"

El Fuerte hesitated; but it was plain that he could not deny what they had all heard. He shrugged in expressive evasion. *"Quien sabe?* A drunken peon maybe? Who knows? This little song is called—"

Cloud rose abruptly. "We've got to be pulling out. Long day tomorrow. We have to start a cattle count."

The casual impatience of his departure was partly frustrated, for it seemed necessary that El Fuerte slowly sip one more glass of brandy before they took to the horses; but when this was done Cloud got El Fuerte moving, and they pushed out into the night.

Afterward Cloud remembered that Kathleen had not spoken one word more after the echo from the hills.

It seemed necessary that El Fuerte sip one more brandy

AFTER two years of cattle ownership in Baja, Cloud recognized that the alien people among whom he found himself were a mystery to him yet. He could learn their language, could deal with them and work among them; but he still could not comprehend the multiple civilization which was behind them, nor the workings of their minds, nor their methods, nor their ways.

Consequently he did not know what form of reprisal to expect from Solano, whose son had been killed in the act of stealing Tom Cloud's cattle. And though he did not worry very greatly, the threat of war with Solano hung over the Flying K constantly, never fading for an hour; like the shadow of a mountain which has been prophesied to fall.

El Fuerte said no more about the matter, and Tom Cloud did not question him. They started the cattle count which was necessary to the terms of their partnership, and pushed it forward vigorously, not sparing horseflesh; and in the course of the next two weeks Cloud found that he was getting to know his new associates a good deal better.

FROM the start there was no doubt whatsoever as to the high efficiency of the new personnel. El Fuerte's riders had an unfailing instinct for rooting out the little deer-wild bunches of cattle which had long ago learned to lose themselves in the deep brush of Baja. They trailed like hounds, and found lost cattle as if the big buzzards in the sky were helping them with their bird's-eye view of all the hills. With the born cattleman's ability to recognize, individually, incredible numbers of his own head, Cloud was able to judge accurately the precision of the count; and he was forced to admit that he had never seen anything like El Fuerte's riders. By El Fuerte's interpretation of their contract he was paying these two what he had paid four riders before; but they seemed to be worth it.

And El Fuerte himself was proving to be one of the finest horsemen Cloud had ever known. The Flying K's new help might be a little hard on horseflesh, a little rough with the stock, but there was no question about their competence in the saddle. El Fuerte especially had that gift of delicate horsemanship which enabled him to space the running stride of his horse, so that, even on a pony gone frothing wild with a craze to run, he could plant that pony's feet accurately upon sound ground

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among the broken rocks of the slopes.

But, although in riding with these men Tom Cloud presently lost the feeling that he was teamed up with strangers, he realized constantly that there was much about El Fuerte that he did not know. Often he puzzled over small circumstances, such as the incident at the Boyce house when El Fuerte's Yaqui song had been answered by a distant voice in the hills. When he had waited a long time for something to turn up which would at least partly answer certain of these questions, Cloud overstepped his habitual silences to ask El Fuerte outright about it.

THEY were returning down the long trail that followed the Valley of the Witch; they had worked a long way off that day, and the valley brimmed with dusk under a red sky. Cloud and El Fuerte rode stirrup to stirrup half a furlong behind the others, their ponies at the slow jog so easy on horseflesh, and so hard on all riders except those who have spent their lives on horseback.

"That was a kind of outstanding song you sung over at the Boyces' that night, El Fuerte," Cloud said. "I don't know as I ever heard just the likes of that song before."

"You like that song?"

"That was a whole lot of song," Cloud agreed. Then, cautiously: "Sort of funny the way somebody answered back that song from out in the hills."

"Yes, that is a funny thing."

"I kind of thought at the time," Cloud forced the issue, "that maybe that was a signal of some kind."

"No, no," El Fuerte assured him. "I am just as surprised as you."

"Did Bravo find out who it was?"

"No, mister. When I hear that song answer back, I have a quick hunch—maybe out there is the kind of man we can use. 'Bravo, go get him.'"

"Use for what?" Cloud asked curiously.

"I don't know, mister. Always there is use for a man. But Bravo finds nobody."

"What the devil do you suppose he answered that song for?"

The proud, expansive grin that came so easily to El Fuerte spread slowly over his features now, showing his fine teeth. "Mister," he said, "when you sing *al corazon de la tierra*, the heart of the earth answers you."

CLOUD considered this obscure statement. Up ahead, the tall Indian Bravo, and Carlos, the man whose face had the odd texture of a withered apple, were singing an interminable song:

"I see a stranger passing—
I know his joys and sorrows;
Another such as I am,
Whose life is all tomorrows . . ."

The tired ponies jogged on in the twilight, half asleep. Suddenly El Fuerte spoke. "Mister," he said exultantly, "when that song answers back, that is the greatest thing that happens to me in Baja!"

"But I thought you said—"

"I do not know who singed. But until then I do not feel I am a *paisano* of Baja. Never before I am on this soil; I think I am a stranger. But when that song answers back for me—then I know different, mister!"

"I don't get you."

"Mister, I know then that all Mexican earth is my earth." Exuberantly he turned in the saddle to lean toward Cloud. "You know what I can do? I can take three, four good men at my back, and I can go to La Partida, and I can raise fifty men in one hour!"

"Raise fifty men? What—"

"I tell you, mister, I can lope this horse through the street of La Partida, with my men behind me, and I can shout, *'Rise, compadres! Sigamen rebeldes!'* And they jump in their saddles with their belts and their guns, and they don't know where I go, but they follow me. Fifty men? I can raise a hundred!"

"What in all hell would you want with fifty or a hundred men?" Cloud demanded.

"I tell you, if I can raise a hundred men, I can raise a thousand."

"But what for?" Cloud insisted.

For a moment they looked at each other, El Fuerte suddenly as puzzled as Cloud. Then El Fuerte grinned a little and settled back in his saddle. "Mister," he said, "we are a very old people. There are those among us who are a thousand years old when you are born. But our country is in the making."

They jogged along in silence, Cloud puzzling. Then suddenly he saw light; and at last became clear to him a hundred things about El Fuerte which any Mexican would have known in the first place. El Fuerte was one of those remarkable Mexican figures, half politico and half bandit, who devote themselves to an unassuageable ambition to rule.

Probably he was some vagabond hill general without any troops. Certainly he was an occasional insurgent; perhaps a habitual one. Cloud grinned crookedly to himself in the dusk, tickled that he had hit at last upon the key to the character of his new partner.

"Don't forget this," he told El Fuerte: "we're here to run cattle. The cattle come first—likewise last, and all the time!"

"You bet we run cattle," El Fuerte agreed without reserve. "You and me, we run plenty cattle! Maybe some day we run more cattle than Mexico ever see before in one brand."

CLOUD'S identification of El Fuerte's mainspring amused him more than a little. Coming from a country of individualists, he had no comprehension of the political surge that constantly swayed the Mexican people. Yet somehow he was pleased, happy to have in his hands this turbulent, wide-swinging weapon against the peculiar odds which he had so long faced alone in Baja.

"What the devil does del Pino do with himself?" he demanded suddenly. Not once had El Fuerte's "secretary" ridden with them in working the stock.

El Fuerte hesitated for a noticeably long moment. "Oh," he brushed the matter aside, "he fixes the saddles, he does errands to the town; he can help us keep books. He has been with me the long time. I give a peso or two sometimes—not much. Mostly—he just rests."

Cloud knew that del Pino did not mostly rest. He was, in fact, seldom to be found at the camp. El Fuerte's little hanger-on remained an unimportant but singularly complete mystery to Cloud.

"Seems to ride out quite a bit."

"Maybe he make love," El Fuerte suggested.

Cloud got a grin out of this picture of del Pino, but found it impossible to accept. As he rode on he was wishing that he knew more about these new associates who had become his hope in

(Continued on page 36)

Cloud turned swiftly, not noticing that she shrank away from him

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Tell me that I am Fair

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Henri Duvernois

Illustrated by Walter C. Klett

Best of all, there was a carriage driver who had asked for a kiss instead of a tip

MR. ALFRED BEHUT-LAPOUSSAYE was in the leather-goods trade. He'd done well, and he looked it. He wasn't exactly young, but his beard was trim, and his frock coat and his striped trousers, his white spats and his pale yellow stick gave him a look of elegance a little faded, perhaps, yet sprightly.

It must have been about 1885 or so when this dashing young leather merchant happened to go to a ball. A stock company was celebrating its return from the provinces. Alfred dropped in; and he had quite a good time.

Those were the days when one broke champagne glasses after drinking; Alfred broke his, and feeling that he had done whatever was expected, he prepared to depart. As he was getting his overcoat he looked up at the banister, and there a lady's hand was resting, a nice hand, pretty, and so small. Without bothering to see whose it might be, he reached for it and kissed it. She didn't seem to mind at all. "You do that awfully well, don't you?" she said, and laughed, and that was the beginning.

It was no time at all till they were married. Isabelle, her name was—Isabelle Normande; she danced in a chorus somewhere. She was blond and tall and slender, and her laugh was lovely, and she was lovely, too.

So the years went on, as they will, and they were kind enough to both of them. Isabelle's hair was so bright that one scarcely saw the gray, and she still had her laugh that was like velvet, and her bright eyes, and her slim figure, for all that forty years were close upon her.

She liked the society of those who were young, and she liked to flirt, too, but she never dreamed of having a serious affair. She loved Alfred.

But it came about that her disposition seemed to change. Her laugh was less frequent; she wouldn't eat desserts, and there were days when nothing seemed to please her. Steady-going Alfred was worried. He went around and talked to Cri-Cri about it. Cri-Cri had been in the chorus, too, the same chorus with Isabelle, and in a hundred more, but she'd never had a bit of luck, and there she was, trying to get along as best she could selling silk stockings and so on to her old friends.

"LOOK, Alfred," she said. "Did you ever hear that old one—some girl, I forget who she was, but she was quite a knockout, anyway? Well, she said the day the boys—you know, the boys in the street—won't turn around to look at you when you go by, that's the saddest day in your life. That's what's happened to poor Isabelle. They don't turn around to look at her any more. They haven't looked at *me* for years."

"Oh, you're crazy, Cri-Cri."

"I am not. You see, Isabelle—well, Isabelle always looks good, from the back, anyhow. They look at her, maybe they hurry along, trying to see what she looks like. Then they do catch up, and they get a good look, and—and—well, that's the end of it. I'm not saying you'd as much as say hello to any of them. You—you see, Alfred?"

"Yes. Yes, I see. How's business, Cri-Cri?"

"Oh. So-so. I can't complain. Always get along. I manage, somehow."

"Here. Take this. Don't argue now; take it. Bring Isabelle around a couple of pairs of stockings, if you have to. You're a good kid, Cri-Cri."

"Maybe you aren't," she said.

There came a time when Isabelle wouldn't leave the house at all. She'd look at her mirror and shake her head. Once she was talking to the little son of their chauffeur, a boy of eight.

"Look, Marcel," she said. "How do you think I look? Do you think I'm young or—or an old lady? Tell the truth now. I'll give you a nice present."

"How do I know?"

"Well, when they talk about me at home, at your papa's, what do they say? Do they call me the old lady? Old Mother Behut? Is that what they call me?"

"No. They call you the cow."

That didn't help much.

Then came a nice spring day. Isabelle put on her most girlish frock, and was very careful with her make-up. She thought she'd take a walk.

And she came home radiant. There was a butcher. As she passed him, she distinctly heard him say, "Baby! Mamma, buy me that!"

From that time on she walked a lot. And was she delighted! A baker had stared at her. A day laborer—well, yes, a day laborer but a real man just the same—had whistled to her. Best, best of all, there was a carriage driver who hadn't wanted to take a tip, but who asked for a kiss, instead. She didn't give it to him of course, but she gave him a large tip, and at last he took it, muttering.

SHE felt so happy that night. What a trial she must have been to poor Alfred, mooning around, worrying about a lot of nonsense! One of these days she'd have to give him a little surprise. She'd call for him at his office, and they'd go to lunch. She didn't like the office; it smelled so of leather, and Alfred's office boy was fond of garlic.

When she did go, the selfsame office boy barred her way.

"The boss is awful busy," he said. "Got a flock of people in there."

Isabelle sat down daintily and touched her lips with her handkerchief.

"Don't tell him I'm here, Auguste. It's a surprise."

There came a sound of voices, of heavy footsteps. Curses! What was this? Out came the butcher, the gallant butcher, the baker who'd upset his tray, the enterprising day laborer. They were chinking money in their hands.

"Sure, you get the idea," said the day laborer. "You got to hand the old twist a good line: he'll give you a handful of francs. Me, I got to ask her for a glove, to remember her by. Ain't that swell!"

"Me," said the butcher, "I'm supposed to try to pick her up over at Porte Saint Martin. I bet you she won't give me a tumble."

It was enough for Isabelle. She put down her veil.

"Auguste," she said, "don't tell Mr. Behut-Lapoussaye that I've been here."

And that night, Mr. Behut-Lapoussaye found at his fireside a wife who was pale and quiet, but who kissed and clung to him tighter than usually.

"Big boy! My nice big boy!" she said.

"Huh? How are you? How's everything? Everything all right?"

"Yes. Fine."

At dinner she said, "Alfred, what's a twist?"

"A twist? Oh. That's a girl. A woman."

"I see. An old twist. That's an old woman."

"Yes. That's right. Why? What've you been reading?"

"Nothing—I—Albert—I—I've been—I've been reading The Three Musketeers. I wanted to ask you— In the—in the old time, did they pay the soldiers to fight?"

"Yes. Surely. Of course they did."

"But—but sometimes, Alfred—they—they must have been sincere. They must have had a—a good spirit about it, just as if they hadn't been paid a cent. . . ."

"Sure. Of course. Money's nothing to a good workman. Why, I've got cutters working for me for thirty years. They . . ."

His voice went on, his round, comforting, easy voice. Her poor eyes, so sad, so like a child's, began to have a little sparkle of hope. Alfred looked at her, and interrupted himself.

"Best-looking woman I ever saw," he said. "Best-looking girl I ever saw, Isabelle." He lifted his glass and drank to her.

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Tough while They're Safe

By Ray Tucker

Collier's Washington Staff Writer

Disarmed, the modern killer is a washout; given a machine gun and a car, he thinks he's a hero. Joseph B. Keenan is hard at work separating these cowards from their guns

Acme

Kidnappers' Nemesis—Assistant Attorney-General Joseph B. Keenan

CONGRESS will be asked to make the acquaintance of three intriguing criminals, late 1933 model, when it assembles in January, and if the national legislators react to the appeal of these criminals as expected by the man who sent them to prison for life—Assistant Attorney-General Joseph B. Keenan—crime may become the most spectacular subject on the Congressional calendar.

Moreover, if the lessons which federal and local officials learned from their crazy careers are translated into law, the strangely mated trio may be cast in the rôle of public benefactors rather than public enemies.

You remember George Kelly, even though he has been blotted out behind stone walls—Kelly, the fierce "killer," the man who could etch his name on a wall with machine-gun bullets, the snarling bravo who bestowed tenderness on nobody but his shrewish, twenty-nine-year old wife, the red-headed Katherine, that is, until she turned on him at their trial for the kidnapping of Charlie Urschel, the Oklahoma oil man. And you recall their partner, handsome Harvey Bailey, the elegant gangster who asked his guard to shoot him rather than send him into the courtroom in prison overalls, the chap who slept with a machine gun as a bed-mate, the man who was broadcast as "America's Public Enemy No. 1" for his part in two wild jail breaks and the Kansas City railroad station massacre. Taken together they furnish a study in current criminal conditions and trends that may prove of particular value at this time in society's war with a shifting and changing underworld.

Of course, Mr. Keenan has evidence that "Killer" Kelly couldn't hit the broad side of a barn and that Katherine, rather than Bailey, supplied the "brains" of the gang. Their exaggerated and melodramatic reputation was only part of the glamorous picture which they, the press and certain captors painted.

The kidnapping of Urschel from a bridge table in his Corot-studded, rose-and-gold living-room, in the experts' opinion, provides a laboratory for detailed examination of the circumstances and personnel from which our latest breed of violators are drawn, and that at a time when prohibition repeal necessitates a new approach to the problem.

Whereas the Lindbergh kidnapping was the perfect crime from the perpetrators' standpoint, and its seeming unsolvability made it only an agony in the dark, the Urschel affair was the perfect crime from the government's viewpoint. The criminals were quickly caught and pinned down in detective headquarters and courtrooms like specimens in an unnatural museum, and boastingly they talked. Katherine alternately cried and cursed, Kelly snarled, Bailey argued in a gentlemanly manner, Albert Bates, an obscure, roughneck ally, whined in a Uriah Heep tone—but they divulged the secrets of their dark trade.

Moreover, the crime had everything which a Sherlock Holmes—or a Keenan—could ask for, plotting not only the planning and execution, but also the slow steps by which a pair of briefcase bootleggers and a thrice-married small-town girl were transformed into vicious and antisocial creatures. Their methods show the need of new laws and new weapons if John Law is to be properly equipped in fighting an underworld already turning, as a result of prohibition repeal, to more violent, lucrative and expansive fields. It is no mere accidental vagary which has headed bands like the Kelly-Bailey crowd and others toward the open spaces of the West and Southwest.

Criminals De Luxe

To a greater degree than any similar gang, the Urschel kidnappers resorted in all their adventures to the latest aids of science and nature. In high-powered cars they sped across super-highways which wiped out state lines that most of their pursuers had to respect and stop at. With criminal ease they armed themselves with machine guns and rifles and pistols as good, if not better, than their legal foes possessed. They arranged for the crime by sending code telegrams. They had for a lawyer a "kidnap specialist" who has appeared for the defense in some of the notable kidnappings of the past year.

To make the modernistic picture complete, a large corporation attached Bailey's machine gun and part of the ransom money of $200,000 on the ground that it had been robbed by the same gang. In shifting their operations from the shadow of city skyscrapers to the Wild West, where historic but less dangerous hold-up men once galloped about on horseback, they exhibited an appalling advance in the technique of lawlessness.

Mr. Keenan believes that all major crimes must be regarded as "interstate" in character so that federal police agencies can ignore state lines with the same impunity as the criminal. Congress will probably be asked to extend the Dyer Act, which now applies only to transportation of stolen automobiles, to all kinds of property, and thereby make

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At Cinders Lake

By Albert Richard Wetjen

An impossible adventure. Or is it so impossible? Perhaps we are too ready, at times, to use that easy word

IT BEGAN very abruptly, and with all the ghastly unreality of a nightmare. Tillson, a retired Navy man who operated the Angler's Hotel, was sitting on his own veranda smoking a last pipe before turning in. Dr. Ardis was on one side of him, while on the other was Barlow, and all three men were enjoying the cool and peace of the young night, while before them was the vast expanse of Cinders Lake, the water shimmering beneath a crescent moon. Most of the other resorts that dotted the shore were already dark and the only sound was the faint chuck-chuck of a belated motor launch heading toward Tillson's wharf, a dark blob as yet across the water.

"That'll be Matthews," said Tillson lazily. "Always the last one in. He likes to stick out on the lake and play his phonograph when he's through fishing."

"I know," said Dr. Ardis. "He always does."

"That's the reason I don't fish with him," Barlow added. "He plays grand opera." And they all laughed for no particular reason. Ardis, the anthropologist; Barlow, who dealt in orchids; and Matthews, who sold stocks, were old friends and always spent their vacations at Tillson's. Cinders Lake was a famous fishing ground, an immense stretch of water cupped by fir-clad hills, meeting toward the coast with a wide estuary of the sea which caused it to respond a little to the tides even at its upper end, where the water was entirely fresh. Half a dozen small hamlets and possibly twice that many expensive resorts rimmed the lake's shores, but it was so large that privacy was easily obtained. On the beaches of the sea estuary were two fishing villages, but the inhabitants seldom invaded the lake itself.

THE chuck-chuck of the motor launch came nearer, and the craft itself began to assume tangible lines. And then, while the eyes of all three men were upon it, the thing happened. They heard the motor check and then begin to race furiously. And after that, clear across the water, there came a scream, cut abruptly short. It seemed that something dark and huge had risen beside the launch, but it was too far away to be sure. The next moment the launch was racing in a huge circle and Tillson got to his feet with an astonished oath. Ripples as large as small waves began to eddy toward the shore.

"Now what d'you make of that?" he demanded.

"Trouble," said Dr. Ardis. He was on his feet too, a quick, alert little man with a pointed beard. "A man doesn't scream like that for nothing."

They all three ran down the gravel path toward the wharf and Tillson clambered into the cockpit of his own launch and cranked viciously to start the engine. It caught with a splutter and a roar, was instantly throttled, and the launch left the wharf in a soft purring glide.

"Queer," said Barlow after a while. He was a burly man, silent as a rule, and reputed to be without nerves. "Damned queer. What should he scream about?"

They were none of them frightened. Alarmed perhaps, but not frightened. Matthews may have had an attack of some sort . . . he was occasionally subject to fits . . . but he had never been known to scream before. Tillson headed the launch straight toward the wildly careening boat of Matthews and it was a ticklish job to secure it. Barlow jumped on board at last and stopped the engine, and when Tillson circled back and stopped alongside he was swearing bewilderedly.

"Matthews isn't here!" he said. "He must have fallen overside."

TILLSON shot away toward the spot where, approximately, Dr. Ardis and he agreed the motor launch had been when they had heard the scream. But no head bobbed on the water. There were still somewhat large ripples but that was all. Tillson stared at Dr. Ardis and filled his pipe mechanically from a rubber pouch. Dr. Ardis was perplexed.

"He might have had a fit all right and gone overboard," he said uncertainly. "But that screaming."

"He must have gone down like a stone," said Tillson. "And the lake's too deep to drag." They circled around three or four times more and then they ran back to Matthews' boat. Barlow was acting curiously.

"There's not a sign of him," Dr. Ardis said. He wiped sweat from his forehead. "Poor old Matthews. Who'd have expected anything like this? . . . What's the matter with you?"

Barlow did not answer him right away. He was holding his head high and sniffing like a dog.

"Do you notice anything?" he asked in a low voice. They looked at him and then looked around on the lake. Dr. Ardis gave a sharp exclamation.

"Yes, there's a smell . . ." He sniffed as Barlow was doing and Tillson wondered if they had gone mad. But a scent crept into his own nostrils, vaguely familiar and yet annoyingly strange. A sweet, sickening and yet damp odor.

"Musk," said Barlow suddenly. "I thought I recognized it. Do you know what it reminds me of? One time when I was looking for orchids in Brazil. Bull alligators smell like that."

There was a short silence and then Tillson laughed, without mirth.

"Right," he said. "It's alligator or crocodile smell. I've had whiffs of it on the Nile and down in the Florida swamps. But there are no alligators up here."

"No," agreed Dr. Ardis. "No."

"And, anyway, alligators don't take men out of boats," added Barlow. They looked at each other, silent after that, and it was not until an hour or so later, when they had brought the launches to the wharf and notified the authorities as to what had happened, that they remembered the strange dark bulk that had seemed to loom beside Matthews' boat as he had screamed. Tillson mentioned it.

"Rot," said Dr. Ardis. "Just a shadow. We couldn't see well anyway. Matthews was just taken sick and fell overside."

They neither of them mentioned the smell of musk again that night, nor yet on the following day. Miracles didn't happen, and it would be a miracle if a bull alligator was this far north and could take a man from a powerful motor launch. Yet that same night, and several miles down the lake, a native of the place—a simple-minded sort of man named Chalmers—had gone fishing for bass by flashlight in his flat-bottomed skiff. Some friends of his had found the empty boat early in the morning.

"An' y'know," complained one of the discoverers to Dr. Ardis, who was curious enough to question him. "Y'know. A funny thing. There was a smell of rotten skunk cabbage all over the place."

"You mean," Dr. Ardis corrected, "a smell of musk." And his face went a little white.

The next tragedy took place the following night, about eleven o'clock. Visitors and natives retired early at Cinders Lake and the scene was much as it had been on the previous evening. Tillson, Dr. Ardis and Barlow were sitting on the veranda, smoking, drinking a little and discussing the strange disappearances.

"It seems to me," said Dr. Ardis after considerable conversation, "it seems to me I read in the papers some time back of a strange beast being seen in the lake. What was it, Tillson?"

Tillson laughed.

"A crowd of the city folks drinking too much, I guess. They were having a wild party, going in swimming nude and all that. Men and women. Around one in the morning, I think it was. They claimed to have seen some sort of an animal splashing about near Meadows Ferry. Big thing. Maybe the sea serpent." He laughed again and relighted his pipe. "That'd be about a year ago. Anyway, it sobered the party up and they went to bed. Talked a lot next day and some newspaper man got hold of it, though we tried to keep it quiet. Gives the lake a bad name, you know."

"Naturally," agreed the doctor. "But was anything missing that night? Any men?"

"Check," said Barlow calmly. "I was going to ask the same."

Tillson stared at them for a long time and then sat abruptly upright in his chair.

"Now you mention it, yes," he said in a strange voice. "Meadows Ferry is a place down a ways where the lake shal-

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Illustrated by James E. Allen

With an abrupt rush a vast bulk shot from the depths and into the air

lows and the cross-lake boat docks. A farmer named Transeve has a pasture that runs down to the water. He missed two horses that night, a mare and a foal. But why?"

DR. ARDIS settled back and put the tips of his fingers together. His voice was suppressed but vibrant as he spoke.

"These sort of stories crop up nearly every year, don't they, Tillson? I mean about queer beasts being seen in lakes or at sea. Well, why not? Maybe they're true."

"That's bunk," said Tillson uneasily. Barlow said nothing but drew hard on his cigar.

"Everything's bunk until it's proven," the doctor agreed. "But consider. First, we have these stories of strange beasts. There's usually a germ of truth in any story, however wild it sounds. Second, we do know that sober and honest men have at times encountered weird and unclassified animals at sea . . . and mind, this lake connects with an estuary. I'm not talking of the sea serpent. It doesn't have to be a serpent. I'm merely stating facts. Strange animals. Third, to get down to the local matter, we have two horses vanishing the same night a group of people claim to have seen something unusual. Fourth, we have Matthews dropping out of sight after screaming in a manner that did not, in my estimation, indicate that whatever happened to him was a fit. Lastly, we have the further disappearance of the fisherman named Chalmers. And about both of the last affairs there hangs the scent of musk. I wonder if there was a scent of musk in the farmer's pasture after the horses had vanished?"

There was a long silence.

"I don't know," said Tillson at last. "But we can ask."

"Ardis," Barlow put in seriously, "you didn't talk that way last night."

"I've been thinking since then," the doctor admitted. "The coroner decided that both Matthews and Chalmers must have been accidentally drowned. I don't agree. There's something more to it. Maybe you can explain away what that bathing party saw last year, and maybe you can explain away the disappearance of the two horses. But you can't explain away that smell of musk, nor Matthews' screaming, nor what we saw or thought we saw."

"You mean," said Barlow precisely, "that Something has come into Cinders Lake and is eating live men and live horses."

"I mean," agreed the doctor, "that it isn't beyond the bounds of possibility. A Thing could come into the lake from

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the sea. And I might point out that several reputable scientists have suggested the possibility that the enormous reptiles of the Jurassic period *did* leave descendants, perhaps as large as themselves, and that if so they almost certainly live in the sea. And—"

He stopped, because it was at this moment that a frightened youth staggered onto the veranda at the Angler's Hotel. He was shaking in every limb. His face was ghastly, and he could not speak at first.

"Down there! . . . There!" he managed finally, pointing. Tillson was on his feet, a sudden cold sweat breaking on his body.

"It come out th' water . . . come out. Old Jed was sitting an' smoking . . ."

It took them all of fifteen minutes to get the youth's story. Tillson knew him. He was the nephew of an old retired sea captain named Jed Langly, who had a little shack and wharf at the water's edge.

"I was sittin' inside a-readin'," gabbled the youth. "An' all of a sudden I hears Old Jed—on the wharf—let out a yell an' when I looks around I see something all big and shiny grabbing him. It were as big as this hotel. I ain't lying. All big an' shiny. And it stank somethin' bad an' made an awful noise. But I jest ran. Took Uncle away, it did, like 'e was nothing at all!"

He sank blubbering to a chair, the thick, terror-wrung sobs shaking his whole body. Dr. Ardis was livid with excitement.

"There you are! Big as this hotel! I'm right! I'm sure I'm right. We'll get it. We'll give the biologists something to talk about! Science . . ."

"To hell with science!" roared Tillson. "Jed Langly was my friend!"

"IT SEEMS to me," said Barlow the next morning, "it seems to me the authorities ought to take this situation in hand."

"We don't want the authorities fooling around if we can help it," answered Tillson moodily. "There's been enough publicity already. This business is going to ruin Cinders Lake."

"Well, something ought to be done," said Barlow mildly. Dr. Ardis fingered his beard and then rubbed his hands together.

"Something's going to be done," he stated. "I've got it pretty well figured out. It's the chance of a lifetime. Half our knowledge now is guesswork, but here's proof, tangible, irrefutable. Not fossilized bones, but flesh, blood and hide. The Jurassic . . ."

"Damn the Jurassic," snapped Tillson. "How are we going to get rid of the Thing, that's what I want to know?"

"We might dynamite the lake," Barlow suggested. "With luck we'd stun it and bring it up."

"You start dynamiting here," said Tillson darkly, "and you'll have the fish commission down in an hour, not to mention half the local inhabitants after you with shotguns. Besides," he waved at the lake, "how are you going to dynamite a body of water as large as that?"

"Now, now," said Dr. Ardis soothingly. "We'll do nothing so crude. We'll simply set a bait for it."

"On a big hook, I suppose," said Barlow ironically.

"What sort of bait?" Tillson asked.

"Meat, live meat," the doctor stated. "And since it seems to be a night feeder we'll set the bait at night."

"Why live meat?" said Tillson curiously.

"From the look of things it seems to prefer it," the doctor pointed out. "No use taking chances. There's a possibility it won't touch anything else. I imagine its food at sea would be seals and small whales. . . . I'll need a large live pig, Tillson. And I'll need a boat."

"You can have a dozen pigs and a dozen boats if you think they'll settle this business," said Tillson wearily. "Another week of it and I'm going to sell out . . . if anyone's crazy enough to buy."

"I would also like to borrow," went on the doctor a little feverishly, "the fastest launch on the lake. We may have to do some traveling."

"I think you're crazy," said Tillson, "but maybe not."

Two nights later a small boat, riding to a stone anchor over sixty fathoms down, was motionless in the brightness of the moon. In the boat, lashed securely and helplessly to a short mast, was a fat pig whose squeals awoke the echoes. In the shadow of Tillson's wharf a powerful cruiser lay, and on board her waited Tillson, Barlow and Dr. Ardis, all heavily armed, though, as Barlow pointed out, if anything went wrong they might as well have left the guns at home. Still, the weapons made them feel more secure.

Tillson turned to Ardis—they were speaking in whispers. "You think the strychnine will work?"

"I don't see why any animal should be immune to it. I've got enough inside the wrappings around that pig to kill a hundred men."

The night drew on. The moon rode full and high, casting a broad highway of silver across the lake. One by one the lights of the now all-but-deserted resorts went out. Silence came down, broken only by the intermittent squealing of the pig and the soft lap-lap of the water. A cool wind sprang up, bearing the scent of the pine-clad hills. On the cruiser two of the watchers were already half asleep, weary with waiting and their eyes dazed by gazing at the moonlight. Even the pig at last ceased its protest. Only Dr. Ardis, the enthusiast, remained alert, smoking with quick nervous jerks and scanning the whole lake without rest. Yet it began to seem even to him that the venture was a failure. For this night anyway. The trap was set, but where was the victim?

Tillson jerked up his nodding head and shook it to clear it.

"This looks like a washout," he grumbled. "I've a notion to go to bed."

Barlow roused himself and fumbled for a cigar.

"We might have brought a few drinks along. They would have helped," he suggested. Dr. Ardis frowned irritably.

"We'll wait until dawn anyway. The damned Thing's apt to show up any time."

AND then it happened! There was a sudden vast upheaval of the calm water alongside the anchored boat. The pig broke into a renewed and frantic squealing. The doctor, shaking with excitement, seized a pair of night glasses and tried to steady them. There was no need for him to speak. The other two men were staring, fixed and rigid.

The doctor saw a massive neck, large as a temple column, shining and curiously marbled, and surmounted by what seemed to be a spiny mane. A huge head, turtle-shaped, crowned it all; with round, bulging eyes and an enormous mouth filled with flat and sharp-edged, bone-colored teeth. The pig's squealing was shut off abruptly and there came to the watchers the sickening sound of crunched bone. Apparently the beast could not get the pig free of its lashings at first, for it lifted the whole boat high in the air, shook it and, as the mast and the lashings snapped free, bolted its meal. It shook its head then, as a wet dog might, and leisurely surveyed the lake. Then it began to move, the head and neck still erect.

"Quick!" choked the doctor. "Quick! The engine!"

His hoarse voice woke the others to life. Tillson kicked at the starter and the engine woke with a roar. Barlow, his nerves shaken at last, leaned weakly on the skylight, his face ashen.

"My God!" he whispered. "It's coming for us."

It seemed for a moment as if that were true. Startled apparently by the noise of the engine the Thing checked, turned about, and bent forward its neck as if listening, the head moving from side to side while the moon glinted coldly on the monstrous eyes. Tillson throttled the motor to a faint hum and after long moments, while the cold sweat stood on the men's faces and their stomachs turned to ice, the Thing moved about in a wide circle and without haste began to propel itself toward the sea estuary. Great ripples breasted away from it and as the cruiser glided forward and into them it jarred up and down. Tillson held the craft full in the Thing's wake and the reek of musk almost stifled them.

"Look," whispered the doctor, all but

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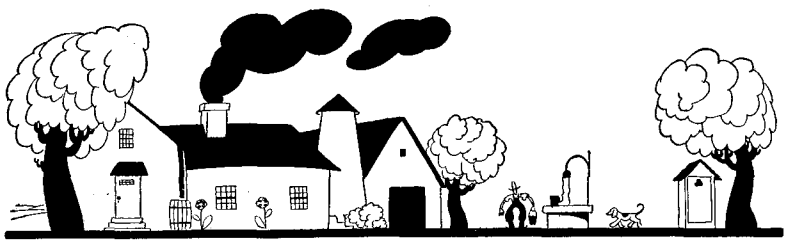

Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

In the United States today, the richest country in the world, 85 out of every 100 farmhouses — some 5,000,000 of them—contain no plumbing whatever.

The discovery of America prior to the voyage of Columbus has been claimed by ten different peoples—the Chinese, Arabians, Venetians, Welsh, Portuguese, Dutch, Basques, Icelanders, Danes and Irish.—*By William Turrell, Glen Ellyn, Illinois.*

The most slowly maturing fruit in the world is the coco-de-mer, or double coconut, which grows exclusively on the Seychelles Islands in the Indian Ocean. This fruit, which sometimes attains a weight of 50 pounds, takes ten years to ripen.

Yarovization, the treatment of seeds before planting in order to speed the growth of crops, now is undergoing experimentation in the United States. In Russia, where it was discovered and is widely used, one of its outstanding achievements has been to change winter oats from a two-season to a one-season crop.

The largest single collection of gold coin lying today on the floor of the ocean is the $150,000,000 worth of specie that was aboard the 40 vessels of the Spanish Plate Fleet when they were sunk by enemy ships in Vigo Bay off the coast of Spain in 1702.

A direct and logical way of attempting communication with the dead is the "human letter" method used by the members of certain West African tribes. When they wish to send a message to a departed soul they tell it to an unsuspecting "messenger"—and then kill him.—*By B. G. Hoffmann, New Orleans, Louisiana.*

Investigations of prison labor in this country have revealed astonishing facts. One company was found to control the labor in 17 penitentiaries at one time, and federal and state prisons alone were found to have reached a total output valued at $100,000,000 during certain years. —*By J. H. Maynard, Deerfield, Massachusetts.*

More than half of all the paper and metal currency in use throughout the world at the present time was made in London.

All ships and the shore wireless stations in contact with them are obliged by international law to stop their radio transmission for three out of every 30 minutes to listen for distress signals. The listening time begins at the 15th and at the 45th minute past the hour, Greenwich Mean Time.—*By M. Borow, S. S. Altair.*

The "Cathautograph," a radio pen that broadcasts a written message, is the latest wonder of science. The sending device is like a slate upon which one writes with a pencil-shaped stylus, and the receiver is a small phosphorescent screen that can be installed anywhere—on a desk, in a police car or in an airplane.

The only way to send return postage to a foreign country is by using an International Reply Coupon. It costs nine cents and is exchangeable in any country for stamps representing the postage required for a single-rate foreign letter.—*By Drusilla Harrington, Montclair, New Jersey.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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Russian Nights' Entertainment

By W. B. Courtney

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The Church of the Nativity, one of the 5,000 churches of Moscow during the reign of the last Czar

Mr. Courtney visited Russia recently. While there he talked, with his customary thoroughness, to all classes and conditions of people. You have heard the White Russians criticize the Reds. Well, here is the other side of the question. Comrade Gusef, the waiter, shows you a handful of startling pictures of former nobles

THAT Kazanev was a funny one! He had more money than any man could spend in a lifetime devoted to ballet girls and vodka. He owned thirty-three villages—yes, villages, my friends, not houses—in the Ukraine, which in productivity is the California of Russia. He was a hulking bear of a man, who had never known a day's sickness in his life nor an hour with a barber.

Choicest furs from Siberia kept him snug in the winter; in autumn and in spring he was formidable in soft native corduroys, or in fine tweeds from England after the fashion of Russian Brummels. In summertime he wore long blouses of exquisite silk, caught at the waist with colored ropes of twisted yarn. His favorite was one of pallid lavender, hand-embroidered with miniature yellow sunflowers, and tied by a cord which was as bright as if it had been newly rinsed in a bowl of strawberry juice. These were set off by pantaloons of dark broadcloth, tucked into the tops of red boots of that wonderful Cossack glove-leather.

However arrayed, Kazanev would turn aside to kick a peasant whose bow did not please him. He was also quite a one to flog his household maids. Those who witnessed these matters agreed in their tales that the strokes did not seem to be very severe and were accompanied by endearing babble from the great man; so that the mystified girls did not know whether to laugh or to sob. At any rate, none of the simple, everyday pleasures of Russian gentlemen—wine, women, travel, hunting, beating of peasants, or usury—was denied to Kazanev.

"No one ever gets the best of me!" Kazanev would boast. That was his foremost pride—his foxy purse. In the pampering of his own flesh he was lavish, but he would not spend a kopeck on anyone else. Wherever he went in the great cities of the Czar, or in Baden-Baden or other places frequented by Russians in foreign lands, people would say this same thing. He never gave tips and he always took much time to run a pudgy finger up and down and across his accounts. "No one ever gets the best of me," he would boast.

Kazanev was tortured by an obsession—a strange, burning hatred of droshkies, the beloved horse cabs of the Russians. He could not bear to look at a droshky; even less did he like to see the drivers of droshkies. No one knew the why or wherefore of this malice, for no one questioned such things in old Russia, especially when the obsessed one was rich or noble. Often Kazanev went up to Moscow. He would proceed on foot from the railroad station to the Grand Hotel on Sverdlov Square, while his two valets groaned and staggered in his wake and did not dare to ask for the help of a porter with his heavy baggage.

The Droshkymen's Santa Claus

"Rogue!" Kazanev would shriek, waving his fist, at every driver he passed; "Rabbit brain! Son of a dog! City scum!" He always had the same room at the hotel. It was on the first floor above the sidewalk, with a balcony which was to him as a hilltop to a Napoleonic general. He would drink a bottle of vodka, then go out upon the balcony. Breathing furiously, muttering in his beard, he would glare at the line of droshkies, whose drivers gossiped in the sleepy Moscow way as they watched outside the hotel for business.

Knots would appear in Kazanev's forehead as he summoned the nearest driver to draw up under the balcony. He would yell down an offer which was as straightforward as wind upon the steppes. If the driver would but solemnly promise to gallop far into the country at once and drown his damned self, his damned horse, and his damnedest droshky in the Moskva River it would afford him, Kazanev, the utmost delight to pay him, the driver, ten gold roubles in advance. The driver would call upon the Holy and Thrice-Blessed Iberian Virgin to witness his unreserved acceptance of the bargain; would claw out of the air the gold Kazanev tossed; and would then whip his horse out of sight around the nearest corner. One by one Kazanev would summon each driver and conclude a similar bargain.

Kazanev's eyes quickly became so befuzzed by vodka, and by honest rage, that he did not recognize the same faces when they repassed him. The drivers, of course, merely hurried around the block to come under the balcony again. But it was not easy to repeat even for the original group. "That rich Kazanev from the Ukraine is here again!" was the glad cry that had flown all over the city. From their wonted posts at the railway stations, the hotels, in the central squares, drivers turned their droshkies in a mad race to the Grand. The jam in Sverdlov Square became hopeless after ten minutes; elsewhere in Moscow you could not get a droshky though you died for want of one.

Kazanev, Man of Action

By now Kazanev was foaming at the lips, dancing; his eyes were bloodshot. One of his valets kept a constant supply of vodka at his left hand; the other held a box full of gold roubles at his right. Hotel waiters aided both. The air was thick with shouts, curses and the crackling of whips. One driver, directly under the balcony, turned from belaboring his horse to belaboring his neighbor; the idea appealed to others. The whole garrison of the metropolitan police came, and the military commandant within the Kremlin sent observers to see whether artillery and Cossacks would be needed.

At the end, Kazanev, voiceless and maniacal, sank into an apoplectic stupor and was dragged to bed. When he sobered he would cry over the thousands of roubles he had thrown away. Meanwhile, droshky drivers would exchange blows and epithets in many sections of Moscow all that night. Perhaps there would be a moon over the bulbous spires

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of St. Basil's cathedral. Its light in the street below Kazanev's balcony would reveal gamins playing hoop-roll with broken droshky wheels or fighting over torn scraps of harness; and the indescribable beggars of Moscow poking around for stray roubles, while through the open door above came the snores of a very drunk man.

Comrade Gusef told me all about Kazanev. Visiting Moscow, I had become interested in—among other things—the reverse side of the picture which has been projected in America these past dozen years by an endless procession of memoirs of this or that Russian exile. Tovarisch—that means comrade—Gusef was my own discovery, and in finding him I stumbled upon a demonstration of the friendliness, the good-natured helpfulness, of the average Russian equivalent of the average American "man in the street."

Moscow has an excellent, if overcrowded, street-car system; but my knowledge of Russian being less than perfect, I boarded the wrong tram when I set out one mild evening in late summer for a rendezvous with Gusef. The conductress, when she understood my trouble, stopped the car and walked one block with me to show me where to go. Half the passengers went along with us; the other half shouted encouragement from the windows and platforms. We all talked and laughed at once.

A Remnant of Old Russia

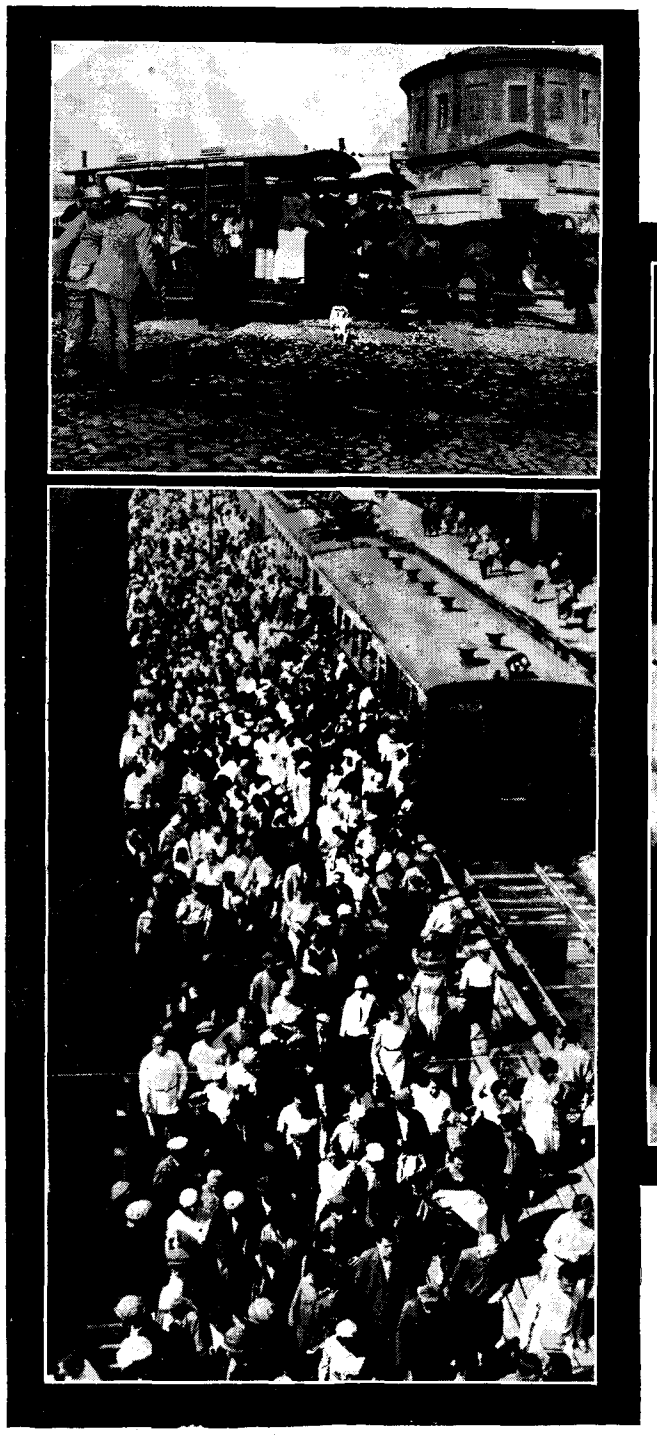
Comrade Gusef was one of the waiters who carried vodka to Kazanev. He is an old man now—and still a waiter. The Revolution meant nothing to him professionally; there is about Gusef a monumental stolidity which suggests that dynasties and dictatorships might rise and fall around his hewn shoulders forever and he would still go on setting out plates and forks. He is a strong, swarthy Tartar, and his head is knobby and as bald as a young eggplant. Only his eyes ever smile. He was born of *muzhik* parents, on the Volga; and his great-great-grandfather rode out of Asia with the nomad hordes.

If you have read Anna Karenina, Gusef will be no stranger to you, for he is the type of waiter Count Leo Tolstoy loved to use in his descriptions of the profligacy of the Russian aristocracy. Gusef knew the old count; indeed, he may be the flesh and blood of one of the characters in Tolstoy's masterpiece, for he worked in the famous Restaurant Yar in Moscow. The Yar was the playground of Tolstoy in his dissolute youth, of Rasputin in his frivolous old age, and of all Russian notables of all ages who had sufficient gold in their purses or blue blood in their veins.

The Yar is a very old building. Today it is a motion picture studio. Some of the best pictures which have come to the United States from the Soviet land were made therein—Ivan the Terrible, for instance, and The Road to Life. Long ago, even before it was a restaurant, it was a bazaar. Yar is an abbreviation, à la Russky, for bazaar. But in Gusef's day, if you were hell-bent for girls and gluttony, the Yar was the place for you, with its famous gypsy camp in the yard next door from which slim, slinky girls would come to dance on your table, or to sit in your lap and braid your beard with their fingers.

Comrade Gusef worked in other jolly places, too, of course—Donon's; the notorious Villa Rode, and the Bear, in St. Petersburg; the cabaret Rade, by the Strogonoff Bridge, and the Royal Family, a favored French restaurant in Moscow.

"Little brother," Gusef said when we had settled down with our tea to discuss these matters, "I knew the souls of



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Imperial Moscow's picturesque horse cars have given away to the Soviet's modern electric railways. Below, Rasputin, the sinister monk who was Russia's Man of Mystery

Underwood & Underwood

all the great ones in the old days, for how better may a man come to know the souls of his fellow men than by serving them while they are in their cups and their lusts? In my time I have served cabbage soup and duck and vodka and the good gray caviar to the mistresses of the sons and fathers of the best families of Russia. To prima donnas from the ballet, and from the opera; to the literary and artistic big ones; to the whole of the imperial crowd, believe me, except the very Czar himself!"

The Russian Refugee Racket

The very Czar himself, it turns out, stayed home nights because he was henpecked, frightened to death of his muscular German Hausfrau; and he did not have a mistress because he was not what you would call grown-up enough. So Comrade Gusef told me; and so the grand dukes used to tell him when their tongues were oiled by vodka—dear wodky, which you can make yourself from a mixture of potatoes and corn, or from green rye malt.

Comrade Gusef will set you laughing over his recollections of many another famous one besides Kazanev the millionaire, or Nicky the Czar. Then he, in turn, has a good laugh at your expense when he learns that you are an Americansky. Nothing personal, so don't get patriotic. It is only that Gusef is amused because those whom he used to observe years ago have palmed themselves off on the credulity and charity of the American public as martyred ladies and gentlemen of most tender susceptibilities. So the modern Russians believe, and they have a word for it—which I might freely translate as the "White Russian racketsky."

"Little father," I chided him, "not all the White Russians in America live off the fat of the land. I know a general who scarcely makes bread for his wife and himself as a footman outside a cheap restaurant in New York."

Comrade Gusef instantly ceased to laugh. His eyes filled with gentle pity. The Russians, who have known—and still know—so much of suffering and hardship, flinch from hearing of misfortune to anyone, friend or foe. I have never met a people so individually compassionate. Russia stands technically ready for war today with the most efficient army in her history, with the best airplanes and the most skillful pilots that I saw in continental Europe, yet every last officer and man of them will blanch—not in fear, but in universal commiseration—if you tell him that you believe war is coming.

"Little quill," said Gusef thoughtfully—older Russians love to call you by affectionately significant diminutives; this one, I presume, is reserved for writers—"why do you not tell him to come back to Russia? Come to work for his native land's new day. He must be a right sort, for he is working. He cannot belong to those who think that the world owes them everything but that they owe the world nothing—"

"Comrade," I said, "please do not make speeches. Only tell me of the old days."

So Gusef told me about Kazanev, as I have told it to you. And then he told me about the astounding Father Grigori—"our dear friend," to the late Mr. and Mrs. Romanoff; just plain Rasputin to you!—a man the like of whom there has never been in any land or in any time. If you judge by American standards these things which Gusef told, many of them will seem incredible. But you must not so judge them, for Russia is not merely another country; it is another world.

Rasputin Throws a Party

"There are those who say Rasputin was a devil," Gusef went on, "and there are those who say he was a saint. For my part, I always hesitate to condemn a man to either category. I can only tell what I saw. If the Volga were of champagne, instead of yellow water, I have no doubt Father Grigori Efimovitch could have stood on the bank in Astrakhan and drunk her as dry as the desert. Never have I seen a stronger man; one with more hair on his chest, or greater bones in his knees.

"Once I waited upon a party Rasputin gave for some journalist friends at the Yar. It was a summer night, and there was the fragrance of lime trees. The gypsy girls came in with their guitars and sang old Russian love songs. Rasputin loved the old songs of the Russian land; myself I have more than once passed him a napkin to wipe the tears of sentiment out of his mustache. That night he dined well on fish. It was a rare sight to watch Rasputin eat fish. He would seize a whole one in his big hands, and shove it down, head and tail and all, with great noise

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and smacking. Afterward he drank whole quarts of champagne at a gulp.

"Then he seized his favorite gypsy and spun around the floor with her. She was a wild little thing, but she could not keep up with Rasputin. She fell to the floor, helpless, hysterical; he was only well begun. His eyes were like the stars of a winter's night in the North.

"Of course there was a scandal, but scandals about Rasputin were like firing a cannon with a heavy charge of powder only to have the shell just fall out of the muzzle. For if you were a noble, or a member of the Duma, how could you push a scandal against the Czar's best friend?

"Rasputin never gave me a tip, nor did he ever settle the account for a meal. He always swaggered out, after he had eaten and drunk and kissed his fill, knowing well his satellites would fight like dogs for the honor of paying his score. I was always glad Father Grigori brought a crowd with him. I should not have wanted to serve him alone in a deserted room. It was his eyes. I could not sleep all night for seeing them, each time after I served him. The gypsies told us waiters that when they danced with him his eyes cast spells over them. I believe that, for I saw more than one girl swoon in his arms.

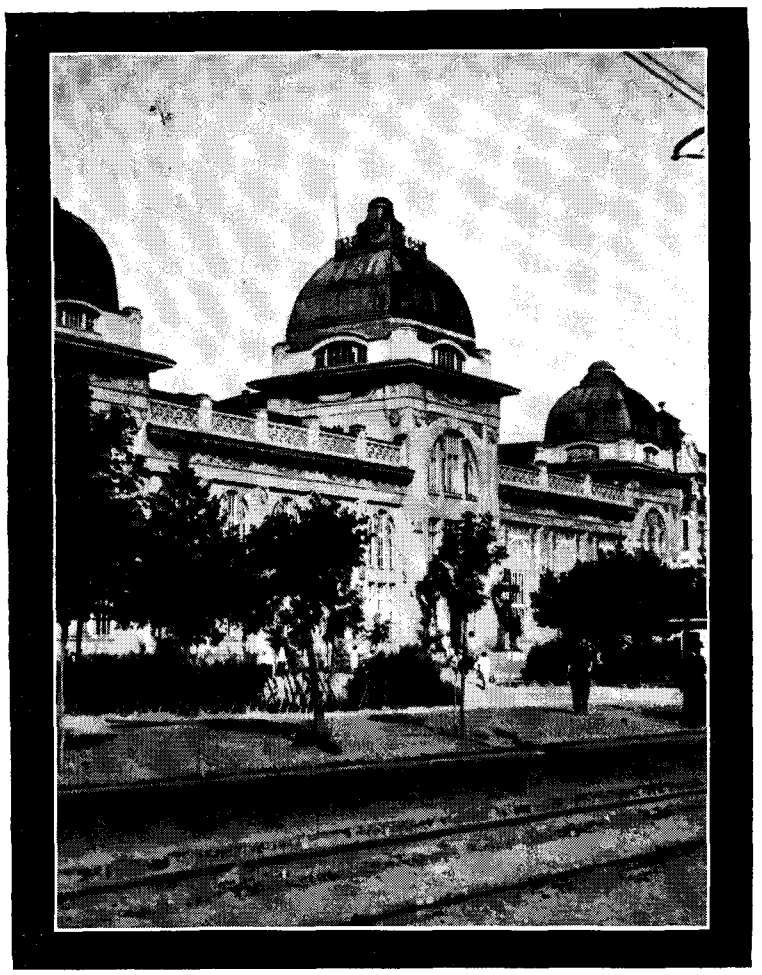
"Saint or devil? No one knew, but few believed him human. His appetites did not seem of this world. But his strength must have been of the will as much as of the body. It could not have been his body alone which stood up at the end, when his love of folk songs led him into the final trap. The head conspirator promised to sing for him, and did so—while Rasputin ate heavily poisoned cakes which had been prepared. The poison took no effect, so they shot him; a dozen bullets. The monk fought his way into the yard, where his enemies stabbed him threescore times.

"Policemen stood outside the fence, but policemen were not permitted to enter those special premises or even to ask questions. It took all the power of half a dozen assassins to hold and bind Rasputin and carry him to the river, where they broke the ice and threw him in, and then stood guard at the hole until it froze over again, so that he could not emerge. When the poisoned, shot, stabbed and clubbed body was recovered it was found that Father Grigori had died of drowning!"

In momentary silence we drank our tea—and I meditated upon that. Of their three great national drinks, tea is first in the affections of the Russians, vodka second, kvas third. Russians take their tea viciously hot, in glasses. For butter-fingered foreigners there are tea-glass holders of filigreed silver. To make tea in the Russian style you must get whole leaves—small, but not crushed—of the choicest quality. Pour boiling water into your glass with your left hand as you sift in a few leaves from your right. As the leaves settle, fragrant amber trails arise. Let it strengthen to your taste. If you like sugar, take it as the peasants do—hold a lump between your teeth and sip the tea through it.

The tea habit is everywhere; it grew because Russian water is bad—needs boiling. The first time I was on a Russian train and it stopped at a way station, all the Russians got off and ran like the devil. So I got off and ran like the devil, too—with no idea why, or where to. I found myself in line at a faucet of boiling water. There is one on the platform of every sizable railroad station in Russia. The passengers take this water, in a variety of containers, and go back to their seats to make tea. It fortifies them for the rigors of travel on railroads which remain the world's most haphazard.

The Restaurant Yar, once the playground of Russian royalty, is now a Soviet motion picture studio



Ewing Galloway

Samaroff, the Exclusive

Older Russians—backed chiefly by the traditions of peasant or leisured classes, and without a middle-class handing-down of bustle and industry—are lacking altogether in a sense of time. Younger Russians are establishing their own tradition, based on Lenin's warning that its lack was a serious defect in the national character. And so the railroads have improved. You now go for Thursday's four-o'clock train at half past six on Friday instead of at ten o'clock on Saturday, as in the old days.

But Gusef, ransacking his memories, had turned up another. "I will tell you about a certain Samaroff," he said. "He was so different from Father Grigori; not sociable. Different from Kazanev, too; although like him a great millionaire. Samaroff owned a factory which made the finest chinaware to be had in Russia. He was as generous as Kazanev was stingy, except in these two matters: he would not share his women nor his wine. Samaroff would come into the Bear Restaurant, in St. Petersburg, when I worked there, and when the manager ran up, Samaroff would hand him 3,000 roubles and say, 'It is mine!' That meant he had exclusive use of the restaurant until such time as he was so drunk that we could pack him in a droshky for return to his hotel.

"No other customers would be allowed in, meantime. First, Samaroff would call in the chefs from the kitchen and give each 100 roubles in gold; then he would treat all the employees to a round of champagne. We would drink a toast to his enjoyment of his spree. He would drink only wine until lunch, which is at four in the afternoon in Russia, as you know. After lunch he would call for the gypsy girls, every first-class restaurant having a camp of these in its yard, to be handy. He would play with them until supper, which was at eleven in the evening, then as now. For supper he would invite the entire chorus from at least one theater. I have seen 200 ballet girls in the Bear, with Samaroff the only man; and all trying to dance with him, at once—a charming scene.

"There would be a long table at one side, set with hundreds of liqueur glasses filled with vodka. *That* was vodka, little quill! You held your head far back and opened your mouth wide and tossed the vodka in, for if it touched your lips it would blister them. The girls would drink and then I would see dancing of wild beauty that you could never see in theaters. It was such fun, to see Samaroff throw gold roubles to the little girls to outdo themselves. It usually took twenty-four hours of steady drinking to make Samaroff sleepy. By that time dozens of girls lay drunk along the walls.

"After Samaroff was carted away, we were very tired, I can tell you—but it was only then our hardest work began. We would have to waken the girls, dust them off, and shoo them to the theater for that next night's show. Some were crying; others were sick; most were just plain mean and fought, scratched, bit and yowled like a pack of alley cats over their roubles and clothes, which of course were all mixed. Samaroff's parties were a jolly sight only on the first evening.

"Some of the biggest parties at which I served were given by grand dukes. Those were fellows who knew how to have good times! They could make corks fly and girls laugh and dance for days.

"It was taken for granted that the girls of the great Russian ballet schools belonged to the grand dukes. The girls were admitted for training when tots of six or seven. The grand dukes would look over the children and pick for themselves the ones whose faces and figures gave promise of budding into the sort of womanhood each liked. Favored dukes would have first choice. A duke might even be helped by one of his current favorites when he went to pick her successors. Her feminine intuitions, her personal knowledge of his tastes and peculiarities, would make her of invaluable assistance. A grand duke of standing would have in the ballet schools at least a dozen little girls who were under his patronage. The dukes were always visiting the schools, taking candy and pretty frocks and even toys, filling the maidens with delightful anticipations.

"Then there was Levinovitch. Now, there was a wit for you! He was the practical joker of St. Petersburg, and people would shout with laughter as they punched one another on the shoulders and said 'Have you heard Levinovitch's latest?' It always added to the fun, people thought, because he played his jokes when the weather was at its worst, in winter—and, you know, winter in St. Petersburg is quite a thing, with the Neva and the gulf frozen from November on, and deep snow all around, with the temperature often forty below and never more than an hour or two of pale sunlight at midday.

A Good Joke—While it Lasted

"Levinovitch would call up doctors and have them go through snowstorms on false calls to estates fifteen versts or more in the country. He would have drivers take him to houses, and tell them to wait, and then he'd go out a back door and leave them sitting there. It was very funny, especially since the drivers were forbidden to wrap themselves in blankets while on duty on the streets although the same law compelled them to put furs on their horses. The greatest joke Levinovitch ever played, though, was that night when a new Fokine ballet opened at the Royal Opera. There was a special attraction at the Marinsky, too. Capital society filled both, and thousands of droshkies lined the streets waiting for the performances to end, for when you hired a droshky you did so from the time you left home until you returned.

"Levinovitch waited until the performances were half over. Then, in front of each theater he summoned all the drivers, gave each a gold rouble, and told all to go at once and wait in the square in front of the Winter Palace—official orders. There was a lot of work involved in this joke, and Levinovitch scarcely got the last driver off before the theaters let out. Hundreds of fashionables came out into the streets to find not a droshky in sight. Women with bare shoulders and dainty gowns, and men in expensive broadcloths stood around in the rain and didn't know what to do because the like of this had never happened before.

"At the Winter Palace, meantime, the guards sent up word to ask the Czar whether he was expecting company. The Czar looked out of his bedroom window and saw thousands of droshkies lined up, and he thought it was a revolution and summoned the Cossacks; and these galloped up and a lot of the droshkies were wrecked and drivers knouted or trampled in the rush and confusion. This was the greatest joke ever, because it was a joke on everybody—on the swells, on the Cossacks, on the Czar, and on the drivers whose droshkies were wrecked and who had no money to buy new ones. Levinovitch was sore from laughing, only in the end the joke turned out to be on himself after all, for the Czar limited his spending money after that!"

"You have told me about life in the restaurants in the old days, little father; now tell me with what dishes the grand dukes liked to fill their royal bellies," I said to Comrade Gusef. "Americans like to hear of the foods of far lands, and perhaps in many homes in my country they will cook the things you served to the nobility, if you will tell how they were made."

"With joy I shall tell you—and good appetites to them, and to you, little quill. Let me see, now—well, there was Fish Bouillon Yar, a prime favorite with Rasputin. To make enough for five people, get two kilos (four and

(Continued on page 47)

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Last Year's Hero

By Elmer Davis

What has happened to a young man who once was front-page news—and, of course, what happened to the girl

IT WAS a black day for Wiscasset College when that ancient institution expelled Gordon Blount—at least if you believed the Herald, the crusading paper in the near-by city, which called the episode an outrage against liberalism and free speech. But it was a big day for Gordon; with its mingled cheers and boos punctuated by the click of newspaper cameras, it combined the best features of the martyrdom of Nathan Hale and a send-off to the football team. Only one untoward incident marred the occasion—the unexpected and violent behavior of Deborah Kyle, the president's daughter. . . .

Gordon had met her at a dance just before Christmas. She'd been at school abroad, in his earlier years; but now she was home for the holidays from Vassar—tall and blond and slim, with gray eyes of a disconcerting directness. He felt a bit disconcerted anyway, meeting the president's daughter; for he was practically the leader of the Opposition.

They're rather snooty at Wiscasset; you haven't much chance to make your mark unless your ancestors started going there in the seventeen hundreds—especially if you live west of the Hudson. But Gordon Blount from Missouri, with no ancestors to speak of, started making his mark in his sophomore year, when he got up a protest against the dismissal of a radical instructor. The instructor went; but not before the Herald had made quite a hero of him, and of Gordon too. Thereafter he went on making his mark—often on other people, who didn't like it. By his senior year he was a thorn in the flesh of the administration, and the orthodox mass of students regarded him as a menace; so when he wanted to edit the college paper he was enthusiastically voted down.

But it took more than that to stop Gordon Blount. He got hold of the Literary Magazine, which nobody else wanted, and before long everybody was reading that once sedate monthly to find out what was wrong with the college. . . . And then he met Deb Kyle.

"So you're the howling wolf from old Mizzoura," she said. "I'm surprised."

"Why are you surprised?" he asked warily. (As if he cared.)

"Because you look like anybody else." Gordon, who scorned the standardized collegiate type, was curiously relieved to hear that he looked like anybody else, to her. "I thought you'd be gaunt and grim," she explained. "Like—like Savonarola, or somebody." He reddened.

"That isn't the picture you get from your father, I hope?"

"Father? I don't recall that I ever heard him mention you. He has so much to think about," she added apologetically, and went off to dance.

THAT, perhaps, was a bit overdone; President Kyle had been heard to say that some day that young man would go too far. All the same, she'd thrown Gordon off his balance. His eyes followed her as she floated across the floor; he was on one side and she was bound to be on the other, so it was no use— But he walked out, cut in on the man who was dancing with her.

"Mind dancing with a howling wolf?" he asked her; and she smiled. It made a difference—an incredible difference—when she smiled.

"Delighted," she said. "I'm no Red Riding-hood."

So he spent most of the evening dancing with her, or smoking and talking with her in some secluded corner—each of them constantly casting quick glances at the other, and a little embarrassed at always meeting the other's eyes. And eventually he asked her to the Alpha Omega house party.

"I'm sorry, Gordon. I promised Vance French. Last summer."

Vance French, whose ancestors had started going to Wiscasset before the Revolution, was football captain, senior president, leader of undergraduate orthodoxy—a proper partner for the president's daughter. But it took more than that to stop Gordon Blount, now.

"Well, Deb— Give me as much time as you decently can. Won't you?"

"All right," she said breathlessly; and nothing that had ever happened to him gave him the thrill he felt when Deb Kyle said that, and smiled.

They wrote to each other all winter; she never commented on his blistering exposures of what was wrong with the college, but there was plenty to say without that. At the house party she gave him as much time as she decently could—rather more, to Vance French's notion; and when the party was over she spent a night at home before she went back to Vassar. She had to see her family, she told French—but she asked Gordon to call that evening, when she wasn't another man's guest.

HE ALMOST felt that the president's house was the enemy's country—till Deb opened the door to him herself, and smiled. Then he kissed her, and she kissed him; and presently he was telling her that he was pretty sure the Herald would give him a job when he graduated—not much at first, but he'd go ahead fast; and she said it was too soon for them to think about things like that, when she had two years more at Vassar, but still—

And so on. When he finally went home he felt more resolute and irresistible than he had ever felt in his life; and in that mood he sat down to write his editorial for the next Lit, about the dormitory scandal.

Now it was no news to anybody in college that the new dormitories were a bad construction job, hardly finished before they needed repair. But they had been built by a Mr. Storer, Wiscasset '06, whose ancestor had been General Storer, Wiscasset 1751; and as he had since gone into bankruptcy and nothing could be recovered from him, it was generally felt that this unfortunate affair had better be passed over in silence. They're like that, at Wiscasset. But Gordon Blount was made of sterner stuff. His editorial on the dormitory scandal was the most vitriolic thing he had ever written; he went to bed feeling that he had done a job worthy of the man Deb Kyle loved—and when the Lit came out next week, when its dormitory story was reprinted on the front page of the Herald, President Kyle was heard to say that this time that young man had gone too far.

But at Wiscasset all things are done decently and in order. Gordon had a hearing before the dean, and then his case was referred to the president; by which time Gordon was beginning to cool off—and so, perhaps, was the college administration. But by that time, also, the Herald was making a daily feature of the case; and the Nation was denouncing the obscurantists who would muzzle a fearless truth teller; and the International Labor Defense had offered its legal services to a victim of the class war; and all over the country persons of principle were calling Dr. Kyle a

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black reactionary, and bracketing Gordon Blount with Savonarola and Socrates. Eventually Gordon got a note asking him to call on the dean next morning; and that evening Deb telephoned him that she'd come home to see the excitement, and could he come over right away?

"Of course—" he began; and then—"But—to call at the president's house, now— Wouldn't it look rather queer?"

"It's my house too, and father's away this evening. And it would look queer if we met on a street corner. You come on over."

SO HE went over; and they kissed with a zest sharpened by two whole weeks of separation; and then, when they had settled down—

"Well!" she said triumphantly. "It's all right; they're going to let you stay, if you apologize. It was about the hardest thing I ever did, persuading father—because of course it looks as if he was giving way under pressure. But when I'd explained about you—"

"Explained about me? You mean about—about us?"

She flushed.

"Of course not. What has that to do with it?" He began to realize that it might not be so easy for Missouri and New England to understand each other. "But I reminded him," she said, "that we're a closed corporation at Wiscasset; it's hard for an outsider to break in. You were good enough to—to smash in, and no wonder you've kept on smashing just from force of habit." Gordon was appalled; was that all she saw in his long crusade for truth and liberalism? "So, if you'll apologize—"

"But, Deb, I'm right! I can't apologize when I'm right!"

"What has that to do with it?" Then, alarmed by his face, she went on hastily—"Anyway, you've often been wrong. You get hold of one side of a story, and don't stop to see if there's another side—"

"If they thought I was wrong why didn't they say so?" he demanded.

"We don't explain at Wiscasset. Maybe we ought to, but we don't. . . . I never said anything about your editorials in the Lit; that was your business. But now that it looks as if—as if whatever happens to either of us is going to be our business—"

"You want me to fall in line," he supplied. "Be like everybody else around here. The Wiscasset type!" (Vance French, for instance.)

"I do not! You couldn't be like anybody else if you tried," she said proudly. "I only want people to get along. You know there has to be discipline and authority in a place like this. Even if you don't like the way they do things, what's the use of talking when you can't change it? Why go out of your way to make trouble for—for everybody? . . . If you're expelled you'll be ruined. You won't be able to get a job, you'll carry a black mark all your life, Gordon. Father will let you stay if you apologize. Will you?"

When she looked like that, he wanted to do anything that would make her happy. But if he apologized, all the people who had rushed to his defense would call it a betrayal of his ideals (and theirs) . . .

"I can't do it, Deb. It's a matter of principle."

"Deb," he began, and got no farther. She gave him a stinging slap on the mouth

"Oh, principle be damned!" she said. "It's only being reasonable."

Scandalized as he was, he tried to explain to her about principle; but she couldn't seem to get the idea. All she could see was that the two men she cared about were locked in struggle; and that one of them wouldn't let go, even for her.

"We'd better stop talking," she said at last. "Maybe you'll change your mind in the morning. . . . No, don't kiss me good night. When you act this way I—I almost feel as if I didn't know you."

He almost felt as if he didn't know her, when she was so obtuse about principle. Yet, to his chagrined amazement, he wanted her as much as ever.

But the next morning's Herald cheered him up; there was an editorial headed "The Shame of It," and quotations from the liberal press which made it clear that Wiscasset College would forfeit all claim to respectability if it expelled Gordon Blount. Obviously a man who embodied a principle, in whose person focussed the ancient struggle between Truth and Error, couldn't apologize. Gordon pointed this out to the dean.

"THAT'S that," said the dean with depressing indifference. "We refund the balance of your tuition, of course, so there'll be no ground for that lawsuit the papers talk about. . . . Well, Blount, I congratulate you."

"Congratulate me?" Gordon gasped. "You admit I'm right, then?"

"As it happens, you were, this time—though if you tell the Herald I said so, I'll deny it. I'm not defending Storer," said the dean. "But I've known him a long time, and I don't doubt he intended to do an honest job. Then he had some losses, and the banks began to press him— You're too young to know how a man feels when he's in a jam, with his wife and children depending on his wriggling out somehow. . . . Still, you were right. You have a rare talent, Blount, for being almost right, when to be exactly right would spoil the story; that may carry you far. And it was your good luck that Dr. Kyle's patience, worn thin by the times you were wrong, didn't give way till now. When people say he shuts his eyes to graft—"

"I didn't say that! I didn't mean any reflection on Dr. Kyle!"

"No, you only wanted to write something effective. But when people who got the story at second hand read all your rhetorical questions—what was Dr. Kyle thinking about, and so on—Dr. Kyle," said the dean, "has a good deal to think about; and supervising construction doesn't happen to be part of it. A shrinking income from endowments, a losing football team, petty jealousies in the faculty— No wonder he didn't give his attention to this affair till it was too late to do anything."

"I'm sorry if there's been any misunderstanding—" Gordon began.

"Don't be sorry!" said the dean heartily. "You spoil the picture if you weaken now. Stand by your principles, and take your place in the glorious company of martyrs. . . . You'll be a good deal older, Blount, before you appreciate what Wiscasset has done for you. We made you work—an outsider must, to make his mark here; and now we give you our crowning gift—we expel you, with glaring injustice, in a blaze of nation-wide publicity."

Gordon went out feeling a little foolish; he wished he could go away somewhere and think. But he came out on the steps of College Hall to be greeted by a cheer that was promptly drowned in boos. The whole student body seemed to be lined up along the Main Walk.

He started down the steps, alone, trying to look like a philosopher on the way to the guillotine. A knot of men swarmed in on him, engulfed him; his fists were clenched to beat them back before he realized that they were reporters, the Herald man in the lead. Their questions pelted him; over their heads newspaper cameras clicked, movie cameras whirred.

"Yes," he admitted, "I've been expelled." A roar of mingled cheers and boos. "No, I stand by every word I wrote; it's all true—"

NERVOUS, uncomfortable, he started down the walk; the reporters trailed along. More cheers, more boos. He saw a tall, slim girl in gray tweeds standing alone at the edge of the walk, her somber gray eyes meeting his with a disconcerting directness. He walked straight up to her—

"Deb," he began, and got no farther. She gave him a stinging slap on the mouth and walked past him, her chin in the air.

"Who was that?" the Herald reporter demanded as Gordon, a little dazed, stood wiping the blood off his lips.

"I don't know," he said stiffly.

"You don't know! See here—we've built you up, Blount, and you've got to play ball with us." Deb heard him, whirled back to face them.

"I'm Deborah Kyle!" she blazed. "What about it?"

"Why—" the Herald man began, and then decided that it was a good enough story without carrying it any farther. "Herald Reporter Assaulted" was a frequent headline; but this particular reporter preferred not to be assaulted by a girl who looked as if she would so obviously enjoy it.

"Want to swear out a warrant for her, Blount? . . . No? Well, maybe you're right. Now, let's get off somewhere and fix up your statement."

"WELL, Chief," said old Tim McCarren, city editor of the Herald, "we've got our hero on our hands. He came and asked me for a job this morning."

"Take him on," said the managing editor. "He was a good front-page feature for two weeks; we can't afford to let him down now."

"Maybe not; but when I've had to lay off experienced men— However, I'll take him on. I suppose I start him on a police beat—fifteen a week?"

"Certainly not! We've given his name a market value; but by the time he'd learned his trade on a police beat everybody'd have forgotten him. We'll cash in on him—make him a feature writer; signed stories, fifty dollars a week." McCarren spat skeptically into a wastebasket.

"All right. But he'll find that getting news out of strangers who don't want to talk isn't like covering a college where he knows everybody. It takes a good man to learn the trade, starting at the top."

"Blount's a good man," said the managing editor reproachfully. "Don't you believe what you read in the Herald?"

GORDON, installed in his new job, had to smile at Deb's provinciality; she'd been so sure that a man expelled from Wiscasset couldn't get any job at all. But the smile didn't last long; he'd called her up; after a while he wrote to her; but apparently that slap on the mouth was her last word. So he worked hard—he hadn't much else to do, now that he no longer got those long letters from Vassar; and he found that the men who worked beside him, men who

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had worked for years without attaining the success that was his from the start, were glad to help him learn his trade. They might have helped him more if he hadn't felt that a man of his quality had little to learn from hacks who would never get anywhere. Stories signed by Gordon Blount were featured every day; and when the Herald presently started a crusade against the mayor and old John Flanagan, who had the mayor in his pocket, Gordon was the spearhead of the attack.

For years the Herald had been trying to tie up Flanagan directly with the graft that oozed around the City Hall; but it had no luck till Gordon brought in the news of a secret conference on paving contracts which ran under the headline: FLANAGAN'S TOLL ON PAVING BARED. He got a bonus for that; but the next day he was called into the managing editor's office, and found the Chief and Old Tim McCarren looking very sour.

"WHO told you Flanagan was in that conference?" the Chief barked.

"Alderman Mulvihill. He didn't mean to let it slip, of course."

"Sure he said John Flanagan? He claims he said Joe Flanagan—a heeler in the Seventh Ward." Gordon began to feel a little shaky.

"Why—why, he said Flanagan; and I supposed—"

"Oh, you supposed, did you?" the managing editor howled. "And then you wrote the story. Never occurred to you to check up on it, did it?"

"I tried to; but I couldn't find Flanagan, at home or at his office."

"No wonder. He was in Atlantic City that day, at an Elks' convention. He can prove it by the Herald; we printed his picture, in a group. You've sunk our crusade with this boner, and God knows how much you'll cost us for libel. Get out of here, and never let me see you again!"

Gordon went; and presently old Tim McCarren spoke up:

"Flanagan won't sue; it will tickle the old rascal's sense of humor to prove the Herald a liar out of its own mouth. Give him a front-page apology and he'll let it drop. . . . Blount needed a lesson; but you won't mind if I let him stew a few days, and then bring him back?"

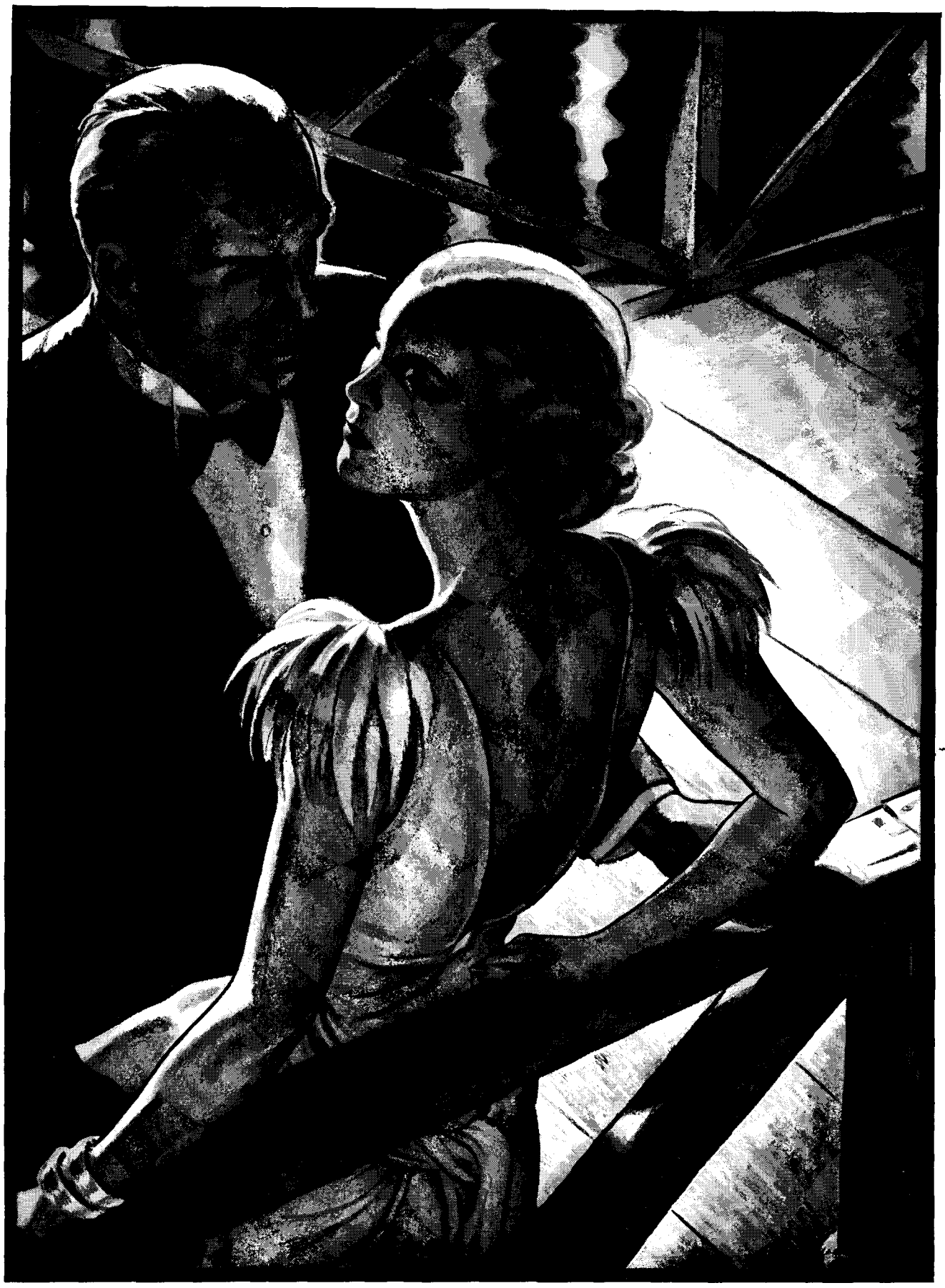
"What for? His name's worthless, after a flop like this."

"I'll put him on a police beat—make him learn the trade from the bottom. He's got stuff; he'll be a good man when he's been seasoned."

"We'll be lucky to keep the good men we've got now, and I think we've squeezed about all the value out of Blount. Nobody," said the managing editor, "is so dead as last year's hero."

AFTER the first shock was over, Gordon realized that as Wiscasset College had only kicked him upstairs, maybe the Herald had done the same. So he went to New York; but that year there was no upstairs, New York papers weren't taking on new men. He was sure that the people who had so loudly defended him last year would find something for him; but this year they were busy defending this year's hero. His savings were almost gone before he got a publicity job; it sank under him in two weeks. And after that—

Well, he demonstrated vacuum cleaners, and tried to sell aluminum kitchenware; and sometimes he washed dishes for his meals, and sometimes he sat on a park bench and tried not to think about meals. He was sitting on a park bench when he read, in a newspaper retrieved from an ash can, that President William Alexander Kyle of Wiscasset College had announced the engagement of his daughter Deborah to Mr. Vance French.



Mario Cooper

Suddenly she released herself, stood clinging to the railing for an unsteady moment

Gordon found himself on his feet, striding off to stop this nonsense. But he couldn't walk to Wiscasset; and with only eighty-five cents in his pocket—He'd write to her. . . . But she'd returned his last letter unopened, a year ago. And what could he say? Vance French was a fit mate for her; he ought to be thankful she hadn't married a man who had stood in the bread line. But he wasn't thankful; she was too good for French. He wanted her himself; it sickened him when he thought of French touching her. And there was nothing he could do about it—nothing he could do. . . .

The spring of 1933 found him still eating, even if less often than he could have wished; and business was picking up. When he read that the managing editor who had fired him was dead he wrote to old Tim McCarren and asked for another chance; and old Tim replied that right now he was busy taking back the men he'd laid off, but there'd probably be something doing in the fall. This was encouraging; but meanwhile there was the summer to get through somehow. Gordon was sitting in a hotel lobby wondering how he was going to get through it when somebody said, "Hello there, Blount!" and he looked up at the dean of Wiscasset College.

"Well!" said the dean. "What are you doing these days?"

"Looking for a job. I've got one promised in the fall, but—"

"What have you been doing these last two years?"

"You remember what Sieyès said, when they asked him what he did in the Reign of Terror?"

"'I lived,'" the dean quoted. "So you remembered that it was Sieyès. Most men two years out of college would have called him 'that fellow,' if they remembered the story at all."

"It pays in the long run to be exactly right," said Gordon grimly. "That's one thing I've learned, in these last two years."

"Come to lunch," said the dean, "and tell me what else you've learned."

They lunched copiously—the dean recognized well-bred undernourishment when he saw it—and they lit good cigars; and then—

"I've learned quite a good deal," Gordon confessed. "For instance, that year

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Wife-Beaten

By Salvatore A. Cotillo

Justice of the Supreme Court of New York

He was an alimony payer who lost his job. A second wife and two small children were dependent on him. His ex-wife immediately had him jailed—for spite. Now he is helpless, without recourse, beaten. His family is destitute. And his case is one among hundreds. Out of a vast experience in divorce-court proceedings Judge Cotillo illustrates the crying injustice of our laws

Wedding bells, just a necessary formality for the alimony seeker

SO YOU'RE getting married. That is as it should be, the entirely normal procedure for the young man and young woman. I am speaking to youth, by the way—to the youngsters whose knowledge of the world is necessarily theoretical or at best second-hand.

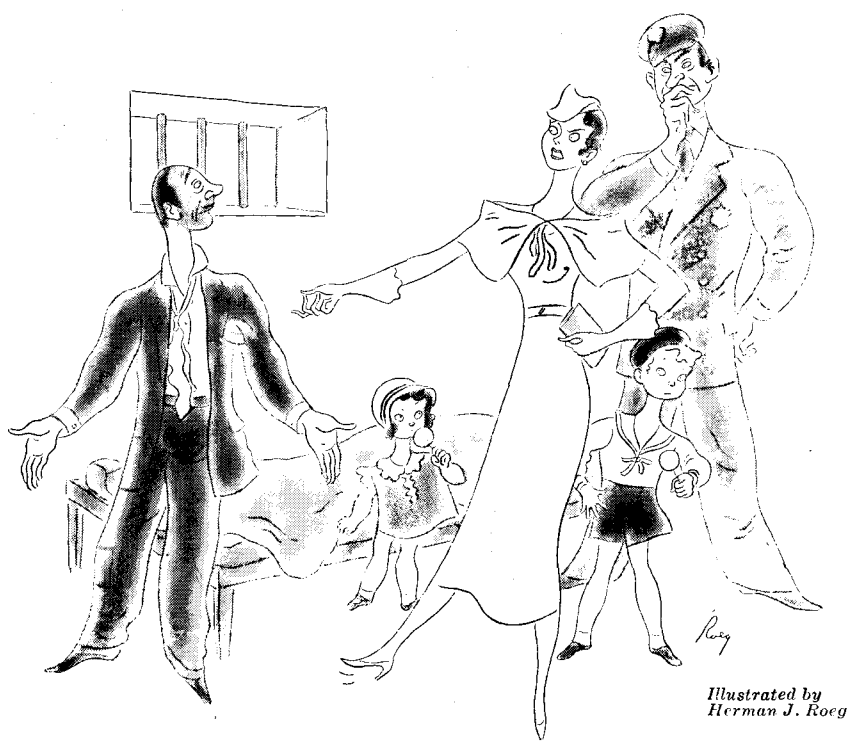
I would gladly enough come to your wedding and be among those who would wish you happiness. And my wishes would be fervent and sincere. I would like to add to these wishes my hope that, having seen you married, I might never see you again. But this wish has an unfriendly sound which demands explanation. What I mean is that I would hope that I might never see you in my professional capacity, that you might never come to me asking for my services as a Justice of the Supreme Court of New York. When I see you again it is my prayer that I see you enjoying that happiness which was obviously yours when you stood there before the altar exchanging pledges which you understood and which you made with clear minds in cold understanding.

But now that you have decided to get married, you two, I wonder whether you have discussed your possible future with tongues free of sentimentality, with minds completely awake. Probably not. Youth doesn't do that; and I am not foolish enough to expect that either law or precept is going to make any perceptible change in the ways of youth. All that I may do, then, is to tell you what I have been doing today and let you gather what information or ideas you care to from it. I wish you luck.

Today, upwards of two hundred motions have been presented on my calendar for argument. It is not possible for one court to hear anything like that number of motions and dispose of them with full knowledge of their merits. The principals in these actions, the men and women whose welfare is involved, are somewhere in the hazy background, seldom present, rarely ever heard. Only their lawyers appear. I have heard motions for continuances, to overrule, to set aside, for rehearings on a score of desires and hopes of the justly convicted, of the legally assessed and rightly inconvenienced and—and here I come to the reason for my doubt—of the victims of circumstances that strait-jacket statutes cannot recognize as beyond the written law.

It Doesn't Make Sense

Yet I have signed one order which saves me from utter depression of spirit. I have released from his cell an unhappy man who has been imprisoned for months because he had been judged in contempt of court. He is the victim of a legal paradox which renders it impossible for him to do what the court imprisons him for failing to do. He is an alimony payer who, owing to conditions over which he had no control, was unable to meet his monthly contributions to a spiteful, ignorant woman and who was, therefore, sent to prison upon her insistence. And there, naturally, it was totally impossible for him even to make an effort to pay tribute.



Illustrated by Herman J. Roeg

Divorce often means a cell for the indigent husband

Imprisoned, he was obviously unable to accumulate the money to meet this legal bonus; released, he is in greater debt than ever because the law which assessed him and then incarcerated him does not recognize the inescapable truth that if the law prevents a man from working he cannot earn what the law punishes him for not having. And now, owing to the fact that his business perished because he was not permitted while in jail to keep it alive, the possibility of his discharging his increased indebtedness is indeed meager. He will, one suspects, be returned presently to prison, again for contempt of court for which he, poor devil, has no contempt. And, please observe, returned to his cell for failing to produce the moneys, he was unable to earn for the excellent reason that he was serving the prison sentence imposed upon him by the court which insists that he pay. It just doesn't make sense.

His commitment to prison was the result of the demand of his erstwhile wife, through her lawyer. The proceedings were, in all likelihood, much the same as the arguments or motions I have been hearing on this wearing court day. The court had no option in the matter; it was admitted that he had not paid, that he was in arrears in alimony. He had disobeyed the court's injunction, and was in contempt. And off he went to jail.

He may have been poorly represented or not represented at all. He may have been present when the facts were laid before the judge who sentenced him to prison. Or he may not. At any rate the commitment was made by a judge whose record for unswerving loyalty to his profession, his meticulous impartiality on the bench, are widely cited standards. When the commitment was made by him it was incidental to the rigors of a calendar such as mine has been today. It was wholly impossible in the circumstances that he could have known what chance and some extra-legal curiosity gave me to know about this persecuted man whom I have just liberated.

The ease with which querulous, self-centered wives have obtained allowances of alimony and counsel fees has led many misnamed helpmates to invoke the aid of our courts at the slightest provocation and with the most trivial of excuses. They are inspired solely by dreams of easy money when otherwise those incidents of which they complain and which they are pleased to magnify to suit their purposes would (and should) have gone unnoticed as one of those trivial irritations of married life.

I speak of the divorce actions and particularly of the alimony applications and grants of which the public never hears. The divorce sensations in high places that get wide newspaper publicity are not my present concern. They are usually sordid epics of vulgarity, hypocrisy, kennel morals and gold-digging. Rather I am thinking of the unknowns who, because they lack tolerance and understanding and have no honest conception of mutual duty, arrive before the divorce court asking that a judge adjudicate disputes which intelligence and common honesty might have disposed of at home.

Our alimony system is an anachronism—a throw-back—a disgrace to our boasted modern civilization. Time was when debt was punishable with death. As the world progressed we became less harsh, merely throwing the unfortunate into prison indefinitely. In time we relented still more; today civil debtors who fail to meet their financial obligations are quite amply protected against unreasonable judgment. If the ordinary debtor is able to show that he is without funds and is unable to pay, he is given the privilege of demonstrating it in supplementary proceedings, wherein he sets forth his case with the required proof. Thus established in the eyes of the law, he is not further molested.

But in most parts of our country, in New York for sad example, the alimony debtor has no such protection. His poverty may be admitted by both sides, accepted as fact by the court; yet, poor wretch, he must be and is dragged off to jail for long periods for what is no more than civil debt. Even bankruptcy, that sanctuary of debtors who seek to start afresh, is closed to the alimony debtor.

When Temporary Means Permanent

To be sure, relatively recent legislation has opened the way to fairer dealings for the alimony debtor. The court is now permitted to relieve a person from contempt if it is satisfied that he is financially unable to make payments. This, understand, is at the court's discretion and as the court may view the situation. Also a preference in the time of trial may be granted where an order for temporary alimony has been issued. This can serve to expedite matters.

Further, the law now has it that where the husband interposes a counterclaim the court may, in its judgment, refuse

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Marriage for Revenue

By George Agnew Chamberlain

Illustrated by Carl Mueller

The Story Thus Far:

WHEN her brother Don is killed in an airplane crash, Regis Mulholland—whom he has supported, along with his wife, Dora—is left with a very small income. A plucky girl, as well as a beautiful one, she masters stenography. After which she calls on Adsit Abbott, a college classmate of Don, and asks him for a job.

Abbott—senior member of Abbott, Raglan and Company, stockbrokers—has never seen the girl before; he has never even heard of her. But, impressed by her personality, he puts her on the pay roll at a small salary. Then, in the hurly-burly of a crazily rising market, he promptly forgets her. He has many problems to solve. XL, a speculative stock, which he feels certain will soar, interests him. But Larry Raglan, his partner, will not let him buy it for the firm. Whereupon he phones a broker, buys a thousand shares "in the same name as before," and promises to get the necessary margin money during the afternoon....

Raglan, too, has his problems. His wife, Eleanor—a smooth, worldly woman to whom social position means much—is leaving him. She, it appears, does not care to live in the old Raglan home, which Raglan has recently purchased—it is not "smart" enough. And Raglan is planning to let her go her way, with one half of his entire estate. But Abbott has other ideas. With Raglan's permission, he calls on her, discusses the situation. "I want one half of everything he has," says Eleanor. "It's either that or a divorce—*right here in New York where I can keep my hold on him!*"

Meanwhile, Regis has been working hard. While at her desk one day Abbott sees her—but does not recognize her. Curious to know who the lovely girl is, he goes to Kit Bilderback, a reception clerk. Mrs. Raglan—with whom he is having a series of conferences—is in the reception-room waiting for him. "Who," he says to Kit, "is that blonde—the girl in black and white?" He listens to the answer, then turns to greet Eleanor Raglan. Regis, preparing to leave the office, goes to an elevator. Kit joins her. Mrs. Raglan and Abbott appear. The elevator stops. Mrs. Raglan, followed by Abbott, steps into it. The door slams. The elevator descends. Regis and Kit stand waiting. Mrs. Raglan's glance has told them quite clearly that they are merely unimportant hirelings, of small consequence to anyone.

III

ABBOTT handed Eleanor into a car which even in that heyday of the heavy spender had attracted its knot of admirers. It was imported and of a famous make. In addition to the staggering price of the chassis, thousands of dollars must have been lavished on the specially designed body—phaeton in fair weather, town car in foul. A heavy screen of plate glass which could be lowered at will isolated the tonneau from the driver, whose smartly tailored uniform of olive green stood out against the buff of the leather upholstery but melted into the general tone of the car itself.

Abbott was in ill humor, morose as was his wont when obstacles cropped up in his path, but as they started uptown he settled back with a sigh of relief. Eleanor, in contrast, sat erect, half facing and leaning toward him, in the pose of one intent on attack.

"Well?" she questioned. "What was the matter—what happened?"

"Moses!" protested Abbott. "Can't you give me time to catch my breath? Nothing happened."

"I know, but why? Didn't he have any explanation?"

"He said he forgot all about it."

"That's impossible. No man—not even Larry—could forget an appointment of that sort."

Abbott scowled. "You're right," he admitted finally. "When I pressed him he blew up. He said he wouldn't go through with the mess for twice a million dollars. He said he didn't care whether it was merely a classic gesture or not. Finally he said you could chase yourself until you got tired, or words to that effect."

"Then what am I going to do!" exclaimed Eleanor, dismayed by the realization that if Raglan should stick to his declared program her own cherished plans would inevitably be wrecked. "Isn't there anything—?"

"There's always something to be done," interrupted Abbott, "and we're going to do it."

"What?"

HE EYED her measuringly. "You're a game person, Ellie, as cool as they make them."

"What has that to do with it?"

"A lot. Think this out: What if we simply assume Larry did keep the appointment?"

"Are — are you fooling?" gasped Eleanor.

"No, and it's important you shouldn't fool either. If you'll take an oath to say nothing to your lawyer you can count on my saying nothing to mine."

"B-but—"

"Listen, Ellie; the whole process of divorce is so cut and dried I'm willing to bet it will never occur to anybody to check up on whether Larry turned up for his rendezvous with the *pièce de resistance*, so to speak. Nobody will care."

"You're mad!" began Eleanor. "Why—"

"No, I'm not," Abbott interrupted again. "Do you know what gave me the swell idea? The very thing you're thinking about—the girl. She was honest-to-goodness asleep. She didn't hear us come into the room and she thinks Larry was there according to schedule."

"How do you know—how can you be sure of that?"

"Because she went to the lawyer this morning to collect and told him everything had gone off fine. When he telephoned he'd paid her and that we were all set to go I almost let out a yell, but not quite. The swell idea stopped it in my throat."

"Even so," said Eleanor doubtfully, her eyes clouded with concentration.

"You don't get the picture," said Abbott patiently. "When I said the whole process of divorce is cut and dried I fell short of the mark. It's a formula, a packet of forms and blanks filled out by some clerk whose only worry is whether they're in proper order for the court or a referee. Why, take my affidavit as the sole witness required in this state—it was actually signed, sealed and delivered as soon as we decided on a date for the trumped-up infidelity!"

"Really?" exclaimed Eleanor, astonished and beginning to weaken.

"The long and short of it is this," said Abbott. "Only three people would be in on the truth: Larry, you and myself—and you know Larry."

"Yes," said Eleanor thoughtfully, "I know Larry."

Slowly her eyes came alive and a faint smile curved her lips. The cold irony of the situation began to assert itself. The thought that Larry, once the deed was accomplished, could never open his mouth without condemning herself or Abbott to jail amused and set her at ease. Yes; she knew Larry, knew he would rather hang. More than that, she was convinced he would welcome the subterfuge on the part of others which would relieve him from going through with the leading rôle in a sordid farce. That was really what had infuriated him from the start. She could still remember his outburst at the final interview forced on him by circumstance after Abbott had assured him he need not see her again.

"It's the hypocrisy that gets me," he had rumbled. "What's the whole business but a fabricated lie, artificially waterproofed to hold water? If you act the lie just so, with all the props of a phony burlesque—union price for this, union price for that, and a heap this high for the lawyers—you're all right, you're a noble, self-sacrificing citizen. But if it isn't perjury of the deepest, blackest dye—regulated, condoned and sanctified by cash—what is it? A troupe of puppets with me for the leading comic; I'm the one who's got to be drenched by the bucket of slops!"

Then Abbott, cool, amused, persuasive: "Take it easy, Larry. If this was the only hypocrisy we bow down to every day of our lives, I would say, 'Go to it, old warrior, drive your spurs into Rosinante!' But it isn't a lonely windmill; it's one of a thousand. So why try to knock this one down to your own great disadvantage and leave the others standing? All that's asked of you is a mere gesture—a classic gesture. Besides, since the case is going before a referee, there won't be any slops. What do you want to do? Drive Ellie into an open suit so the tabloids can trump up one of their front-page plays?"

THAT argument had seemed to get him; he had given his surly consent and now he had gone back on his promise. Eleanor sank back into the deep seat and relaxed. He deserved such a trick as Adsit was planning.

"If you're as sure about everything else as I am of Larry—" she murmured, leaving the phrase in air.

"Dead sure," said Abbott with a sigh of accomplishment and relief. He turned to her, his face brightening. "What are you doing this evening? How about a run down to the Bath Club for dinner and an early start back to beat the rush?"

"I'm sorry," said Eleanor promptly. "It sounds lovely, but I already have an engagement."

His brow clouded as quickly as it had cleared. "For a lone woman," he mut-

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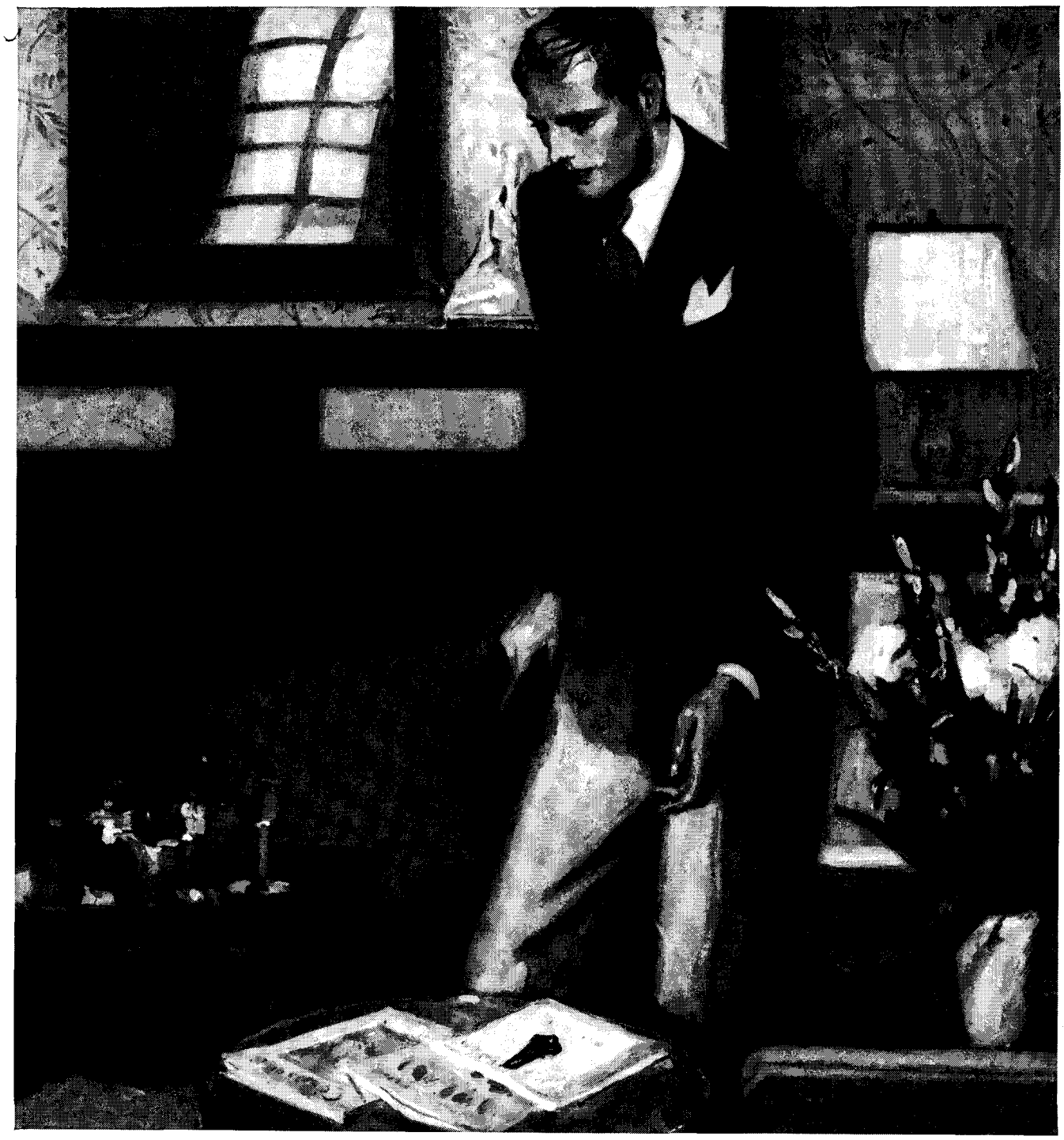

His face, a moment ago so vividly alive, was a blank as he laid the key on a near-by table

tered crossly, "it seems to me you manage to keep yourself pretty busy." She glanced at him out of slanted eyes with an enigmatic expression about her mouth which made him wonder whether her indifference was not, in part at least, assumed. Her calm annoyed him. "Why couldn't you have tipped me off earlier you had something on?"

"So you could have dated the blonde?" asked Eleanor.

"Blonde?" inquired Abbott, truly at a loss. "What blonde?"

"The girl from the office."

"Oh." He shrugged his shoulders. "I can see myself doing that!"

"No, you can't," said Eleanor, "and neither can I. How do you suppose I know you wouldn't take out the Mulholland girl—in an open car?"

"Any numbskull could answer. Because she's in my office."

"Your office? Any office. You don't get yourself, Adsit. What protects you isn't convention, and of course it isn't morals. It's your abnormal itch for personal splendor. Why do you ask me out, for instance? Because I was and am somebody. Because I adorn you. Because wherever we go heads are turned in envy—envy of you."

"You're proud of yourself!" snapped Abbott.

"You're a slave to one master obsession," continued Eleanor mercilessly. "Whatever you have must be the best of its kind or you're unhappy. At least you must think it's the best—the best breed of dog, the best make of car, the best brand of tobacco, of liquor, of clothes, the best house of its size, above all the smartest woman. Shirts, hats and shoes made to order, not because they look any better, but because they give you the feeling of superiority that means life and death to your ego."

ABBOTT frowned, puzzled but interested because the subject of attack was himself. "You're a queer one, Ellie. I could never have thought that out for myself, but now you've done it for me I can see your point. But that doesn't mean you've done me any favor."

"No; I suppose not."

"I don't mind cattish women," he continued with surprising calm, "but how I hate the person who pulls you down—who asks you if you haven't got a cold or a headache or a pain in the side. Nine times out of ten it gives you all three, though you may have been feeling at the top of your form."

"I wasn't trying to pull you down, at least not in the way you mean."

"Then what were you trying to do?"

"Show you how I knew you wouldn't flaunt Miss Mulholland in the public eye even though she's just as good-looking and generally presentable as I am. That's what I started out to do, but when I got going it seemed a good chance to save ourselves a lot of time."

"There you go again!" exclaimed Abbott impatiently. "Out of one riddle into another."

"It's not a riddle at all," said Eleanor. "I may be a fool about lots of things, but not about men. It strikes me you've been seeing more of me than is strictly necessary to a settlement with Larry. I don't mind, of course; I like it. Any woman would feel flattered. But I'm through building up houses of cards and I'm ready to push down any that anybody else starts building within my reach. That's what I was doing to you—pushing down your house of cards."

"Fine. Now I suppose it's up to me to tell you off."

"Whenever you like," she answered coolly. "You can hit me above or below the belt as long as you promise not to wear gloves. I'm through with pillow fights. I've grown up."

"If that's the way you feel, it wouldn't be any fun telling you off, but perhaps you'll allow me a substitute in the way of a question: Are you by any chance planning to marry me when this Larry business is over?"

She laughed aloud and the laugh was genuine. "I told you we'd save ourselves lots of time!" she exclaimed, and then sobered. "The answer is no, Adsit. Sometimes you praise my brain, but every once in a while you take me for an idiot. Can you think of anything I would gain by marrying you? That sounds a bit cruel, so let's put it this way: I can name a dozen things I would lose."

"A dozen is too many," said Abbott; "name three."

"I'll name them all in one word: freedom. Freedom to do as I please, to live as I want to live, to go wherever I like, to spend my own money—Larry's money—exactly as I see fit. You see, I have an advantage over you—I've been married. I know exactly what you get out of it—I mean what a person of my type can hope to get out of it—and the one outstanding benefit is having an escort on tap. Judging from the last few weeks, wouldn't it be silly for me to marry you just for the sake of your company out of office hours?"

"I take off my hat," said Abbott, eying her admiringly. "You're the original hothouse cucumber, smooth and cool. I'd like to bite into you without benefit of vinegar or salt!" The car drew up at one of the six arched entrances to the block on Park Avenue which contained her apartment. Abbott stepped to the curb to hand her out. "How about it? Can I come up for a minute?"

"Better not," she replied, not unpleasantly. "Let's save something to talk about next time."

SHE disappeared through one of the arches with a friendly wave of her hand and started down the colonnade which led to her own particular lobby. She had not gone halfway before a feeling of oppression began to descend upon her. She hadn't a thing to do—not a thing. She would have loved a run into the country or down to one of the beaches, and could imagine no better companion for such a jaunt than Adsit Abbott. The only reason she had not accepted his invitation was that in addition to knowing men she knew how to hold them.

She let herself into the apartment and immediately a fragrance, once familiar but already strange, assailed her nostrils. She took a step forward and paused. How she hated the smell of good tweeds! An angry gleam flared in her eyes, but presently passed as they steadied to a look of resolve. She moved quickly to the door of the living-room. Larry Raglan, his hands loosely clasped in his lap, was sitting erect in a straight chair beside the window, staring out.

She had to remind herself she had been married to him almost five years, for it seemed incredible he could have become so completely dissociated from her daily life during the few weeks since they had separated. But the explanation was simple enough. People who have lived together for a long time are not parted by the slamming of a door; their division traces back to the tiny angle in the obscure past where their paths first diverged. From that point on, parting is continuous; there is no actual moment of farewell. She realized with astonishment how little she had missed him even as a handy man around the house.

"How did you get in?" she asked, moving inside the room and raising both hands to take off her hat.

He looked around. How many times he had watched that gesture—the lifting of her arms, the discarding of the hat, and then her long fingers creeping under her hair to loosen without mussing it. Her slender figure became sharply outlined. It was thus he had been wont to recall her to mind during rare absences, not because of any special association but because the pose was so easily remembered.

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Wild Headlight

Railroad men like Dan Clarke may be a trifle hard to handle. But try to scare 'em—and see what happens

By H. L. Davis

The handcar ran up the pilot and hung there while the engine stopped. The Indians fell off and lay down in the gravel

DAN CLARKE came to work for the Simnasho Branch *Railroad* as boss of a small extra gang, mostly Mexicans, to surface track in Wind River Canyon above the mainline junction and fill in as a wrecking crew in emergencies. He brought in his pay rolls and reports to the roadmaster's office in Centerville twice a month, tied straight into his job and made his men get into theirs, and complained to everybody, from the president down, about weather, sanitation, shortage of shade and water and the insolence of train crews, with an injured fervor that showed him to be an old hand at his business.

His service record from other lines was good, though rather spotty, and nobody except the roadmaster heard much about him until late spring when, according to all percentages, the accident list should have dwindled to a few sun-kinked rails. Instead of dwindling, it branched out with an entirely new one. The tunnel three miles out of Centerville caught fire in its creosote-treated timbers and tied up traffic both ways with an orange-spangled blast of heat that cracked headlight lenses half a mile up the track and brought every man on the division pay roll on a rush call, in the hope that somebody would think of something to put the thing out with.

Putting it out was the only thing that would do any good. The tunnel overhung Wind River on a straight drop, without a foot to spare. A shunt track around it was impossible. There wasn't any ground to put one on, unless they built a trestle a couple of miles down the middle of Wind River. Even that would have been a hot contract. The tunnel was more than any mere hose-company job. The heat of the bore made a draft; the draft boomed the fire; the fire raised the draft, and so on up until windows in Centerville jarred with the noise—a harsh, hungry roar like a spring freshet, only a hundred times meaner.

The blast cleaned the ground wherever it touched. Section men, bridge carpenters, paint gangs and welding crews lined the hill and fought grass-sparks while they waited for the conference of Superintendent Buckley and his experts to hatch out a plan of campaign. The conference hatched nothing, and Dan Clarke, pulling in late and unnoticed with his emergency gang on the wrecker, didn't report for assignment at all. The only man he even paused to hear was the Centerville section foreman, who explained to all new arrivals that the tunnel timbers weren't his work, and that the ties, which were, had all been fireproofed and dirt-insulated, on account of locomotives dumping hot cinders on top of them.

DAN, before any of his men could unload, climbed back on the wrecker engine, backed out and ran down the track to a company powder-house. It was a portable affair, corrugated iron bolted on a steel frame. Dan swung his wrecking crane, picked the building up, all in one piece, and came back with it dangling at the tail of his train. Half a mile from the tunnel, he unloaded his crew and switched the crane to the head end of the train and the locomotive to the back. Even at that range there was plenty of heat. They pushed into it, and, at the charred tunnel signpost, the engineer balked.

"I'll fry for no damned railroad," he announced. "If you want this engine hogged, come on and hog it yourself."

Dan reached for the throttle. "Hog she is," he said. "Show me how you work this thing and git out of here."

He leaned out, taking the scorching blast squarely in his face as he backed his train, galvanized iron shed and all, into the tunnel mouth. The red-hot track kinked and buckled under the weight, and ties smoked and flamed through their fireproofing as the dirt insulation cracked and gave them air to burn with. Almost at the end the rails spread, and the crane sat down helplessly between them.

Dan took slack on the drawbars, reversed and rammed the thing home like a man bursting a door open. Half his cars were riding the guard-rail instead of their own wheels when the swinging iron shed wedged itself with a crash tight against the stone facing of the tunnel. The roaring stopped. Dan rammed the engine back once more for luck, and, in a silence that seemed unearthly because of its suddenness, climbed down and walked back to his outfit—a close-jointed, undersized man of about fifty, scorched, blackened, lumpy-muscled with excitement of action and as proud as Satan to have had the handling of it. He had singed off a lot of hair and all of his eyebrows, but he was glad he had come. Buckley, with the roadmaster and the division engineer, waited for him.

"You can back a plug into the Centerville end when the rails cool," he told them. "Let it smother awhile, and then hose it down. How is this gang of mine goin' to get home?"

"We'll find a train to take you home on, all right," said Buckley. "That was a real job, Clarke. Only, since you've shown us how to start it, why not stay here and help us finish it? You can run up to Centerville and have the doctor dress a few scorched places for you."

DAN gulped water from a canteen, and looked things over. The ground was cooling; the rails had already cooled to a dark gray. Another hour, and they could start laying temporary track. Two hours, and work could begin on the fire itself, with a hose-line and a shield to protect the nozzle men against scalding from steam. There would be nothing fast or risky about that, nothing that needed headwork.

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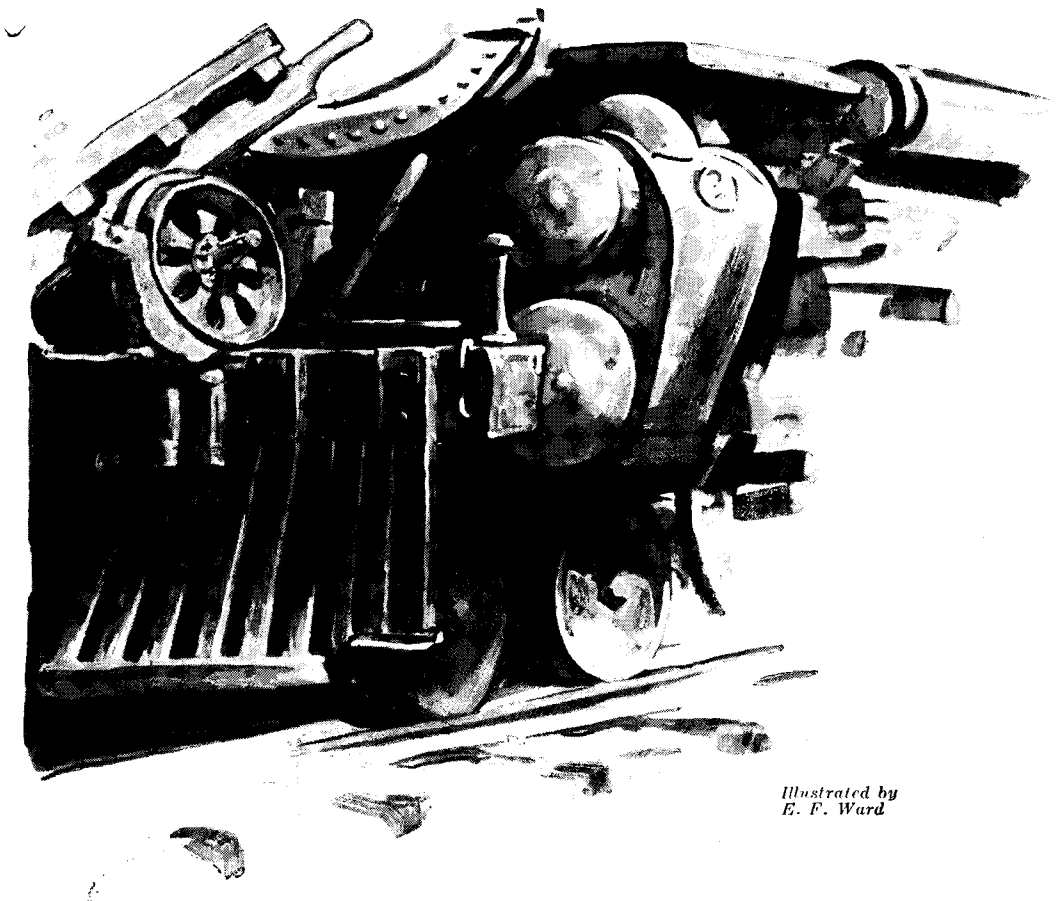

Illustrated by E. F. Ward

Any bum could finish the job now.

"You won't need me any more here," Dan explained to Buckley. It's my gang I want transportation to camp for. There's some overalls and things I want to buy in Centerville, as long as I'm here. I'll catch a work train goin' in from the other side."

He took another swig from the canteen and left, ignoring the roadmaster's slightly pointed invitation to wait and ride in with the railroad brains.

"Let him go, if he wants to," said Buckley. "What if he does want to put on a toot? Do you expect a man like that to be herded around Centerville like a damned infant?"

"If he'd keep his toot to himself, I wouldn't say a word," said the roadmaster. "He's earned one, the Lord knows. But he always parlays it into a fight and breaks up a lot of furniture and lands in jail. I have to pay him out, to keep that extra gang of his from goin' to hell. I've done his fixin' around town till I'm gettin' tired of it and people are gettin' tired of me."

"He does this pretty often, eh?" said Fosnot, the division engineer. "Why don't you let him take his medicine, and fire him?"

"I didn't think of it in time," the roadmaster explained. "He's likable, damn him, and I've been payin' his fines and intendin' to hold it out of his wages. That Centerville police judge can take money away from him faster than he can earn it. He owes me six weeks' pay now. If I fire him I'll lose it all, and if I leave that gang of his without a foreman this week somebody'll fire me."

"Somebody ought to," said Buckley, which meant that nobody would. "Well, we'd have been in a heck of a fix without him, and I don't want to lose him if we can make him behave himself. I'll stand good for the six weeks' pay he owes you, and let's transfer him some place where he won't be bothered by temptation. Where can we send him, Fosnot?"

They discussed locations. Fosnot favored planking Dan right in Centerville, on the theory that a man will get sick of seductions when they are stuck under his nose. He was probably right, but Buckley and the roadmaster didn't feel like experimenting with theories. They ran over a list of remote stations. The best seemed Kuitan Switchback, on the other side of the mountains. It was yellow-pine country, thirty-five miles from town, and so thinly settled that the only labor available for its section gang was Indians.

"He won't go," Fosnot objected. "If he does, he won't stay. The place is as lonesome as sheepherding. The Indians talk Chinook, and the white people won't speak to a stranger for fear he's a game warden in disguise. He'll be riding a train out inside of a week, to jump his job."

"He can't," said the roadmaster. "Not while I've got this police-court money chalked up against him. He ain't peaceable, but he's honest."

"We'll make him peaceable," said Buckley. "He won't ride any train out, either. We'll warn all the conductors not to let him on. It may take some trouble to gentle him, but we'll have a valuable man when it's done."

Fosnot said nothing. It might work, of course. They seemed to think it would, and that a peaceable character was exactly the ingredient Dan Clarke needed for perfection. But was it? Fosnot felt doubtful. Dozens of peaceable-spirited track men had watched that tunnel burning. Only Dan Clarke, who had to be bought out of disorderly-conduct charges in the Centerville police court twice a month, had been indecorous enough to think of yanking a building up by the roots, jamming it into a tunnel, and smashing and ditching a wrecking outfit and a perfectly good locomotive to shut the draft off.

BREAKING up other people's property certainly wasn't the act of the well-behaved pillar of society which, they appeared to think, Kuitan Switchback was going to make Dan into. It was a plain case of disorderly conduct and any police court in the land would have jailed him for it unhesitatingly, except that it had the incidental result of saving their blamed railroad for them.

Now they were going to fix all that. Fosnot's conscience kicked up at the notion. If you liked one side of a man's cussedness, you ought either to put up with all of him or else go away and let him alone. Tinkering with his bad spots might ruin the good ones and, whether it did or not, it was plain busybodyish meddling. Fosnot doubted if it would succeed, because he hoped it wouldn't.

It was not till the end of the first two weeks that Dan Clarke began to feel the discipline of Kuitan Switchback taking hold with any severity. Getting settled in a new place always kept him from thinking what kind of place it was. Ordinarily, he cleaned and rearranged his living quarters, patrolled his section of track, inventoried the toolhouse and threw out or mended broken equipment and learned his men's names and what kind of persuasion it would take to make them work, before he noticed the scenery, location or social resources at all.

The process of getting used to Kuitan Switchback couldn't be carried out that far. He couldn't learn the names of the five Indians on his section gang, and there was no persuasion on earth that would make them work. The nearest pronounceable one in the bunch was the wrinkled old chief, who had a moniker which could be boiled down to something like Isaac. As to speeding them at work, that was simply beyond the power of man. Threats and cussing did no good, for they pretended not to understand English. Firing them wouldn't help, for the track needed fixing before winter and there were no other men in the country who could work on it. They insisted on wearing buckskin moccasins, which were no protection to their feet in the broken rock of the roadbed, and they wore hair braids looped on their chests.

The white population of the section was less in evidence, but equally mysterious. Men rode close to the track sometimes, staring at the new section boss curiously, but when Dan spoke to them they always reined away and left.

YOUNG Reed Partridge, running a mowing machine in the wild-hay meadow below the track, did the same. The reason was that the yellow-pine mountains were a poverty-stricken country which raised little of value except the great herds of big mule-deer that grazed on the open range at night. Killing them was against the law; killing them at night with a jacklight was good for one year in the pen. But they were good meat and jacklight hunting was too easy to resist. Everybody had a jacklight cached away somewhere, so as not to be caught with it in case of a raid, and everybody looked suspiciously at Dan for fear he might have come there to arrange one.

Isolation got Dan before he had been there a month. He made two tries at boarding a train for Centerville, discovered that Buckley's embargo was working strong and that the train crews could push harder to put him off than he could to stay on, and then sat down and moped over schemes while his Indians hauled ties town the track on a pushcar. He considered walking to Centerville and he considered renting a horse from young Reed Partridge's mowing team and, shifting ties because he felt restless, he uncovered young Reed Partridge's electric jacklight. He didn't know, of course, whom it belonged to or what it was for—a flashlight with a two-foot barrel, a lens as big as a pie plate, and a set of clamps that didn't clamp anything. Having looked it over and switched it on and off, he carried it down the track to see if any of the Indians could suggest a possible explanation.

None of them could. Jacklight hunting was a refinement they hadn't yet grown into. They worked the switch, clucked Chinook at each other and gave it back respectfully.

"Big light," Isaac volunteered. "She lose off steam car, maybe."

The Indians were afraid of locomotives, because the engineers were always making a bluff at running them down to see them scramble. In the dark, by a man in something of a hurry, the jacklight could have been mistaken for a locomotive headlight. But Dan wanted information, not impressions.

"GO TO work," he ordered. "Git a new tie under this rail before the train comes along and breaks it. Throw this cull out of the way. Hurry up!"

To set an example, he grabbed one end of the cull tie while Isaac caught the other. Together, they heaved and threw it over the fill. Young Reed Partridge had stopped his mowing rig below in the hope of overhearing what they aimed to do with the jacklight. The tie landed almost on top of him and his team ran away. Reed, with the lines wrapped around his wrist, fell off and went dragging and bumping, face down, across the field, the horses kicking at him from in front while the sickle clacked behind, ready to mangle him if he let go.

The mowing machine tipped over. The horses kicked loose from it and left, trying to kick loose from each other. Reed lay quiet in the grass, and Dan climbed the fence and ran to pick him up. He was in desperate shape—torn, skinned, horse-kicked and bleeding from the mouth. It was Dan's fault. If he had let the Indians manage their tie-heaving alone, the mowing team wouldn't have got scared.

He lifted Reed, and knew from the feel of the limp body that it would be a job for a doctor. The evening passenger train might have been a way to get to one. But it came highballing past as Dan shouldered Reed up and started for the fence. The Indians stood aside for it. They could scarcely have been expected to flag it down without orders, particularly since they were afraid of it. Unreasonably, Dan blamed them for letting it go by.

"Damned brainless pot-hounds!" he told himself. "Think they can duck out of helpin' with this, do they? We'll see about that!"

For the ordinary business of life, Dan was incompetent and bungling. He couldn't even put on a pay-day drunk without landing himself in jail, and he had never managed to hold a job more than six months in his life. It was in emergencies that he felt at home, saw instinctively the right thing to do and got it done while better behaved men stood gaping helplessly. This was an emergency.

THE Indians looked at him wonderingly as he dumped the unconscious Reed onto the handcar. His face was no longer slack and petulant. Here was a job that called for action—to get Reed Partridge to town before he died, on a handcar over thirty-five miles of upgrade track, most of which would have to be run in the dark, with a crew of Indians who would certainly balk on going if he made the smallest misplay in handling them. It was no concern of theirs whether Reed lived or died. It was no concern of Dan's, either, but he didn't think of that and he didn't give the Indians time to do so.

"Look at that busted rail!" he commanded, pointing. They hadn't got the tie under it, and the weight of the

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Thunder in the Dust

Continued from page 19

Baja; and he was wondering where del Pino was.

As it happened, del Pino was on the ride. He had, in fact, been on the ride for nearly twelve solid hours, and he was a very saddle-weary little man. Del Pino did not have the natural ability of Bravo and Carlos at finding wild, forgotten passes in the hills, but he did have a great flair for nosing out human habitations; and there was hardly an adobe, however humble, in the entire La Partida district that he had not been in by now.

Almost any place else del Pino would have passed for a saddle-hardened horseman. But because he had been town bred, and had hardly been on a horse until after he was twenty years old, he ranked among El Fuerte's people as no horseman at all. Next to El Fuerte's preoccupation with quail seeds and such like luxuries of life, the everlasting riding of horses was the cross of del Pino's existence.

Much less painful, but limiting his activities in the long run, was the too fulsome hospitality of Baja. Only an iron stomach sustained him, for it was impossible to establish cordial relations with a household whose food and drink you refused.

Del Pino, jogging uncomfortably homeward to the Flying K camp in the sunset, hesitated at the foot of a little twisting goat trail that led up a gully three miles from the Flying K camp. What he wanted to do was to press on home, and get out of his infernal saddle; but his practiced eye told him that some obscure sort of habitation was at the head of that little trail, and his peculiarly selective conscience bore down hard. He sighed deeply, and turned his horse upward.

THE trail was even longer than he feared; but he came out at the end of twenty minutes upon a mean little *jacal*, half dugout, half wattles plastered up with mud. Before it an aged man sat cross-legged beside a bed of coals. He was stewing something in an earthen pot, and though he regarded del Pino acutely, like an animal, he did not speak.

Better built than the hovel was a mud affair six feet tall and shaped like a beehive. When del Pino saw this he knew that the old man was a charcoal burner, in a small way.

"Señor," said del Pino in such tones of respect that an astonished suspicion flickered in the old man's eyes, "I have ridden a long way, and my throat is very full of dust. I am wondering now if a small cup of water would be too much to ask."

The old man tossed coarse gray hair out of his eyes—he had a full head of it, hacked off peculiarly all round—and indicated an encrusted olla that stood against the house. In this del Pino found a gourd dipper, and he drank sparingly, but with simulated avidity. It was green and mucky, evidently from some cow wallow up the gully, but—"Ah, that's fine!" said del Pino. He leaned against the shanty, as if too weary to regain the saddle; and the old man said nothing at all.

"My father was a charcoal burner, from time to time," del Pino lied. "It is a very honorable profession, too little appreciated nowadays. Ordinary rancheros think entirely too much of trees that they would never use themselves anyway."

"True," said the old charcoal burner sourly. He had been uprooted from other people's timber too often to have any liking for strangers prowling about his camp.

"Here, though," del Pino assured him, "you will never be molested."

"Who says so?"

"My own *capitan* is now the partner of the Americano who owns this lease. I would not drink your water, friend, and fail to put in for you if any question came up." Already del Pino knew more about this man than the charcoal burner might have supposed. By the ancient hawk face, by the accent of his Spanish, by the knife-hacked cut of his hair, del Pino had recognized the old man's race. Because it was a fighting race, and because such an old man must somewhere have many sons, del Pino was interested. It is by means of interrelated families and nameless clans based upon cousinships that squads, and companies, and regiments are formed when the people rise. A summoning-together of relatives is worth twenty fiery crosses, any old day, as no one knew better than del Pino.

"And who is your *capitan?*" the old man demanded.

"Guadalupe Francisco Contreras y Canedo," del Pino intoned—"called El Fuerte!"

"Some place I have heard the name. Perhaps, once with Pancho Villa—" he eyed del Pino speculatively.

"*Si, si!* That's where! The greatest captain of artillery, the most valiant captain of cavalry, that ever rode for a downtrodden people!"

"Would he be that tall one that's new here, the one—?"

"The one who rides the beautiful palomino horse."

"A fine figure of a man," the charcoal burner admitted. Suddenly he eyed del Pino narrowly again. "And who is it that sings Yaqui songs down there?" he asked.

FOR a fraction of an instant del Pino hesitated. In time he remembered what El Fuerte had told him of that evening in the Boyce house, when El Fuerte had sung the Yaqui Sorrows of the Chief—and a voice had answered from the hills. "Who but El Fuerte?" he said reverently. "*Ay doraka wahma brone—*"

A little red flame leaped up behind the old man's eyes. "*Ay doraka korem ked*— You speak the language of the people?" he challenged, changing to a new tongue.

"No, señor," del Pino said sadly, though he had understood the old man well enough. "I am too stupid, me." He didn't want to get switched into a dialect in which he was, at best, inelo-quent. "But El Fuerte—he speaks it like a born son of the hills. I've heard that he is related to your people," he fabricated; "but I don't know. Tell me—are there others of you here?"

"Why do you ask that?"

"One night El Fuerte sang the Sorrows of the Chief, and a voice took up the song in the hills."

The old man permitted himself a slow, deep grin. "Yo," he murmured, tapping his chest with his thumb. "I was coming back from La Partida; I try to sell my charcoal down there. I answered the song."

EAGERLY now the old man got to his feet, went into the hovel, and brought out another earthen plate. Generously he heaped it with stew.

The stew proved to be of fresh young beef, absolutely white hot with *chili pequeños*. Del Pino accepted it with voluble deprecations, and an urgent squeam of the stomach. It was the twelfth time he had eaten that day. But he scooped at it with a curled bit of *tortilla*, and most manfully swallowed it down. For a little time the two squatted on their heels and ate.

"How are all things going with you, *compadre?*" del Pino asked at last, smothering a hiccough.

"Ay, not well. I was barely able to buy this bit of beef in the town."

Del Pino laid a hand on the old man's arm. Well enough he knew that the beef had never seen the town, nor any money either. "Buy no more," he said gravely. "Remember that *mi capitan* is now partner in this Flying K. Never in all his life has he begrudged a bit of beef to the poor. Though of course you understand that doesn't go for large families. . . ."

"Very few of his like are left, then," said the old man bitterly. "The country has gone to the devil. I work forever, and I'm begrudged a few cents. None of the great *patrones* are left, and nobody has any money, not even two centavos. The food is taxed out of the people's mouths. Babies die in the streets of the towns, and if this goes on the world is going to end. I tell you, if Villa were alive, this thing wouldn't go on. If he should ride through again, ten thousand of us would follow at the word!"

"You still ride?" del Pino asked.

"Mademoiselle, that's la mère—your old lady!" *Sydney Hoff*

"Do I still ride?" the old man flung back at him with fierce scorn. "I can wear down a hundred of the like you find in the towns and *milpas* today, and it won't take me two weeks to do it! I can take my four sons at my back, and I can harry and raid like a wild dog pack—and be gone again like a shadow. I tell you, I can do more than that! I can—"

"*Four sons?*" del Pino cried out.

"I have had nine sons. Five are dead, the other four to the south, in the mines. I can—"

"Could you get them here?"

"Could I get them—for what?"

Del Pino leaned close to him, his voice dropped to a fierce whisper: "Scout troops! Scout troops, as the people rise!"

"Rise? Who rises?"

"How long would it take you to gather your sons?"

"A week; with a good horse."

"There will be no lack of horses."

"What is this thing?" the old man demanded.

Del Pino gazed steadily, somberly into his eyes. "*El hombre* has come," he said with a deep gravity. "The man, the leader, has come. I can't say any more. Be ready. Be ready, and speak to no one of what I have said. The time is not far away."

He sank back on his heels, and they regarded each other for a long minute. "One more raid," said the old man at last. Lurid memories were glowing in his eyes, suggestive of an ancient, submerged ferocity that made del Pino uneasy. "One more long-riding raid—and I think I would be ready to die."

Del Pino got up stiffly, creakingly mounted his horse. "Be ready," he said again with a maximum of grave mystery. "And meanwhile I'll tell no one that I've been here."

He rode off down the goat trail, exultant in the dusk. Swallowing another hiccough, he filled his lungs and blew out his cheeks. Four Yaqui scouts—five, counting the old man; he did not doubt that he would really get them when the time came, either.

He was very weary, but very much pleased with himself, too. He had had a good day. He had, in fact, been doing very well for almost three weeks. Only the hard ones—the near little neighbors who had done so well with the Flying K beef—had had to be handled by El Fuerte himself. Those El Fuerte had first had to put the fear of God into, and then show them the way to better things. But the Cattlemen's Protective Society—an idea of del Pino's—had been an inspiration. El Fuerte now had it organized until it was a cross between a secret fraternity and a squadron of light horse.

Del Pino esteemed the soil fertile, the time ripe. He was certain that El Fuerte was safe, this time, from the lure of the quail. Now, if only no woman interfered—

BECAUSE all his life Cloud had been accustomed to forcing success against all manner of difficulties, he did not worry too much about Solano. If he was uneasy, it was because he knew that trouble was inevitable; he could not understand Solano's silence, his apparent blank inactivity. Sometimes he sounded out El Fuerte about this. El Fuerte always answered with a gesture of sublime confidence: "That we will handle—when it comes the time."

Cloud was of the opinion that trouble in this quarter was already overdue. Yet two weeks more passed, and they had finished the cattle count and dropped into the monotonous routine of the daily work, before at last Solano came.

By a curious circumstance, Cloud was

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★ "IT'S CHAMPIONSHIP FORM IN MOVING METAL" . . . SAYS GRANTLAND RICE TO A. B. COUTURE, EXPERIMENTAL ENGINEER, AS THE AIRFLOW CHRYSLER FLIES OVER A BACKWOODS TRAIL

"We took a Northwoods trail with the rush of a rocket in the MOTOR CAR OF TOMORROW"

Grantland Rice

GRANTLAND RICE . . . famous sports authority . . . writer . . . editor . . . visited Chrysler's hideaway engineering camp in the Northwoods to see the 1934 Airflow* Chrysler. He tells the story with characteristic force and directness . . .

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

"It's like a projectile . . . this amazing Airflow Chrysler car that is soon to be announced.

"It seems to pay no more attention to the road it runs on than a bullet does to the air it flies through.

"We took twisting backwoods trails . . . frozen, rut-bitten clay . . . snow

GRANTLAND RICE HEARS THE SECRETS OF THE FLOATING RIDE IN THE NEW AIRFLOW CHRYSLER FROM FRED M. ZEDER, VICE PRESIDENT IN CHARGE OF ENGINEERING, CHRYSLER CORPORATION.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

packed hollows and hurdles . . . with the rush of a rocket . . . without a quiver . . . without a lurch . . . without even a suggestion of a jolt.

"It was possible over these primitive highways to read a book or write a letter, to relax and go to sleep, while the car surged foward at speeds of 80 and better.

"I was interested to learn from the engineers that the secret of this amazing ride lies in balance and timing . . . the same factors I have discussed so often in connection with champions of the sport world.

"Like a crack athlete, this new Chrysler car has flowing smoothness of style as well as speed and power.

"And like any great champion, it shows to best advantage when the going is the worst . . . the greatest test of form there is for human flesh or moving metal.

"Without calling upon needless superlatives, a ride in the Airflow Chrysler is an astonishing adventure . . . it gave this somewhat blasé sports-writer one of the thrills of his life."

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"New York Goes to the Auto Show" . . . Fifteen radio stars . . . five famous orchestras . . . Alexander Woollcott as master of ceremonies. 8:00 to 9:00 P. M.—E. S. T. Sunday, January 7, Columbia Broadcasting System.

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Coming Soon

AIRFLOW CHRYSLER

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Thunder in the Dust

Continued from page 36

away when he came, and no one but del Pino was at the camp of the Flying K. Solano came alone, and unarmed. Del Pino, that earnest little man, seated himself in the door of the room in which El Fuerte lived with his many unaccounted-for guns; he would not be moved, and nothing could be learned from him. Solano had no recourse but to wait. El Fuerte was riding, as he always was riding; lately Tom Cloud had not always known the trails nor the purposes of those rides.

And Tom Cloud—he was at the hacienda of the Valley of the Witch. In the three weeks since El Fuerte had joined him, Cloud had visited the *casa* of the Boyces seldom; and the few times that he had been there he had not set foot to the ground. He could not keep himself from stopping at that house sometimes as he rode past, as he must ride past. All day long, every day, it seemed to him that his eyes found an empty world because they were not filled with the slender, infinitely vital figure of Kathleen Boyce; all night long her slim figure haunted him through hunger dreams, so that often El Fuerte, who woke a dozen times a night, found him smoking on the edge of his bunk, grim and taciturn, unable to sleep.

Too much to ask that he should not occasionally turn aside in passing to jump his pony over the low adobe walls.

When Kathleen came to the door in answer to the slam of his pony's hoofs upon the baked ground, he sometimes found himself all but unable to speak. Usually it was at sunset, as he returned from his long saddle labors; and the same horizontal light that had showed her to him the day of Juan Amador's death painted her in unreal beauty against the adobe of the old hacienda. It seemed to him then that all he had missed in his life was hidden in the shadowy blue eyes of this woman he would never possess. Holding his face as expressionless as the rock of the desert hills, he would drink in with his eyes the firm, clean line of her shoulders, the soft, subtly expressive warmth of her lips, the smooth, gentle outline of her body as she stood in that red-gold light that was like no other light in the world.

"Need anything?" he would say, not offering to dismount.

She no longer teased him; she had turned shy, silent as Cloud himself. "No, Tom."

"Everything all right?"

"Everything's all right, Tom."

"Okay." Then he would turn his horse, jump it out of the adobe walls, and ride on without looking back.

SO IT went while they were counting cattle, and one week more.

But this night it was different. When Cloud had come in and washed the heavy white dust from his eyelids, he wolfed his jerky as he always did; but as the last of the sun went out of the world beyond the western hills he found himself unable to rest. He was dog-tired, half hammered to pieces by the hard-gaited lug-head he had ridden for fourteen hours; yet when he threw himself upon his back in his bunk his blankets seemed to crawl beneath him, and the eternal bawling of the weanling calves for once prodded him out of all semblance of rest.

He came to his feet and drank more coffee from what was left on the grounds. Del Pino, always loitering awake, reached hopefully for the pinochle deck; but Cloud, having drawn cards, found that he could not successfully read his own hand. Slowly, with a dark reluctance, he took up saddle and rope, and went out into the night.

It was foolish to tell himself that he only meant to ride past the house where she lived; that if only he could look for a little while at the roof that sheltered her he would be able to sleep. He asked himself nothing, but only saddled and rode, chin on his chest, never even wondering by what signs his pony knew where it was expected to go, had to go.

Thus Tom Cloud rode to the ancient hacienda in the Valley of the Witch, and presently sat his horse, staring at that house in which he used to live; and it was as if his own soul had left his body and hidden there.

Within the old adobe walls was a little flickering light—the light of a fire under the bronze hood, although Cloud had long since sent this house kerosene; and the living light of that short-lived fire told him that someone was awake here.

WHEN you have ridden range horses for a long time, you sometimes don't know what you do to make a horse answer the impulse that has passed through your head. And now the pony between Tom Cloud's thighs went loping forward, while Cloud would still

"Yeah, but I own th' horse, don't I?" *Frank Owen*

have sworn that he sat motionless in the saddle. It jumped those low adobe walls as if the devil had it by the throat, and came to a stop before the door of the ancient adobe with a dull sound of hoofs in dry dust.

For a moment the pony stood still, wary and waiting, and all up and down the Valley of the Witch there was no sound; for it was between the crying of the calves and the song of the coyotes, and the valley was still. Then the door opened, and Kathleen stood silhouetted against the fire's little light.

"Child, child," said Tom Cloud from the saddle, and his leathery words somehow carried the soul of all tenderness, "haven't I told you how to open the door at night? Serape over your right shoulder, gun under the serape in your right hand—"

Kathleen said in a low voice, "I knew it was you."

That silenced him; and for a moment he sat motionless, until she said, "Aren't you going to step down?"

He dismounted slowly, like a man in the grip of a destiny that moves him against his will.

"John didn't get back from the hills," Kathleen said.

Tom Cloud checked almost on the threshold.

"John not back?"

"No."

"I can't come in here."

Kathleen hesitated; and when she spoke her voice was faintly mocking, but very gentle: "It's stuffy in here, anyway. Would you like just to—look at the night a minute?" She caught up a poncho, threw it about her shoulders. Side by side, without any words, they walked along the barren, sandy ground within the walls, under the great, drooping trees. She slipped a hand through his arm; and presently they came to rest leaning upon the adobe wall, backs to the waning moon, looking down the shadowy valley that had turned silver and mysterious in the night.

It seemed to Cloud that he must say something—anything—to get out of the grip of the quiet. "John finding anything in those old Cayuga shafts?" he asked.

"Not so very much, I'm afraid. He's working hard, Tom. And he really knows rock. There's metal there, all right; but it's the kind that takes money and time to get. Maybe we could get the capital; but I'm beginning to think we—don't have the time."

He didn't ask her what she meant by that, and the silence wrapped them in again. There was something sad, broken-hearted, in all that quiet.

Kathleen said, "You never say anything to me any more. You ride up and say, 'Everything all right?' and you ride away again. You never even tell me what you've done during the day."

"Well—I don't think I do anything special."

"What did you do today, for instance?"

"Well—we rode up the Boca Grande; and we found a little bunch we missed before, and them we tallied; and we got hold of twenty-two strapping calves, bigger than their mammies, and we sent Bravo and Carlos to run cows and all back to—"

He trailed off and stopped, frustrated by the inconsequence of his own words.

"And—?" Kathleen prompted.

CLOUD stared across the barren hills; and the coyote song was beginning, a thin, high yapping and chattering, waking the night.

"And all the long day I couldn't think of anything but you," he said slowly.

"Tom, Tom—" Kathleen began.

Cloud stood motionless, but he was turning rigid, no longer conscious of the aged adobe on which he leaned, nor the dark valley at which he looked. He was aware only of this woman beside him; against his will she filled his eyes, his brain, his whole body, even when he was not looking at her. He did not need to look at her to feel the color of her eyes, the faint, subtle quirk of her lips as she smiled, the smooth, clean curve of her body as she leaned against the wall. He knew the faint, elusive scent of her hair. . . .

He heard her say, "Tom—" and stop.

Vaguely he said, "I rode up the Boca Grande—"

Suddenly Tom Cloud covered his face with his hands. "*God Almighty, Kathleen!* This can't go on!"

THERE was a long moment of quiet in which neither one of them heard the wordless clamor of the coyote song. Then Cloud turned, and took his hands away from his face, which was left an expressionless mask.

"I don't know as this is so easy for me, Kathleen," he said.

"Maybe it isn't easy for me, either, Tom."

"Kathleen, what are you saying?"

"Do you think it's easy," Kathleen said, not looking at him, "to be with him—often every second of the day—to take care of his breakfast, to see his bed is made, to live—interwoven with the nearest intimacies of his life—and all the time loving another man?"

Cloud repeated in a voice taut as a cinch, "Loving another man—"

Kathleen cried out, "As if my heart would break!"

Cloud turned swiftly, not noticing that she shrank away from him as his hands caught her shoulders.

"Listen," he ordered her. "Kathleen, listen to me!"

"No, no—" A swift, inexplicable panic was upon her.

The arms that had laced out ten thousand ropes, and jerked into submission more broncs than he could remember—they took her against him, holding her motionless.

"*Tom, in God's name—*"

WITH one hand he turned her face upward, and his mouth smothered the words upon her lips. For an instant Kathleen Boyce stood rigid. Then, all at once she seemed to go to pieces, so that she was able to break away; not by physical strength, but simply by going dead in Cloud's arms, so that he no longer held Kathleen, or any woman at all.

"Tom, there isn't any—future to this."

"To hell with the future," Cloud said.

Wearily she shook her head. "It won't work. Nothing under heaven can make it work!"

"Be still," he said. "Kathleen, be still!" He flexed the muscles of his shoulders once or twice to make himself relax, and turned to her once more.

"I think," Kathleen said, "you'd better go now."

"Yeah; I'll be moving along." His voice was harshly casual. "I'll be seeing you in a couple of days."

"I'm sorry, Tom," she said. "Try to forget what I said."

She stood watching him, half visible in the shadow of the pepper trees, as he stepped aboard his horse. He waved his hat in salute, jumped the pony over the adobe wall, and was gone.

For half a mile Tom Cloud let his pony race back toward the corrals as if the wolves were at its heels; then he pulled it down to the customary jog trot of the range. His head was not swimming now; he was cool and steady. But he was wondering if the day was coming when he would have to kill John Boyce.

(To be continued next week)

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Careful Young Man

Continued from page 14

with trick shots, but on Santa Susanna's naked bosom there stood only the two, and Jimmy was tied firmly in his plane, in the hope that he might not perish. Studio hands prepared the ground under the trees, making it soft and springy to ease the blow.

When Marya and her taxicab bounded into the field, Jimmy was half a mile up in the sky, wheeling and wheeling, as though out for a peaceful ride in the sunlight.

At this point Marya's control failed slightly, and a few tears trickled down and made crooked paths through the make-up and hung from her heavy lashes. She started toward the waiting movie men, meaning to demand that they stop the foolish fellow, but at the same instant young James above decided to have it over with.

HE CAME down like a shot, headed for the trees and went squarely at them, and it was a neat bit of doing and perfect, even to Mr. Starkey, whose cigar had gone out. The two wings snapped off at the same instant, as though clipped with a pair of shears, and hung crazily among the branches, swaying to and fro. The fuselage dropped like a coffin, which it slightly resembled. It struck the earth nose on and turned over, and when the cameras ceased and the men rushed in, Jimmy was somewhere beneath the wreckage and all was quiet. Marya began running, her Swiss petticoats flapping, with a vague notion of dragging him out with her own hands.

When she reached the trees, the cracked plane was surrounded, and when the white-faced girl tried to break through, someone seized her and thrust her back with an angry word. The Swiss costume identified her as a movie extra, a mere curious girl trying to get close to the ambulance interne, who was already going over Jimmy and tearing up bandages.

The stunt flier came out of the wreck with his eyes closed, and somebody pushed Marya still further back. She was making inarticulate sounds and repeating his name weakly and saying he was dead, which was not the truth. There were broken bones, and no wonder, but no fatal wounds, and when this news was conveyed to Mr. Starkey he breathed more easily. Marya turned to the empty ambulance, waiting for its load, and there being no one to stop her, she gathered up her petticoats, climbed inside, and moved forward to the partition behind the driver's seat, where she found some exceedingly useful straps, and a strait-jacket, used in delirium cases. Knowing the young surgeon would immediately order her out, she strapped herself to the wall and in a few minutes they brought Jimmy and lifted him aboard, the driver and the interne. The latter was a youngish doctor, with a kind face, now a bit surprised.

"Won't do you any good to try and put me out," Marya said quietly. "That's my Jimmy, and wherever he goes, I go."

"Miss," said the interne, "I'm afraid you can't—"

"Can't I? I'm strapped here and you'll have to fight me. That's my Jimmy. Is he—is he hurt bad?"

The interne glanced at his driver, who was also a young man, and they decided not to fight. They shoved the silent aviator aboard, the driver climbed into his seat and started his motor and Jimmy was on his way.

"Is he hurt bad?" Marya asked again, removing her straps.

"He's bunged up some," said the surgeon. "Why wouldn't he be? That was a fool idea."

"Will he die?"

"Will who die?" asked a muffled voice, and Jimmy's face appeared, almost as white as the sheet. "Where are we?"

"This is the ambulance," Marya said shakily. "How do you feel?"

"I'm all right," he answered. "That was quite a knock, wasn't it?"

MARYA dropped to her knees and gathered as much of him in her arms as she could. She wept now, without trying for control. "I said you were a coward. I called you yellow, Jimmy."

"Hey," he said, "quit that. What do I care what you said? We got the two-fifty, and tomorrow we go get the little automobile."

"Not tomorrow," said the interne. "You rest tomorrow."

"You'll never set your foot in an airplane again as long as you live," the girl said huskily.

"Which must mean you're going to marry me," said Jimmy. "Say, I'm feeling better already, and if we do have a motor car in the family, I don't have to ride in it."

Marya clasped his hand between hers and urged him to silence.

"Where are we going now?" he demanded.

"To the hospital."

"I want a ground-floor room," he said. "No elevators."

Marya looked across at the interne, who had a kind face, and he smiled reassuringly, so she smiled, too, and the ambulance bumped softly across the field, while Jimmy closed his eyes again.

Wild Headlight

Continued from page 35

evening passenger train had snapped the right-hand rail in two at the quarter. It impressed them and Dan gave them no time to recover. "We got to make Centerville and start a weldin' gang out here to fix it," he told them. "Set this handcar on the track. Bring the pushcar, too. We'll take this kid in with us to the doctor."

HURRYING them was the right stunt. Only old Isaac, lifting on the side where he had a box fixed to sit on while he pumped, offered a practical suggestion. "Better we put in more rail, maybe?" he objected. "We make big work, git overtime money, huh?"

"You'll git overtime money for this handcar trip," said Dan, sorting track torpedoes out of the tool-box. "We can't put in no rail when it's gittin' too dark to see. Go set these guns on the track. Two each way, a quarter of a mile out. The rest of you go tear me some wire off the fence. I want lots of it. Hurry up, and when we git to Centerville I'll buy you all a drink."

He didn't say what he wanted the wire for. It wasn't necessary. The promise of a drink was, for the time, a sufficient persuader. While they stripped wire in the failing light, Dan tied Reed to the handcar upright, and then yanked Isaac's box loose and spiked it to the pushcar. He didn't hesitate. Both his men and the emergency were entirely new to him, but his plan was as complete as if he had worked on it for years. He grabbed the hundred-yard length of fence wire from his men, and waved them to the handcar platform.

"Git on, for heaven's sake," he ordered. "Let's git out of here before a train hits that break and goes into the ditch!"

They stationed themselves at the handlebars while he looped wire around the back axle and strung it behind to the pushcar. It was dark enough so that, even if they noticed it, they wouldn't figure what it meant. Reed, so far as he could tell by a hurried examination, seemed no worse. He had stopped bleeding from the mouth, which was a good sign, and he was cold, which was a bad one. At any rate, he wasn't dead. There was still something to save, if they got to town with him quick enough. Funereally, they ground up the dark mountain.

"Make your own gait, boys," Dan told them generously. "If a train gits through that broken rail, of course, it's liable to run us down in the dark. But, if you're willin' to take a chance on that, you can."

The suggestion fetched a spurt out of them. They whaled across a steel trestle with an ear-numbing roar. Dan knew that now, while they were primed and jumpy, was the time to play his big card on them. It might not work If it didn't, Reed Partridge would die while they poked along the track arguing about how tired they were. Dan, strained with eagerness and doubt, had forgotten all about Reed. All that concerned him was whether his plan was going to succeed or go flat on him. He let go the pump-handle, untied something from his waist, and tossed it into the dark. Out of it, behind them, bloomed a great dazzling beam of light striking about them like a darting sword as it turned with the track and bore down on them.

It worked. All together, with a strength made superhuman by terror, they took the handcar away from the headlight as if it had been shot from a sling. Dan saved himself from falling off by a wild, stabbing grab, and crouched, watching the men's faces as he pumped. As long as they registered mere panic, it was all right. But, if they once got started to thinking things over. . . .

YOUNG Reed Partridge had departed consciousness dragging across a field with a death grip on the reins of a runaway team. He came to on a mysterious floor that pitched, rocked and heaved under him, in a mixup of men's legs, shadowed intensely black, through which shuttled a jerky glare of blinding white light.

It didn't take him long to discover that he was riding the section handcar. The nature of the headlight wasn't hard to work out, either. Reed couldn't understand what it was there for, but he could see, when the beams slanted,

(Continued on page 40)

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(Continued from page 39)

that it was his jacklight, mounted on a box on the section pushcar, being towed with a length of barbed wire.

Why they were hurrying he didn't know, but he did feel that they were doing too much of it.

It was bad enough on Dan's section, where the track was good. Leaving that, they hit bumps. The Camas Corrals section was being worked over, and lifts and dips came like waves in a cross sea. The handcar veered and slewed, stepped high and bumped low; and one after the other two torpedoes went off under the right-hand wheel.

They roared across a trestle, under a snowshed, and out of it into a new arrangement in the gradations of dark. The mountain which had blacked out half the sky wasn't there any more. The sky itself had grown until whole constellations of stars shone far below them. Under them, from the middle of the dark sagebrush prairie, burned a faint, intermittent red glow. That was Centerville. They were through the divide, and heading downgrade.

The pump-handle began to move of itself, carrying their tired arms with it. The headlight had done its work, and they wouldn't be needing it any more. Cautiously, Dan bellied down, reached over, and loosened the tow-wire. A rise of track slowed it; rocking round a curve, they lost it, and alone and triumphant, they went dropping through the dark.

There was nothing to do now except hang on. Reed, cinched to the upright, had it better than the Indians, for whom there was no handhold except the flailing pump-handle. Even for him, it was not easy. They might not hit anything, but a light handcar going at such a rate couldn't possibly hold the rails very long. Any curve might throw it. A mere loose pebble on the track could stand the whole works on its head, and scatter it so far that nobody would ever find all the pieces.

THE brake was between the pump-handles, and all the men were outside of them. Reed Partridge, rocking against his bonds, his ears deafened with the wind of their speed as his mind numbed with loss of blood, heard Dan Clarke settling his plan of action.

"Stand close to the pump-handle!" Dan yelled to the Indians. "Hang on tight! I'm goin' to crawl under and git that brake on!"

It didn't accomplish much. A handcar brake is a mere foot pedal, with no advantage of leverage, and with a braking-surface no bigger than a man's hand. Dan clamped it and held it, and they stormed on as if he hadn't been touching it. In twenty miles, maybe, it might begin to take hold. They didn't have twenty miles to spare. Centerville was looming up. A switch-engine headlight lit the track, and made their fix worse. Running against the light, it was impossible to see them at all, and there were always hoboes lounging outside Centerville to deck a freight train at the yard limits. Dan, clinging to the brake, glared back at the Indians.

"Sing!" he bade them fiercely. "Sing a song, damn your hides! Isaac, make these men—"

Isaac was gone. The oldest of the gang, weariness had made him shaky. Dan, crawling under the pump-handle, had jarred him off balance, and he had fallen off. The other Indians stood gripping the handle grimly, too near dead to miss him. They didn't sing, because they didn't understand enough English to know what was required. Reed Partridge, with his last flicker of consciousness, made his one contribution to the journey.

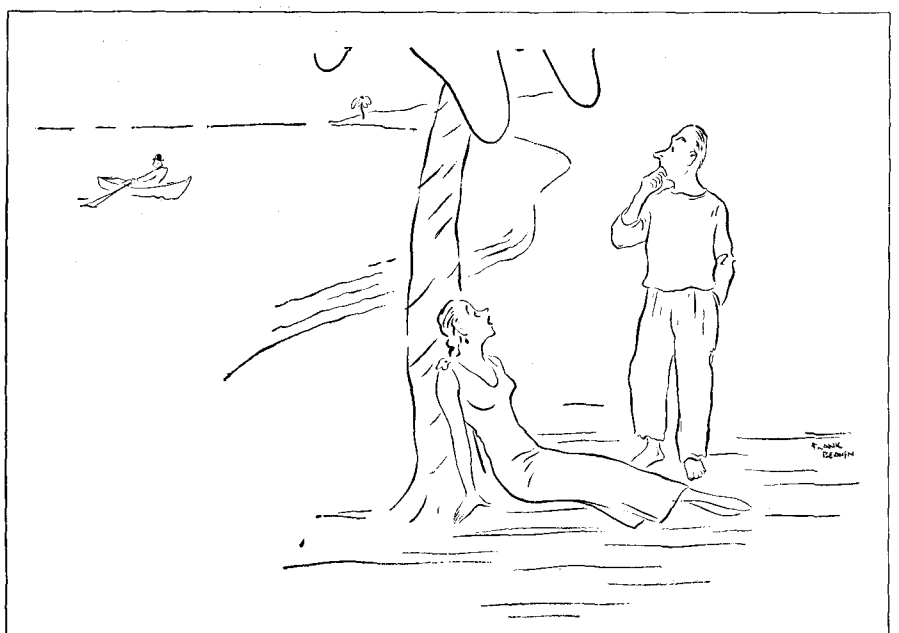
"Tell 'em in Chinook," he murmured, as Dan leaned under the cross-bar to hear him. "Tell 'em . . . tell 'em *potlatch hyas nyeena.*"

His head pitched forward, and Dan turned from him and told them, in a voice that would have won over any locomotive whistle in Centerville. One would have sworn there wasn't enough breath in the gang to lift a note. Their mouths hung open, their faces shone with sweat, and their hair braids popped helplessly as the pump-handle flogged them up and down like rags. But, quaveringly at first, they sang it out and then wailed it with a tragic earnestness when they realized how suited to the occasion such a stave was:

"Nyak-klatawa Tyee Isaac,
Nyak-klatawa Tyee Isaac. . . ."

Isaac had been entitled to a death song. . . .

Hoboes jumped out of the way, and then turned to gape. They ran past the yard-limit post and into the light where people could see them coming, but they sang on, because they were too tired to stop. A switch engine on the main line went hastily into reverse, and eased the collision by taking it going away. The handcar ran up the pilot and hung there while the engine stopped. The Indians fell off and lay down in the gravel, and Dan Clarke climbed and began to unfasten Reed Partridge's tie-ropes until the switching crew took the job away from him.



"Oh, he's from the detective agency. My husband's having me followed!" *Frank Beaven*

Dan refused to wait in the yard office for the doctor. He didn't need medical attention, he explained, and there were some overalls and things he needed to buy in town. "You won't need me any more here," he told Reed. "Well, stand up to the doctor as well as you done to that handcar ride, and you'll be back on your mowin' machine before it's had time to cool off."

REED remembered something that had been worrying him. "I didn't hide my jacklight on you to get you caught with it," he apologized. "It was ignorance, I guess. It's lost now, but it could have got you into trouble if they'd . . ." He lay back weakly.

"Did that thing belong to you?" said Dan. "Well, I lost it, so it's up to me to make it good. I'll buy you a new one uptown, when I go shoppin' for my overalls."

Leaving, he remembered that he had promised the Indians a drink all round when they got to Centerville. But they were too far gone for it, and he left them asleep in the office. Weariness was their good luck, for they woke up in the morning safe, refreshed and rested, with a big breakfast waiting for them in the section-house; and Dan came to in the county jail, with a half-dozen small charges against him, and a committee of outraged business men and policemen raking the country for some misdemeanor that would give them an excuse to keep him there.

FOSNOT strolled into the roadmaster's office for a morning visit, and found the roadmaster in telephone conversation with the sheriff's office. Rudely, but naturally, he listened, and looked pleased without waiting to hear any of the particulars. The roadmaster hung up, and turned on him.

"Giggle yourself sick," he invited. "You voted not to send him to Kuitan and we sent him, and he's in jail. He's got a busted rail on his track and nobody to flag it; he made his gang pump a handcar all the way to town in an hour flat, and they're laid up from work for two weeks; he got a man killed, and the Indian Bureau will be suin' us for a pension; he's let himself in for a game-law charge that'll land him in the pen for a year. If you don't get a laugh out of that, try slammin' the door on your finger."

Fosnot sat down. "You certainly found the ideal job for him, didn't you? What game law has he been breaking?"

"None, most likely," said the roadmaster. "A trackwalker found his pushcar with a jacklight on it, and they're goin' to make it an excuse to get rid of him. That bird never went hunting in his life, except for trouble. He wouldn't need any jacklight to find that."

"He must have some kind of explanation for it," Fosnot said. "What did he have the light for, if he wasn't hunting with it?"

That, the roadmaster explained, was where Dan butchered his case through stubbornness. He did have an explanation. But it was rather a thin one, and he refused to call the Indians as corroboratory witnesses. They hadn't known about the jacklight, and he didn't want them to. They were good men; they trusted him, and he didn't want them to find out that he had played a trick on them. Examining the Indians behind his back didn't work. True to Indian habit in such hearings, all of them denied knowing anything about anything. The boy they had brought in wounded was too sick to testify, and was also under suspicion of knowing a good deal too much about this jacklighting industry himself.

"Poaching and perjury," Fosnot commented. "You certainly paint a word-picture of an idyllic locality. What about the Indian that got killed?"

Isaac entered. Though unkilled, he had run through a grinding program, and he showed it. He had worked himself to a frazzle, cut his head on a sharp rock, slept on the bare ground, and had then got up, after eighteen hours without food, and hoofed it eight miles over rocks to Centerville. The soles were gone from his moccasins, the skin from his hands, and the coon-tail plume from his hat. He was ready to go home, and he explained, ignoring greetings, that he was looking for Dan Clarke to take him there.

"I'll fix you a pass," said the roadmaster. "You'll have to go without Mr. Clarke, though. He's in jail for a—"

"What jail?" asked Isaac, and pursed his lips when they told him. County jails were the hardest. "You make 'em turn him loose?"

They said that Dan was in too solid for that, and they told Isaac about the jacklight. Isaac wouldn't even wait until they made out a pass for him to get home on.

"Aims to wait till Clarke serves his time out, I guess," said the roadmaster, sitting back. "Funny how these bucks figure. Clarke treats him worse than I'd let a man treat a horse, and he won't even let anybody else give him a train ticket. We pamper Clarke like a pet puppy dog, and he runs away from his job to land himself in jail."

"What do you expect, putting a man like that in Kuitan Switchback?" Fosnot inquired. "I don't think much of your character-improving locations myself. And he may not want his character improved."

"I'd do different if I had it to do over," agreed the roadmaster. "He was a good man. Bringin' that handcar in last night was no bum's job, itself. If Buckley—"

THE sheriff entered. Following him came Isaac, still walking lame, and following him came Dan Clarke, washed, shaved, and bandaged.

"This man claims to be working for you," said the sheriff, indicating Dan. "If you want him, he's yours, and I'll hold you responsible for his behavior. If you don't, I want to get him started out of town."

"We can use him, I guess," said the roadmaster. "I thought you had him lined up for the pen?"

"No evidence except a jacklight," said the sheriff. "This old Indian shows up and claims the jacklight belongs to him, and that he was using it. He lied like hell, but what can a man do? Take 'em both, and get 'em out of here."

"Both?" asked Fosnot. "But if the Indian has owned up to the jacklight—"

The sheriff paused at the door. "Game laws don't apply to Indians," he explained shortly. "And he knows it, the lying old devil!"

The door closed firmly behind him. Dan Clarke took a deep breath. He had seen a side of Centerville that was entirely different from the usual funny one, and he didn't relish thinking of it. "We'll need a pass back to Kuitan," he said. "Me and five men. There's a handcar in the yards to come up on the freight."

The roadmaster remembered his pledge to handle the next chance differently. "You don't have to go back to Kuitan unless you want to," he offered. "I can fix it to keep you on here in town. You seem to like the layout. Behave yourself a few weeks till people get used to you, and they won't bother you."

Dan kicked a corner of the carpet. "I'll take Kuitan, I guess," he decided. "It's—I got friends there."

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Signal 46

Continued from page 11

Tim closed the door. "Inspector"—his voice was gruff—"it was my kid. You couldn't mistake his eyes. They're like Nora's. Nora musta come back. She's workin' at the telephone office."

"H-m." The inspector's hand absently made some strange-looking marks on an empty sheet of paper.

Tim's glance was faintly suspicious. "Funny old Jerry didn't tell you. I suppose, though," he added, flushing, "she wouldn't want me to know. Inspector, you and my old man were buddies and when I came on the force I made up my mind I'd forget it and never ask you a favor—"

"Well, Tim, you never have."

"No," Tim said, "but I want to tonight. I wanta go off duty."

"You want to go off duty!" It was not a promising tone. "What for?"

"I wanta comb this burg," Tim blazed, "until I find old Jerry Kennedy. He had no right to walk out on the kid like that without Nora knowin' it."

"So," the inspector growled, "you want to track down old Jerry, do you?"

"All I wanta do," Tim said, smoldering, "is hook my hand in his collar and throw him into a taxi. After that I'll take him home."

"And probably break his neck. Well, Tim, you're too hot in the head and hasty for a hunt like that tonight—"

"Inspector—"

"Tim," the inspector cut in crisply, "I must recall to your mind what I said to you three years ago when you marched in here for the first time in a uniform. I told you then that when an old friend dies in battle, fightin' beside you, it can make you sentimental about his son. That mistake I've avoided. Whatever you've got from me, you've had to fight for and I'll not be startin' favors now. Go back to your car."

"Yes, sir." Tim opened the door and vanished. In due course the inspector noted, from a window, the rubber over Tim's broad shoulders picked up the green reflection of the entrance lamps and Tim, in a thick white whirl of snow, moved across the sidewalk and went back to his cruiser.

THE inspector said immediately into his telephone: "Bill, get me McLean at the telephone office. And send Duckworth over there in my car. Tell Duckworth to wait in front of the building." His fingers, while he waited, drummed impatiently on his desk. "Hello, McLean," he said presently, "this is Inspector Doyle. I want another favor. I want you to let Nora Donovan off for the rest of the night."

"Well," McLean grumbled, "I suppose if I could make a job for her because you told me to, I can let her off—"

"I'd appreciate it. Now I'd like to speak to her."

A girl's slow, rich voice eventually overtoned a jumble of calling voices.

"Hello, Nora," the inspector said. "This is an old friend of yours, Inspector Doyle."

"Inspector—Doyle!" Once when the Colonel had been two years old, the words and the frightened tone of her voice had been identical.

His eyes sobered. "Nora," he said, "I've arranged with your boss to let you off for the rest of the night. But before you go home I want to see you."

"But—but, Inspector—" Nora gasped.

"You'll find Patrolman Duckworth in my car in front of the telephone building. He'll bring you over."

The receiver in his hand clicked sharply into its hook.

Waiting, he unlocked the drawer in his desk and looked at the file. It contained the record of a secret, wearisome search for Nora Donovan.

He closed the file and shoved it aside when Duckworth knocked.

"Come in," he said.

Patrolman Duckworth opened the door. The inspector's eyes, as Nora Donovan came in, lingered reassuringly on her startled face.

It was a beautiful face. The fine fire of Nora's blue eyes looked back at him through black thick lashes and he thought of Tim at twenty with the face of this girl burning into his blood. Well—the inspector sighed—she was prettier now.

DUCKWORTH, loitering in the doorway, discovered his chief's full gaze upon him and hastily closed the door.

"Nora," the inspector said, pulling up a chair for her, "your small son gave me a ring tonight. He couldn't reach his cough medicine. Old Jerry was out."

"Out!" Nora echoed. "Out!"

"In a minute or two," he said humorously, noting the quick sparkle of anger in her eyes, "you'll be madder at me. I asked old Jerry to leave him alone. I asked him to put his medicine where he couldn't reach it."

Her color rose.

"Young Tim," the inspector told her, leaning back in his chair, "promised to take his medicine after Jerry went out. And when he found he couldn't get at it, he did faithfully what he was told to do. He called up here."

"But—but why?" Nora flared.

"Well, he'd been led to believe that old Jerry'd be here. But he wasn't. Instead I sent a policeman up to help him. I sent—his father."

"His—father!" Nora's face went white. "His—father!"

"I forgot you didn't know," the inspector said carelessly. "For all of three years now Tim's been on the force."

"No. No, I didn't know. Cousin Jerry didn't tell me."

But there was no softness in Nora's steady eyes and the inspector said casually: "When did you come back, Nora?"

"Two days ago. I—I didn't want to come but Cousin Jerry found me and I—I needed money."

"And you weren't even hoping to get a glimpse of Tim?"

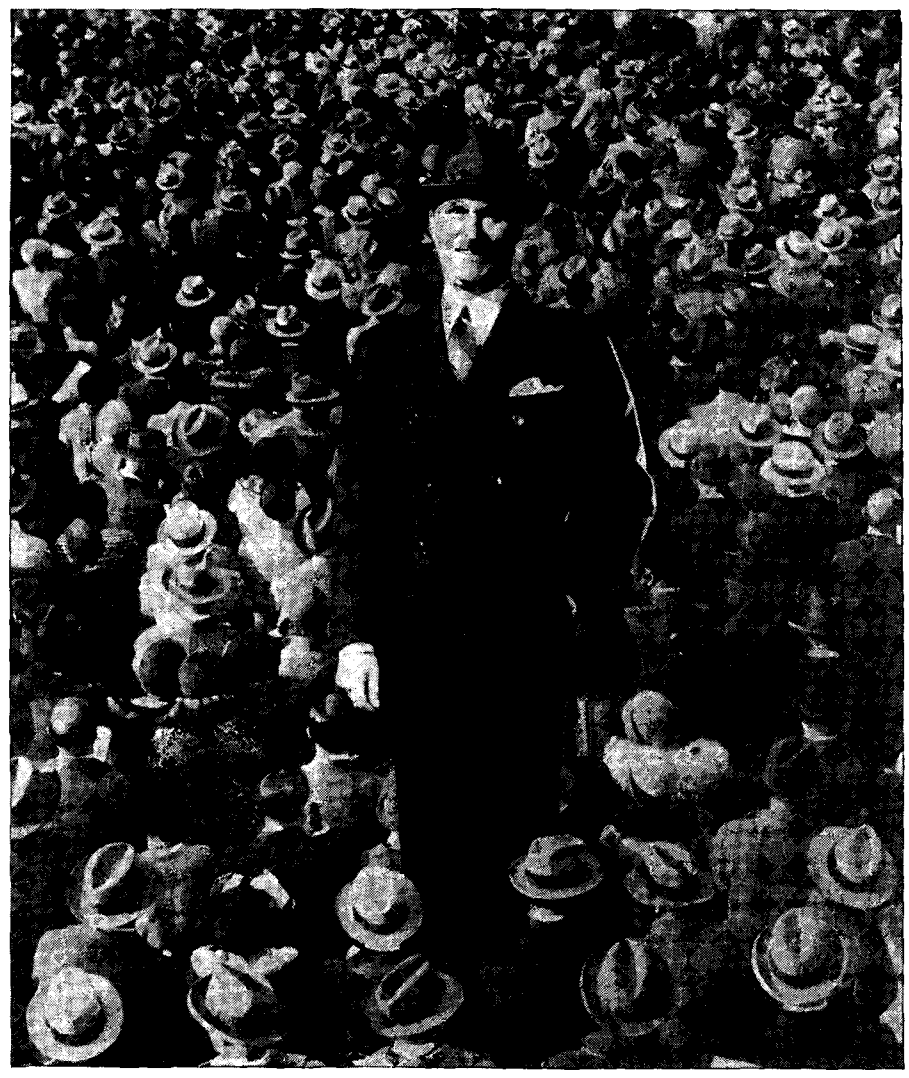
"Inspector," Nora said, her face scarlet, "I think I know why you sent Tim up tonight to reach the cough medicine but it won't—it can't do any good."

"Well, now, Nora," he said promptly, "I'm thinkin' you don't know. I went to work tonight, tearin' the heart out of Tim for a special reason. Ever since Tim was a kid and his mother died—and his father—Tim's needed a lot of bumps. He's needin' another. He's wallin' himself up hard and bitter and kinda reckless because he doesn't much care what happens to him. Now I want my men to have courage and sense but I don't want a rash young fool in the hospital a coupla times a year, full of bullets. He's been in once with a bullet through his shoulder. It was my idea when I framed Tim tonight that I could maybe smash him up and get the pieces together in a safer pattern."

"Inspector," Nora said, "I—I can't stay. I can't. My boy is alone."

"Oh, no, he isn't, Nora," he said twinkling. "There a husky lad in uniform on the fire escape under his window. Officially he's not on duty tonight but I

(Continued on page 42*)*



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(Continued from page 41)

told him what I had in my mind and he volunteered. Tim's got a lot of friends. How old were you, Nora, when you married Tim?"

"Eighteen. I was a fool."

"You were foolish maybe, runnin' away with him. He wondered briefly if anything could shake the calm of her mouth and then, as if the strings he had deftly touched had pulled her to pieces, Nora's arm went out on his desk and her head went down. Her racking sobs filled him with guilt.

"I'll never—love anybody again," Nora said, choking. "Not like that. It's a trap. A cruel trap. I—I was so crazy about Tim that I thought I had to have him, no matter what. And it killed my mother."

"Oh, no it didn't, Nora." His voice was gruff and impatient. "You were seventeen when you came here with your mother to live and even then she'd been an invalid for years."

"She never forgave me," Nora said. "She couldn't forget that Tim was wild and worthless. But he promised—he gave me his word of honor that if I'd run away and marry him, he'd change—he'd change for me—"

"He did."

"Three years," Nora said. "Three years. And then it was over. It doesn't matter. Not any more."

"But it matters to me," the inspector said heartily. "Tim's one of my boys and Tim's father—died in my arms, with old Jerry flat on his face in a shell hole. weeping his heart out. Tim went to pieces when he lost his job. He was discouraged. He kept looking for work and couldn't find it."

"And so," Nora said, "he drank and drifted back to his friends on the waterfront . . . day after day. . . ."

"IT'S hard to go home, Nora, when you think each day you'll get a job. And it burned Tim up, you takin' care of his baby with your mother's savings."

"Every promise Tim made to me he—broke. He knew—he knew every time he drifted into Angelo's who'd be there—Murphy and Joe Getts and Link Green—"

"Hoodlums." The inspector nodded. "Rowdy kids. But none of them then were gunmen. That night when the row broke out and the police went in and clubbed them apart, they were fighting with fists."

"And Tim was in the thick of it! I used to dream about it—you calling me up and Tim here—arrested!—with the rest of his gang."

"Well," the inspector said slowly, "Tim's made his mistakes and maybe you made yours running away from him."

"My life," Nora said, stung, "was no longer mine. I had a baby. Tim's friends were the kind of boys who get to be gunmen. And my baby was Tim's son. I couldn't—go on with that ahead of him."

"Maybe not. And maybe by going you pushed Tim over a brink. He traveled wild after you ran away—"

"What—did he do?"

"Well," said the inspector dryly, "I didn't give him enough time to do much of anything. You see, his father was on my mind. But when I went down to Angelo's one night to look for him, he was beginning to travel high, wide and handsome with an automatic on his hip. I got him into the car and brought him in here so I could tell him what I thought of him. Then he said some things I didn't like and I knocked him down."

Nora trembled.

"Tim's hard to handle," the inspector said reflectively. "He got up and made a dive at me and I knocked him down again. That time when he got up, he looked at me hard and he said, 'Inspector, if a guy as old as you are can knock me down twice, I must be in punk condition.'" The inspector grinned. "He worked all summer on my brother's farm. And in the fall he was on the force. Four years, though, when you're young, is a long time, Nora, to stay away. Didn't you ever want to know what he was doing?"

"I—I never want to see him again."

"YOU'RE harder to handle than Tim. You've been hard to find, Nora. A farm sixty miles away!" he shook his head. "I didn't even know your mother had a stepsister. Even old Jerry had never heard of her."

"You've been looking for me!"

"More than a year. Ever since I got to know that Tim could be trusted. I've had police chiefs and sheriffs climbin' all over your family tree. And I sent old Jerry up in his car to bring you back. For a long time now I've wanted Tim to see his son."

"To make him a better policeman!"

"To make him a better man," he said quietly. "Before the curtain goes down on this man Tim Donovan might have been, I wanted to give his heart a twist for the good of his soul."

"It was—cruel! Oh, how could you do it? Tim was crazy about the baby."

"I'm afraid all around," he said compassionately, "it's been a tough night for Tim. Out here tonight, Nora, Link Green was killed for shooting a man. Link is the third man of the old hoodlum gang to run afoul of the law. The devil's getting the rest of 'em. But I've got Tim! But my part of the job is over. It's time for you to take the wheel."

"No! . . . No!"

He tried not to look at her face, white and stricken and wet with tears. And he said relentlessly, "Is Tim's boy like him, Nora?"

"Yes." Her lips trembled. "He doesn't know what it is to be afraid. And he loves you to death—"

"Like Tim. . . . Tim's still in love with you, Nora—"

But Nora was stumbling blindly toward the door.

"Think it over, Nora," he said at the door. "Tim's a handsome boy. Women look at him. After all, he's young. He won't always keep his eyes ahead."

"I've brought Tim's son up"—Nora's voice was suddenly steady—"to keep a promise."

"Well," he said reluctantly, "Duckworth will take you home. Good night, Nora. . . . And Merry Christmas."

The inspector's telephone, at eleven o'clock, announced Mr. Kennedy.

"Inspector," the desk sergeant said, "he wants me to pay the taxi."

"All right. Pay it. And send him in."

Mr. Kennedy arrived in his old friend's office with an air of flight. He looked for some reason older and smaller than he was—a trim, skittish Irishman with a bald head, tufts of light gray fuzz above his ears, and a humorous mouth.

"Been playin' poker?" the inspector inquired dryly.

"I have not," Mr. Kennedy retorted grimly. "I've been payin' taxis. Tim's after me."

"Tim's after you! Tim's on his car."

"Would a small thing like that be holdin' a Donovan back?" Mr. Kennedy demanded elaborately. "He's called up a whole bowling alley and turned 'em loose on me. The nigger at the Republican Club comes up and says to me, John, 'Mr. Kennedy, are you here tonight? A bowlin' alley is tearin' the town apart lookin' for you and part of it's on the wire.' 'I am not!' I said, grabbin' my cane and my derby. 'I am somewhere else entirely.' And I was in a coupla seconds, for I taxied across the town to see McGinnis. Out there, to be cautious, I got out a block away from the house—"

"Never mind all the details."

"I got out a block from the house, you old flatfoot," Mr. Kennedy retorted, "and sneaked up on it cautious because Tim knows my habits, and there in front of the gate is a car full of the bowlin' alley, watchin' the busses. I grabbed another taxi and headed for here."

The inspector shook with laughter.

The telephone tinkled again and the inspector said, "Hello!" and "Okay."

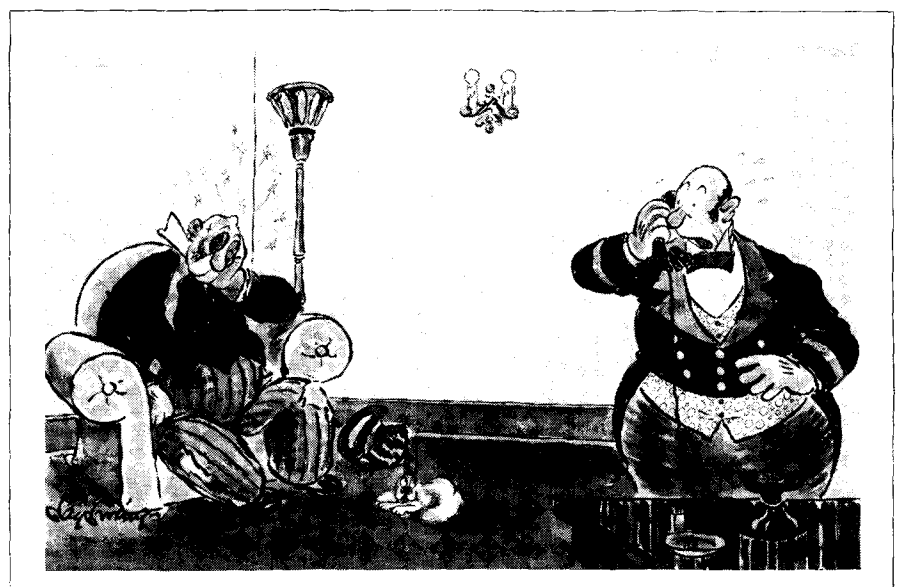
"Duckworth," he said, hanging up. "Nora's home. He just left her. Well, Jerry, in a little while now we'll know whether you and I are two old fools or two wise men." He unhooked the receiver again. "All right, Bill," he said. "Have Tim's car flashed. The operator has the message."

CRUISER No. 5, when the flash went out, was north of Jefferson Avenue.

"Calling Cruiser No. 5." The monotone of the operator was not quite as casual as it might have been. He had been coached and he was, furthermore, a friend of Tim's. "Calling Cruiser No. 5. Small apartment house. 16 Jefferson Avenue. Apartment 2B. Jeremiah Kennedy. Signal 46."

"Now, Tim," Jim Adams said instantly, "for Pete's sake, don't look like that! You're jumpy tonight. The kid probably got a kick out of it last time—"

"Step on it!" Tim said angrily.



"Hello, Doctor? You'd better come right over, Doctor. Fifi bit a policeman!" *Jay Irving*

At 16 Jefferson Avenue, Tim was on the sidewalk before the car stopped.

The hall on the second floor was quiet. Tim tried the knob of 2B, knocked and listened intently for the scampering sound of the Colonel's footsteps. Nora Donovan opened the door instead and Tim froze on the threshold. He said gruffly:

"Did—did somebody here call up the police station?"

Something ached hotly in Nora Donovan's throat, stung at her eyelashes and strangled her voice.

"Nora," Tim exploded, "is—is anything wrong?"

"I don't know," Nora said, crying. "I—I guess I'm just proud of you, Tim. And I want—to help."

Tim closed the door. "Say it again!" he said, holding her eyes. "The whole night's cock-eyed. Maybe I'm not even here. I dream like this of meeting you all of a sudden, only you always look the other way. Why—why do you want help?"

"Because," Nora choked, "I can't—I can't live without you. I've tried—"

His arms caught her.

Thirty seconds later a small woolly figure loomed up silently in a doorway.

"Nora," the Colonel said, shocked, "that's the big guy I told you about!"

"What d'you mean—big guy?" Tim said in a voice of authority. "I'm your old man."

AT THE Inwood station the inspector looked impatiently at his wrist watch. "Well, Jerry," he said, "I guess now, if we drive slow, I can take you home. Duckworth's back. Old Tim ought to be here," he added.

They traveled out in silence to the inspector's car.

"Somewhere along here, Duckworth," the inspector said on the boulevard, "we ought to pick up Tim's cruiser."

"That'll be it," Duckworth said, peering through the windshield. "It's slowing up."

The two cars stopped.

"Okay, Inspector," Jim Adams called. "He's there. And Joe's left the fire escape. He's on his way home."

On the second floor at 16 Jefferson Avenue, old Jerry in a panic rejected the key of the living-room and went in by way of the parlor. He had guessed wrong. The parlor no longer was taboo. The Colonel, it was apparent, was in full control of the situation.

At the end of the room Tim was adding a few touches to the Christmas tree and the Colonel, on Nora's lap, was staring in fascinated interest at its complicated sparkles.

As the door closed, Tim turned. Old Jerry flung up his arms.

"So there you are!" Tim grunted.

"Officer Donovan," old Jerry said sternly, "why are you not on your cruiser?"

Tim flushed. "Inspector," he said, "the cruiser ditched me. I called up the station and Bill told me to wait for you here."

"Tim," the inspector said, "I—framed you!"

"I'll say you did!"

"You got a lot of friends, Tim Donovan," old Jerry jeered. "A bowlin' alley full of 'em."

"Inspector" — Tim's eyes were thoughtful—"did Jim Adams know, and the rest of the crew?"

"I'm afraid they did, Tim. The precinct's been boilin' with it all evening."

"Nora"—Tim's voice was possessive and old Jerry delightedly slapped the air—"can you beat it? Look at the pair of 'em! Can't you see 'em with their heads together, dopin' it out? Two old harps!"

The clock struck twelve. A Christmas sound of bells drifted over the city.

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Marriage for Revenue

Continued from page 33

"My key," he answered.

"It isn't yours any longer, Larry—it's mine. That isn't quite fair, is it?"

"That depends," he said after a pause. "It's more or less what I came to talk about. Let me ask you a question: You're not planning to marry anybody else, are you?"

"No; certainly not."

"Then here's another question—several more in fact. What's wrong with me, Ellie? Have I any rotten little habits that jar on you? Do you hate my looks or the way I eat?"

She smiled and then frowned, puzzled. "What strange questions, coming from you!" she exclaimed, seating herself. "What are you driving at? If it's a reference you want—"

He shook his head impatiently. "Cut the banter! This is what I mean—how do I stack up against the average run of men?"

"You know without my telling you," said Eleanor soberly, "but you can test it out for yourself. Ask any woman. Try nodding at a pretty girl in the street. You'll get your answer. You'll find you're so far above the average you couldn't give offense if you tried."

"That's the way I feel about you," said Raglan, "only a lot stronger. If I were picking out somebody on points I'd rate you a blue ribbon. You've got looks, decent manners and smooth ways. Everything on the outside is just as it should be."

"Where is this getting us, Larry?" asked Eleanor quickly. "Are you starting in to make love to me all over again?"

Raglan scowled. "Not that. I'm not a fool; you're through with being in love with me and I honestly believe I'm through being in love with you. But I can't forget one thing, Ellie; I can't forget the years we've lived together. If we find each other so all-fired decent doesn't it seem an awful waste to chuck them overboard?" He leaned toward her and a sudden eagerness lit up his face. "Listen, Ellie; please listen. You're missing out on something. You don't know the fun I'm having."

"Fun?"

"Yes, and I'd like to have you in on it. Why not give ourselves another chance? Why not try—really try?"

"Fun doing what?" she asked, genuinely curious.

"Fixing up that old place. Dreaming it out. Starting with the bare floors and walls and—"

"Oh!" gasped Eleanor.

SHE was like a woman slapped. She sprang to her feet so abruptly the chair she had been sitting on toppled and almost crashed. The blood rushed to her cheeks, her breasts rose and fell with the violence of her breathing. But her eyes, instead of flashing, turned cold and fixed.

"You're mad," she continued thickly. "You and that horrible old house!" Then a bitterness crept into her words that turned them to acid on her lips. "Why did you come here? To get the truth? Then here it is: I've never been happier than in the last few weeks. I haven't missed you at all. I'm glad to be rid of you and your crazy notions. I don't want you again—ever! You asked for this, and you got it. Now give me my key and go back to your slums."

Raglan rose slowly, nodding his head up and down. His face, a moment ago so vividly alive, was a blank as he took the key from his pocket and laid it on a near-by table. He walked to the door, picked up his hat and turned to sweep the room with a glance which took in everything except Eleanor. It was a glance of appraisal rather than of farewell and by the time he reached the street his eyes were smiling. He was square with himself, with Eleanor and with the past.

RAGLAN was camping in the second floor back of his newly acquired house. It had been swept and scrubbed since the day of his first inspection, but as yet little else had been done toward making it habitable. Biddy, the first and last nurse ever employed by his particular branch of the Raglan family, was installed. She was very old, but her duties were correspondingly simple—to sleep in the house and oversee from a rocking-chair whatever work was going forward.

Having waked absurdly early, he was glad to find her up and a pot of tea already brewed. He shared it with her, sat chatting for an hour and then started in the general direction of the office. He loafed along, window-shopping before the weirdest displays, doubling corners left and right as the impulse seized him until the East River turned him back. What a jumble of streets! What strange sights in this near-by unknown world, and how astonishing the variety of human types! Why travel when you could cross boundaries within the limits of an hour's walk?

Abruptly Eleanor, who had looked upon a yearly trip abroad as an indispensable social cachet, invaded his mind. The memory of their final interview caused a sudden dissonance, so that, thinking of her, he forgot the scene about him. What had she wanted anyway? Had he ever really tried to find out? As for himself, he knew exactly what he wanted, had always known—a home, a woman and children. Could anything be simpler than that, closer to the bone and fiber of existence?

A broad shadow barred the way before him. He looked up, startled to find himself already under Brooklyn Bridge. Strange region! He pottered about, discovering incredible tucked-in places that made him laugh. Here was a world in itself—a world of monuments to a buried past rather than of living people. A clock struck vibrantly in a shop within an arch. He glanced at his watch and hurried toward Trinity Place. Within ten minutes he was entering his office by the private door and a moment later Kit came in to him.

"Could you see a lady, Mr. Raglan? She wanted to talk to Mr. Abbott but he telephoned he won't be down this morning, so she'd like very much to see you."

"Who is she and what does she want?"

"It's Mrs. Mulholland, the sister-in-law of Regis Mulholland. You remember Regis, don't you? She's the new girl who's been doing so well."

"No, I don't," said Raglan, "but it's all the same. Show the lady in."

Dora Mulholland was of a type not immediately attractive to men but whose charm, once it begins to work, spreads like a drop of oil on water. She was petite and, though well-formed, managed to impart an impression of fragility. Her limpid dark eyes seemed too big for her face and along with the tremulousness of her lower lip aroused a desire in others to rush to her aid. The fact that she was on the verge of tears at the moment of coming into Raglan's presence did nothing to diminish the power of her special appeal.

Soon, leaning far forward, she was saying earnestly: "Oh, Mr. Raglan, you can't imagine what this means to me. It was terrible, losing Don—terrible in a way I can't explain because it cuts so deep. But this is different. It's so unnecessary—so avoidable. That's why I've come to you—why I'll go to every employer who takes Regis on. I'll make them understand. I'll show them that everything depends on the position she and I can maintain, the front we put up before the world. She's young and wrong—so wrong! She feels only the present and doesn't look to the future. Her going out to work hurts me in another way, and hurts herself. Together, with what she has and the little I have, we could make a stand and both win out. Can't you see what I'm fighting for, Mr. Raglan? Can't you?"

"No," said Raglan, a bewildered look on his face, "frankly, I can't. I gather you want some girl or other fired, but I have nothing to do with that end of the business—really I haven't."

"I'm fighting for a home," concluded Dora, her eyes wet with tears. "If you have a home you know all I mean."

THE effect of these words on Raglan was to sweep him away from her specific errand into contemplation of the subject nearest his own heart. That he should meddle in the affairs of the outer office had been unthinkable from the start, consequently he had scarcely listened to her argument and, in spite of Kit's reminder, could not have identified Regis on a bet. But Dora's concluding statement struck a chord he could hear all too well; his eyes absorbed her for the first time and lit with a strange light. He studied her with awakened curiosity, and no man could plunge into those liquid orbs with impunity.

His gaze tore itself free, but only to dwell on her person. By dress and manner she belonged to Eleanor's world, but in all else she was Eleanor's opposite. Eleanor was a lovely base for cosmetics, a walking exponent of triumphant art. But there was a creamy softness about Mrs. Mulholland that suggested her very self as a soothing lotion. Unconsciously he yielded to her presence like some tawny animal basking in the sun.

Her voice awoke him, but gently. "Well, Mr. Raglan?"

"Eh? Oh, yes. There ought to be something to do about it. Perhaps not exactly in the way you ask, but—"

The tears rose in her eyes almost to overflowing, but not quite. "I don't even know where she's living. She has her mail forwarded here. They tell me she can't come to the phone and she never calls me up."

Raglan leaned forward. "Listen, Mrs. Mulholland, forget all that! What does it matter anyway? I won't do what you ask because I can't, but there's something you could do for me—something that might possibly help you out in a small way as well."

"What?" she asked, immediately on her guard.

"Cut any engagement you may have and go somewhere for dinner with me tonight. I'll drive you wherever you say."

"Oh, I couldn't possibly!" exclaimed Dora, but the eager light in her eyes belied her words.

KIT, seeing Mrs. Mulholland depart with a smile on her lips and a peculiar absent look in her dreamy eyes, feared the worst for Regis. She did not know positively what had been the object of the early morning call, but she could guess; in fact, so well was she acquainted by proxy with Dora's ways, it was more than a guess—a certainty.

(Continued on page 44)

The new way to face winter is not only to look out for exposure

but also to build up resistance!

It never pays to brave bad weather unprotected. But neither is it wise to stop with *outward* precautions.

If you want to avoid the chance of uncomfortable winter ills, you must also keep your own physical condition at prime. You *must build up your resistance!*

This is a new idea which has taken strong hold among thoughtful people. They see the mistake in letting their resistance run so low that they cannot stand the slightest exposure, in waiting until they're actually sick to begin building up.

What these people do now is to protect themselves *in advance* against the special demands of winter. Each fall they begin with a *resistance builder!* Two factors, they have found, contribute particularly to their well-being—Vitamins A and D.

Physicians often advise people who fail to get enough of these factors to take halibut and cod-liver oils or Viosterol.

But there's another way to obtain Vitamins A and D without the use of the oils. An easy to take concentrate supplies them —*Squibb Adex Tablets-10 D!*

Squibb Adex tablets differ from any other source of resistance-building Vitamin A and sunshine Vitamin D. Each tablet contains 1000 units of Vitamin A and 2450 of Vitamin D, specially protected to ensure you of their benefits.

Start with Adex now. Take them regularly *every day*. At any good drug store.

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(Continued from page 43)

She waited, holding her breath, for Mr. Raglan to send for the office manager or show some other sign. But she waited in vain through that day and the next, then sighed with relief as she decided to banish the strange incident from mind. Trained in a close-mouthed school, she had not so much as mentioned the visit to Regis.

Forgetting, however, proved no simple matter. In the first place there was curiosity in its most tantalizing form: something vital must have occurred, consequently something should have happened, finally nothing had. Then there was Regis, going about in happy ignorance, a constant temptation to tell all and perhaps learn something. But Kit's patience was at last rewarded in startling fashion. Mr. Raglan continued incorrigible in the matter of closing his door, for he still believed himself a man without a secret. Passing it without listening, so innocent of eavesdropping that the words took on meaning only after she had returned to her desk, she heard him say: "That will be fine, Dora. I'll call for you early—around four."

Kit puckered her brows and again she guessed with surprising accuracy. She could almost have outlined Mr. Raglan's movements during the last few days. As a matter of fact, taking Dora out in the evening was rapidly becoming a habit with him. He had shown her what plays she had not seen. He had motored her up the river for supper and a slow drive back in the moonlight. He had discovered in her a peaceful person, easy to be with. But somewhat to his surprise, though he realized fully his own profit in the arrangement, at no moment had he been tempted to step out of the rôle of a good-natured stop-gap, offering his services to tide over a lonely interlude.

THERE is no telling at what point this altruistic pose would have broken down had not a cyclonic storm in the office swirled him upward out of danger. Things in general were going at a feverish pitch. Everybody was working under a strain, he doubly so since of late Abbott had frequently been absent from the office. No longer could Mr. Smith keep dapper up to lunch time; closing hour as a fixture had become a myth. Black circles under everybody's eyes was the order of the day. And yet, so mad was the whirl, that all seemed sustained by speed alone as if invigorated by some new brand of wine. Into this maelstrom, in the space of a single forenoon, tumbled two climactic events: Raglan received his final decree of divorce and immediately thereafter Abbott came hurrying into his presence with the air of one who bears important news.

"This is a surprise," said Raglan, yielding to sarcasm for once in his life. "Decided to do a little work today?"

"Work!" exclaimed Abbott, the blood rushing to his face. "You're dumb. Your brain whirls but can't move. You're a flywheel that thinks it's going somewhere because it's turning fast. I haven't been playing golf to improve my game or rushing the Bankers' Club to increase my waist measure; I've been working my head off to lift you out of the peewee class and give you a chance to show whether you're a man."

"Easy, Ad," said Raglan, his good nature fully restored. "I guess we're all a bit on edge but I hadn't any right to push you off. Sit down, put up your feet and give us the news."

"No, thanks," said Abbott shortly. "I could sit down but I couldn't stay down," he added presently and started pacing backward and forward, his doubled fists thrust in his pockets. "Can't you guess what I've been doing?"

Raglan fingered the document before him. "No. For a minute I thought it might be this, but—"

"This what?" asked Abbott sharply.

"My final decree."

"Oh, hell!" snarled Abbott. "You're like a baby. You're playing with toys. Who cares who divorced which and why? Today is the biggest day Abbott, Raglan & Company every saw."

"And it's still early," murmured Raglan. "Come on, Ad; spill it."

ABBOTT faced him. Drawing himself to his full height, he said impressively, "We have been offered a participation."

"A participation, eh?" repeated Raglan. "With whom?" Abbott came close, leaned over and spoke to him tensely in a low tone. Raglan's eyes smoldered and then seemed to break into flame. "Those are big names, Ad."

"None bigger," said Abbott, straightening and resuming his pacing of the floor. "Do you realize what this means to us?"

"Yes," said Raglan slowly, his eyes staring into some imagined future. "Yes."

"That's what I've been doing with my time," continued Abbott, "what I've been shooting at from the start. It puts us in a new class, lifts us out of the ruck."

"Great stuff, Ad," said Raglan; "you deserve a lot of credit. What is it they're letting us in on?"

Words poured out of Abbott in reply: "That big underwriting of the Benton Peruvian power properties—bond issue as well as Class A and common stock—and we're in on the whole show. What's more, who do you think is going to handle the pool operation? Tige McClurg! Of course, I'd rather have had something domestic, but what does it matter? We've got a toe-hold and the rest is up to us." He looked down to find Raglan's brows drawn in a tight scowl. "What's the matter with you? What are you frowning about?"

"Didn't you see that letter from Eric Dremmer?"

"What letter?"

"Of course you did," continued Raglan. "I remember taking it in to you to ask if you thought it was worth while chipping in on the commission for his South American tour."

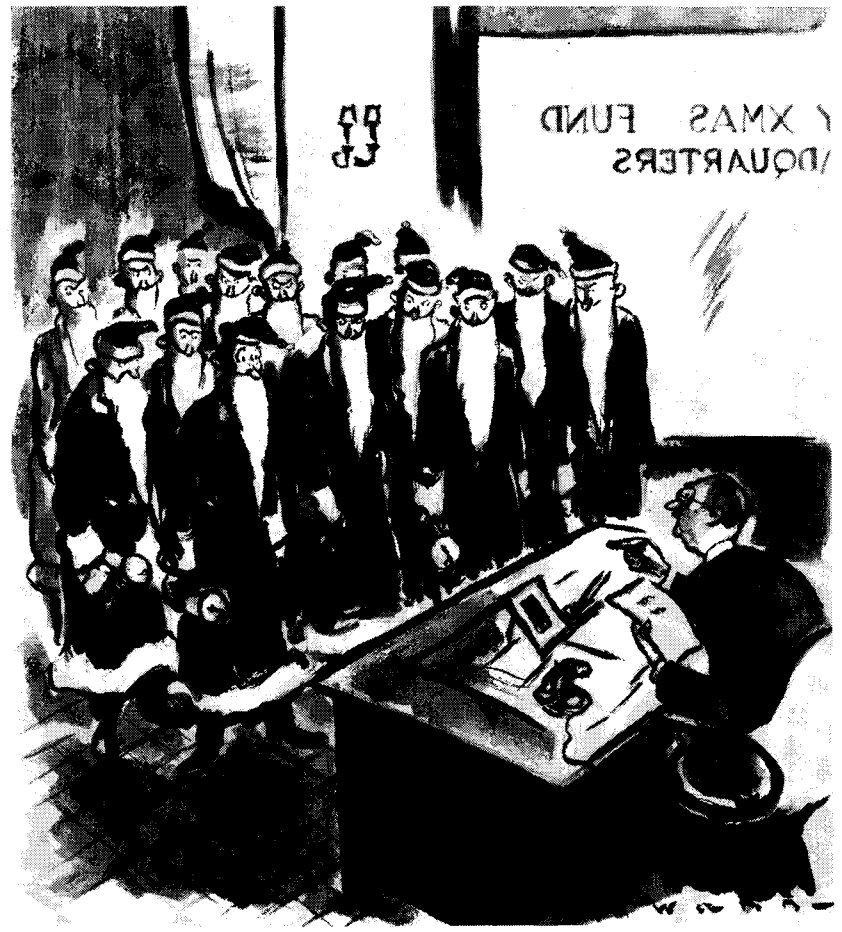
"Yes, and I said no. But what's that got to do with this?"

"Why, half the letter was about those very properties. Don't you remember? He said the groundwork stank to heaven, that the consumption figures were based on a population of ten million without allowing for the fact that nearly half the inhabitants of the district live in a state bordering on savagery with no possibility of industrial activity during the life of living man."

"I don't believe that thick-head ever knows what he's talking about," said Abbott angrily.

"I thought he made it pretty clear he'd been over the whole ground," resumed Raglan's low voice, "and that the proposed development made even some of the local Peruvian bankers laugh up their sleeves."

"What of it?" snapped Abbott with startling suddenness. His face, recently so flushed, was turning pale and his eyes had assumed a fixity that made them seem like glass. "Whoever heard of Dremmer?"

"You and I have," drawled Raglan as if he were sparring for time.

"Several kiddies have complained that most of your attention went to their mammas" *Paul Webb*

ABBOTT licked his lips, moistening them so he could speak. "Let's get this straight: Are you suggesting we turn our back on a chance to go in with the people I named? People who are institutions—who can tell even Washington where to get off!"

"That's not a fair way to put it," said Raglan quietly. "They may not know what we know."

"Know? Exactly what do we know? Nothing. A financial gossiper sends us his weekly sheet. Fine, but use your brain. Do you think for a minute we're such a shining light he couldn't see any other names in the bank directory? If we know, they know, don't they?"

The frown tightened on Raglan's forehead. "What you say sounds reasonable, but I can hardly believe it."

"What's your idea, Mr. Sit-by-the-fire?" asked Abbott, taking his turn at sarcasm. "What do you suggest our doing?"

"I think we ought to show them that letter."

Abruptly Abbott went to pieces. "Show them that letter!" he screamed. "Show them that letter!"

The plunge from the pinnacle of self-esteem to the depths of a defensive wrangle had been too much for him. So shrill had been his cry that it penetrated partitions guaranteed to be sound-proof. First Kit, at her desk, straightened as if she had been touched with a pin; then, farther away, Mr. Smith turned rigid on his feet, his hand half extended to receive a document. For an instant, the entire activity of the main office ceased. Regis breathed in the startling silence with distended nostrils. She had an exaggerated feeling that a world was ending, but before that weird fancy could take the form of an actual thought Mr. Smith was again in motion. As if at a signal the normal clatter recommenced.

"What are you trying to do?" Raglan was by that time asking of Abbott. He spoke sharply but without raising his voice. "Why shout? Do you want to tell John Jacob and the rest of the graveyard all about it?"

Abbott stood with his hands hanging at his sides, clenching and unclenching his fists, striving desperately for self-control. His palms were wet.

"Let me tell you something," he said, his voice hoarse. "They've had that letter—not only Dremmer's, but reports of their own. You can take that much from me, ram it in your pipe and smoke it. Now, I've got to know exactly where you stand. Do you want to open a Sunday school and teach that crowd to sing a hymn?"

"No," said Raglan.

"Then where are you heading? Spit it out. Do we go in, or don't we?"

"Not I," said Raglan.

"That's your last word?"

"Yes."

RAGLAN was sitting, Abbott standing, but their eyes were locked so firmly their gaze seemed to form a level bar. Again Abbott moistened his lips, but he could not speak at once. A lump rose in his throat, choking him, then slowly receded.

"What are you going to do about it?" he whispered.

"What do you want me to do?" asked Raglan.

"Get out."

The words were scarcely audible, but they rang in Raglan's ears. Two spots of color started to glow in his cheeks. "You mean it?" he asked in a voice as soft as velvet.

"You bet I mean it," said Abbott, his powers of speech fully recovered. "Get busy. Figure out a give-or-take price for the firm. There never was a time like the present for me—never! I can swing this thing alone—swing it a lot better with you off my back. You? You've been the mud on my wheels! But eat this—chew it and swallow it: You thought you had stopped me from riding a thousand XL all the way up from thirty-six. Well, you didn't. I can buy you out ten times over."

"You did that?" asked Raglan quietly.

"Oh, don't worry; you needn't sharpen your eyeteeth. I had the sense to buy it for somebody else."

"Abbott," said Raglan, "I'm a fool. We've been together four years. Next to you every day, and it's taken me four years to smell skunk!"

(To be continued next week)

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Tough while They're Safe

Continued from page 21

any major criminal a national outlaw. Even crossing a state line while engaged in the commission of a crime or in escape from the scene may conceivably be made a federal offense, thereby uniting federal and local agencies into an effective and nation-wide army.

Keep Them Running

Although Congress may not be ready to sanction the continental custom of universal finger-printing, federal officials think that a start toward such a permanent check should be inaugurated. They may ask legislation for finger-printing such classes as purchasers and operators of automobiles, firearms, airplanes and any other device found in the armory or accouterments of the modern, well-equipped criminal. There is no other way, in Mr. Keenan's opinion, to strike at the growing use of fast automobiles and deadly weapons by the criminal element.

Bailey, who was an expert on the get-away—criminal gangs now have their specialists as never before—supplied another idea that is fundamental. Besides tending to deprive outlaws of deadly weapons and get-away devices, any new legislation, in Mr. Keenan's opinion, must be designed to keep them on the run. In crime as in football it is excellent strategy to hurry the key man in any play. The oftener and faster violators have to move, the more hot trails they leave. It also breaks their morale and helps to destroy the incentive to crime.

So it was with the Bailey gang. Tales that they lived in swell style are products of the imagination. They didn't have time for that. They never dared to travel by train or to stay in a first-class hotel. High-priced automobiles, stolen or paid for with dishonest money, were not luxuries so much as criminal necessities, for they made unbelievably long and arduous jumps in one night.

In their own right they are not even criminally brave, according to Mr. Keenan. It is only the ease with which criminals can obtain implements for crime and escape that makes them increasingly bold and cruel. Kelly and Bailey were really tough only when free to grab a gun or to step on the accelerator, to shoot it out or flee. Even when he and Katherine were sending death threats signed in blood to Mr. Keenan. Kelly was like an animal in frightened flight. Several times he dared not return to a parking lot for his car because he suspected, wrongly, that the place was under surveillance.

Katherine was the hardest and brainiest of the three. She planned the kidnapping, according to Mr. Keenan, and suggested Urschel as the wealthiest and most likely victim. Her favorite coo is profanely unprintable, although the quaint, four-word expression featured almost every ten words of her conversation. She was a bad girl from away back, to put it chivalrously.

Last Year's Hero

Continued from page 30

before last's martyr's crown is worth about as much as year before last's straw hat. People forget you when they can't use you."

"Some of them do," the dean admitted. "What else have you learned?"

"Well—I know that it doesn't pay to start at the top. Alexander the Great did it and got away with it, but he must have been a better man than I am. And—" Gordon scowled. "And I've learned that when something is damnably wrong, and you can't do anything about it— Why, you—you can't do anything about it. . . . And I know now how a man feels when he's in a jam. I hope I wouldn't wriggle out the way Storer did, even if I had a wife and children; but I wouldn't be too sure of it till I'd been tried."

"The beginning of wisdom," the dean observed. "So you need a job till October. . . . My brother runs a summer colony up the coast—Boulder Beach; and he asked me to find him a manager for the club. I'd thought of helping out some deserving football player, but—that job needs a man who's been around and knows something. If fifty dollars a month and your keep would interest you—" Gordon could hardly speak for a moment.

"Interest me? My God! It sounds like Paradise."

"Don't think you'd spend the summer lying around in a bathing suit and talking to girls," the dean warned him. "You've got to run a restaurant—a good one—without losing money on it—"

"I was steward of the fraternity house once," Gordon told him.

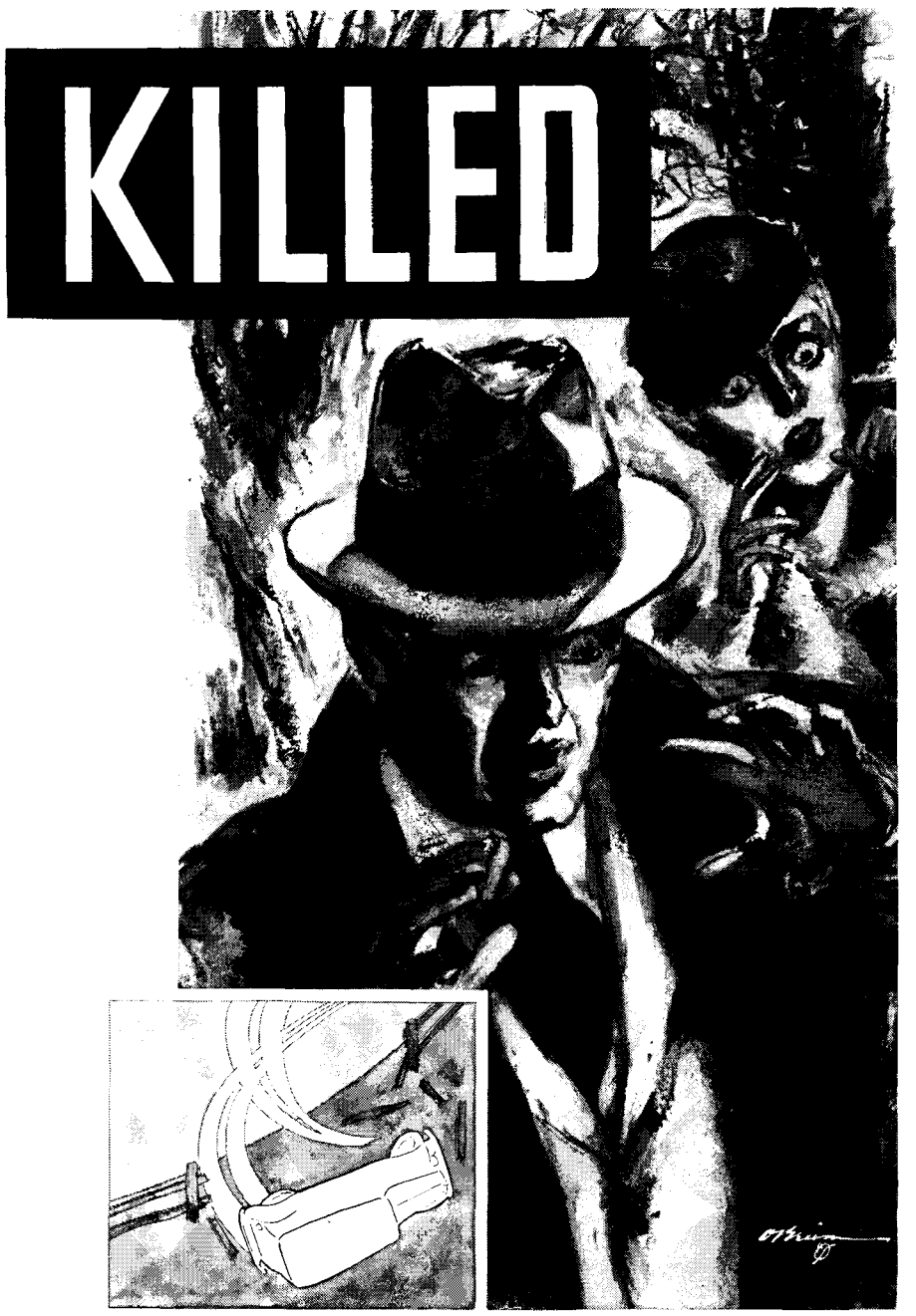
"That helps. But you'd be not only a hotel manager, but an accountant, a diplomat, a scout master, a policeman, and a laborer. You'd have to supervise servants, keep books, take care of the equipment, cut the grass, keep the tennis courts in shape, remember the names and faces of a couple of hundred people, make the children behave on the beach and the dock, hire a not too rotten dance orchestra for next to no money, be on hand if a life saver is needed, dance with any woman who isn't getting her share of attention, and always be available if somebody needs a fourth at bridge. In short," said the dean dryly, "you'll have about as much on your mind as a college president; and if anything goes wrong, no matter whose fault it is, you know who'll get the blame."

"Yes," said Gordon, reddening. "All the same, I'd like to try it."

He wondered afterward if the dean thought it was strange that he hadn't made some polite inquiry about Deborah Kyle French and her husband. He'd tried to, more than once; but always the words stuck in his throat.

MANAGING the Boulder Beach Club was even harder than the dean had predicted. The older members of the colony—people who owned their cottages and could still afford to live in them—were a strait-laced lot; they deplored the lower moral tone brought in by the renters. Not that it was so very low—but the new people drank more; and, indignant because the Old Guard wouldn't let the club sell beer, they were apt to bring flasks to the dinner-dances. It was one of Gordon's duties to persuade them, tactfully, that they might just as well do their drinking off the premises; and he managed it, with a diplomacy that the slashing crusader

(Continued on page 46)



1,740 KILLED—51,720 INJURED
FROM SKIDDING ACCIDENTS
MOST SKIDS PREVENTABLE

DEATH annually collects a frightful sum for our carelessness. The pitiful part of it is that most of these accidents are avoidable. The criminal part of it is that most of us know how to avoid them, but we're careless. We take chances.

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NRA WE DO OUR PART

WEED CHAINS

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(Continued from page 45)

of Wiscasset would have scorned. By mid-July everybody was saying he was the best manager the club had ever had; and he felt a satisfaction that went deeper than comfortable living and money in the bank. For the first time in his life he had mastered a difficult job. And then—

One afternoon, on the dock, he saw two women in bathing suits coming toward him—Mrs. Ponderby, one of the younger renters, and a stranger. . . . No—his heart began to thump—not a stranger. This tall, slim, blond girl, with gray eyes of a disconcerting directness—

"Gordon," said Mrs. Ponderby, "I want you to meet a friend who's going to share my cottage while Joe's abroad. Deb, this is Mr. Blount—"

"I know Mrs. French," said Gordon, proud of his hard-won suavity; and both women looked as if he had dropped a ton of brick on their bare toes.

"Miss Kyle, please," Deb corrected frigidly. "Nice to see you again, Gordon. . . . Is it deep enough to dive here?"

She dived in, swam out to the float; and Lucia Ponderby looked at him with an uneasy amusement.

"Of all the things that might better have been left unsaid—!" she observed. "I suppose you don't know that the French bank failed last winter, and Deb broke the engagement just afterward. Not that I blame her; Vance French with money might be endurable, but without it— Still, you can understand that she doesn't like to have it thrown in her face."

"I don't believe it!" said Gordon with deplorable lack of diplomacy. "I mean— She wouldn't drop a man just because he lost his money!"

"If there was any other reason," said Mrs. Ponderby, "I never heard her mention it." Gordon stared at the slim figure out on the float. He wanted to swim out to her and tell her he didn't believe it. . . . But, after two years, she probably didn't care whether he believed it or not.

SO HE went back to his office; and an hour later, glancing out of the window, he saw the two on the tennis courts. Hastily he went out to them.

"Sorry," he said. "Tennis in bathing suits is against the rules."

Lucia Ponderby, who knew it was against the rules and had merely hoped that she might get away with something, shrugged and walked off the court; but Deb stalked up to Gordon, her gray eyes blazing.

"Will you tell me why on earth you object to tennis in bathing suits?"

"I don't," he explained patiently. "But the Board of Governors—"

Deb muttered something impolite about the Board of Governors; but Mrs. Ponderby linked her arms in theirs and marched them away.

"Deb, I won't let you quarrel with Gordon; he's much too nice. Come up to the house and have a drink, both of you! I'm sure you need it."

Gordon knew he needed it; when Lucia went out in the kitchen to mix the drinks he found himself shivering. Alone with Deb, for the first time since— But Deb wasn't shivering; she was indifferent, almost sullen. Awkwardly, he apologized for his blunder; he asked about her father, about the college; then, at last, managed to ask what she was doing—

"Me?" she said. "What should I be doing, just out of college? I'm looking for a job."

"I don't imagine you'll have trouble finding one," he observed.

"Oh, that kind! I want a real job —not the kind father's friends would make for me. And I haven't had any luck so far."

Then Lucia came in with the drinks, and Gordon found himself telling about the jobs he'd had in the last two years. He could make quite a comic story out of it (now that he was eating again, three times a day); Deb was amused, interested, almost friendly. But maybe her gayety came from the cocktails; while he was having two she had about six. So, when Lucia went out to mix another round—

"You don't want any more, do you, Deb?" he asked uneasily.

"What if I do? This is a private house. I know you're the beach policeman, but I hadn't heard that you were dean of women too."

He wanted to slap her; and—much more violently—he wanted to kiss her. But he didn't know what good that would do him if she was going to freeze up like this. . . . It wasn't like her, this childish sulkiness; and it wasn't like her to drink too much. Something must have hurt her, in these last two years

"Sir! You will kindly turn over that pearl to the management!"

William Steig

when he wasn't there to do anything about it.

Before long he discovered that, whatever it was, he couldn't do anything about it even now; try as he would, he couldn't reëstablish any contact with her. Most of the time she was indifferently polite, and sometimes not even that. Then, at the Saturday night dance, they waltzed together—in silence and with his arm around her, her face almost against his, he felt as if the old days had come back. But when they strolled out afterward she led him to her car and offered him a drink, and he had to tell her it was against the rules, on the grounds; and she froze up again.

AFTER that she was continually on his nerves, a thorn in his flesh. He hadn't realized how many rules they had at the Boulder Beach Club till Deb took to breaking them, and whenever he spoke to her about it she acted as if he'd invented them out of pure meanness. Yet he wanted her more than ever—not that there was any use saying so, when he was going to have to start the newspaper business from the bottom next fall; not that she ever gave him a chance to say so, anyway. Still he wanted her, and he was sorry for her. Now and then, behind her chill scorn, he could see a trace of brittle insecurity —as if overstrained nerves were driving her blindly on. . . .

Another Saturday night dance. Gordon, dutifully dancing with any woman who looked neglected, had lost sight of Deb, when the chairman of the Board of Governors—an old conservative—came up to him, sputtering.

"Blount, this must be stopped! That Kyle girl has got a batch of young people drinking with her, out on the dock. Put her out—off the grounds!"

GORDON strode out on the dim-lit dock. The dance music started up again; some young people passed him, going toward the clubhouse. Deb was a dim white figure far down the dock; as he approached he saw a flask uptilted to her lips. One of the young people called back to her—

"No, don't wait for me," she answered. "I'm going to finish this."

"You are not!" said Gordon Blount. He snatched the flask away from her; with a swing like a discus thrower's he hurled it out into the bay. "Now," he said, "I'm going to take you home. If you can't obey orders—"

"You've got no right to give me orders. I'm a guest."

"Do you want Lucia put out of the club on account of your behavior? What's the matter with you, anyway, Deb? Trying to break all the rules—"

"I never heard of such a cockeyed set of rules as you've got here."

"Some of them are silly," he conceded. "But you can't change them and neither can I. What's the use of making trouble when you can't do anything about it? Even if you don't like the way things are done here—"

"And where have I heard that before?" asked Deborah Kyle.

"Oh." He flushed. "So you've been getting even with me for the way I raised cain at college? Well, if it's any consolation to you, I'm pretty well ashamed of that. Maybe you'll be too, when you grow up. . . . Come. Your car's here, isn't it? I'm going to take you home."

"You are not!" said Deb, her eyes blazing. "I won't move."

"Try it," she challenged. His hands reached out to pick her up; and for the second time in her life she gave him a stinging slap on the mouth.

He flung her hand aside, pinioned her arms; he was about to pick her up. Her eyes were close to his, her mouth close to his— He kissed her roughly, felt her whole body shudder and go limp; he released her arms; they wound around his neck and pulled his face down to hers.

"Darling—" she gasped. "Darling—" Suddenly she released herself, stood clinging to the railing for an unsteady moment, then patted her hair and smiled at him raggedly.

"All right," she said. "That's over. I'll go home, now."

"You won't. This isn't over. Deb, I'm crazy about you—"

"You think so because I've been on your nerves. But it—it wasn't just to see if I could get a rise out of you, Gordon. Or just to get even. Partly it was my nerves and partly— I wanted to see if you could take it. Rotten of me. . . . Come—let's go home and have a drink."

"I don't want a drink," he said. "And you don't need one. You drink too much, Deb. What you need— Well, I think it's me," said Gordon Blount defiantly. "And God knows I need you—"

"You don't want me. I'm no good. I can't take it."

"Can't take what?" he demanded.

"DID you meet that Mrs. Mills tonight —the Parkers' guest? I've known her for years—but she's Vance French's aunt, and she cut me tonight—before a crowd. I knew I was letting myself in for things like that; but when they happen—"

"I don't believe it!" he said. "I mean— You didn't drop French because he lost his money."

"Of course not. I'd persuaded myself that I was in love with him because— Well— But when I got to know him, I saw it wouldn't do. I wrote and told him so—and then the bank failed. . . . I was so sorry for him then that if he'd come up grinning—just grabbed me, and said he wanted me to be poor with him —he might have got me. . . . But he couldn't take it; he was meek. He said he was going to be poor and of course I'd better not marry him. But he said we'd better not announce that the engagement was broken for fear people might think—what they did think. But I'd made up my mind I didn't want him, so I decided to let people think what they liked. We don't explain, at Wiscasset."

"You sporting little idiot!" said Gordon. "And now about us—"

"But when things like this happen," she interrupted, "I can't take it! You —you don't want a girl who can't take it. I mean—as a matter of principle."

"Principle be darned," said Gordon Blount. "I want you. . . . Deb, I'll give you a real job, if you'll have it. I'm going to be poor—for a while; and I want you to be poor with me. It's going to be tough on you; I'm used to it, but—" She shuddered.

"Oh, darling, I wish I'd been poor with you these last two years. When I think of what you went through while I was taking life easy—"

"You might as well start being poor with me now, then. I promised the chairman of the Board of Governors I'd put you off the grounds. . . . Deb—we could drive to the county seat in half an hour, and get a marriage license from somebody—" She linked her arm in his.

"Here we go," she said blithely. Then, looking up at his hair that her hands had tousled— "Darling, you've no idea how much nicer you look without it. . . . I mean the martyr's crown."

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Russian Nights' Entertainment

Continued from page 27

one half pounds) of very small fish, the kind (minnows) we net in the Moskva River. Put the fish alive on the stove in a big enough pot, and when the water is boiling add a pound of black (not red or gray) caviar and a pound of onions, and the caviar will turn white at once. Now take a live sturgeon, medium size, scald it, cut it into chunks and mix it into the pot. Serve this in big plates, with a side dish of small cakes, the size of a rouble (about the size of a quarter) made of potatoes and any kind of fish you prefer.

"You can follow the bouillon with this dish, which was popular with the mistresses of the grand dukes: Cook a small sturgeon in a quart of champagne. Take out the sturgeon when it is finished, but continue to cook the champagne, adding mushrooms and greens until it is a thick sauce. Pour that over the sturgeon, and serve with cold boiled lobster on the side. How the girls would dance and sing after such a meal!

An All-Time High in Parties

"I recall that some of the better-known grand dukes liked a duck prepared this way. Choke it to death so that the blood will remain, then fry it rare. Next you slice it thin, and squeeze the blood out, very carefully so that you get every drop. Put the wrung meat back on the stove to cook until well done, but stir a quart of cognac into the blood. It will make a rich, pasty sauce, which you pour over the meat."

"Little father, what was the gayest party you ever saw given by the dukes?"

"That is not easy to say, for every night there was one, each merrier than the last. I shall call the famous champagne lake party the biggest, because it lasted the longest, many days and nights in fact, and was gossiped about throughout Russia and even in foreign lands. It was such a large party that from the first the restaurant was closed to all except the grand dukes and their friends. But it was just ordinary for a time, with girls dancing on the tables and pulling the beards of the dukes, and with much throwing of pastry and caviar across the room.

"Then something turned up which made us waiters realize this was going to be an unusual party. One grand duke got into a great talk with an army officer about dam building. The officer was in the engineer corps. The duke said that he, a noble who knew nothing about such matters, could build a better dam than anyone in the army. You know how these talks go, when everyone is full of fun and vodka. Soon the duke wagered that he could take bread dough from the kitchen and build a dam or dike of sufficient proportions, in that very room, so that champagne could be poured into it to make a lake big enough for the girls to swim in.

"Thereupon all of us—grand dukes, officers and waiters—took off our coats and went to work, while the girls screamed encouragement. Tables were cleared away and carpets rolled up. The cooks made dough as fast as they could, and we rushed it to the dike builders in great pans. The duke outlined the dike eighteen yards long. What with the dukes and officers pounding dough into place, and the girls playfully kicking it out again, and everyone getting it into his ears and eyes, and drinking vodka after each batch, it was nine the next morning before the dike had risen three feet all around and the first champagne was spilled in.

"Thousands of bottles were emptied into it that day alone, but it leaked so much the girls weren't able to swim, although they were ready and some fell in anyway and got awfully messed up. Three nearly suffocated, while one little girl nearly choked to death from swallowing dough and we had to send her to a hospital. All day they worked and laughed and drank, and crawled off, one at a time, to sleep a little.

"By midnight of the second day they managed to get the champagne to a depth of two feet, and then the dukes and officers jumped in with the girls. Such bedlam, such fun! I could scarcely drag myself around, and it got to be a sort of nightmare in which queer figures, neither men nor women, all pasty white, all smeared from head to toe with soaked dough lumps, their eyes swollen, staggered and laughed and quarreled.

"Do you know what happened to a battleship that was here?"

William von Riegen

"Word of the fun got around town, of course, and the street was filled with people who tried to look in, and when we nailed down the blinds they just stood and listened. It was necessary to repair and refill the dike constantly, for with all the excitement and floundering the merrymakers kept shoving their arms or legs through the dough. Whenever there was a leak hundreds of quarts of champagne would run away, and everyone would leap to the breach with fresh dough, and we had to send to every other restaurant in St. Petersburg for more dough and more champagne. The champagne trickled across the floor, over the sill and into the street outside, where beggars got on their hands and knees to lick it up.

Where Are They Now?

"It was more than a week before we got the last of the dukes and officers and girls packed off to their homes, or to the hospital. The Czar personally sent members of his staff to help us, at the end. That was the biggest party ever, I guess, for they never did get the lake so that it didn't leak. In damage to the restaurant, in champagne—there wasn't a quart left in St. Petersburg—in dough and in other matters that party cost the grand dukes half a million roubles. And now my throat is dry from talking, so we shall have a drink of kvas—"

"Kvas, little father—" I began.

"Hold your tongue," Gusef laughed. "I know what you are going to ask. What is kvas? How is it made? It is next to our hearts, after tea and vodka, and it is made from rye bread distilled with the aid of sugar and fruit. You Americans are all alike—how? What? Why? In the old days I could tell the Americans in the restaurants by their manners. They made less noise with their soup than Russians or other Europeans; they did not smack their lips, or use toothpicks at the table. Nowadays I can tell Americans by the numberless questions they ask."

It was nearly midnight, and I wanted to go to the Red Square to hear the chimes in the Kremlin Tower, where Czars sat of old and cracked sunflower seeds as they watched the executions on the headstone below. Gusef went along; and there were thousands of Muscovites abroad in the streets, for the Russians are great walkers. High above the pink walls (after which this ancient market place was named) a red flag quivered under the lambent rays of a searchlight. Lenin's tomb, a symbol of death and dissolution outwitted, loomed mysteriously against the base of the storied fortress; you felt rather than saw it.

Midnight struck, and the buzz of conversation—a noise as distinctive of Russian cities as traffic roar is of American—floated curiously away in the darkness. There was a quick astringency in the air; a binding of space, a suspension of time, of breath itself, as the medieval bells played the modern Internationale. Sympathizer or opponent, one had a tightening of the spine that defied analysis and was a pure emotional brushing of the intellect. The last note vibrated; time began again in the Red Square.

I turned to Gusef and surprised in his eyes a detachment that proved he had not been with me this pregnant moment. "Little quill," he smiled, apologetically, "I have been thinking—of Kazanev, Samaroff, Levinovitch and the others. I wonder where they all are now?"

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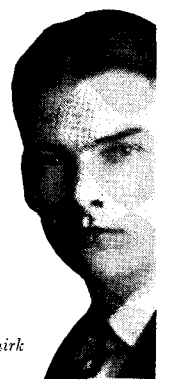

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Wife-Beaten

Continued from page 31

to stay the prosecution of it if the husband's only default is his inability to pay alimony or counsel fees. But I shall illustrate as I go along.

Suppose we look for a moment at the simple mechanics of alimony grants. Applications for alimony and counsel fees are made immediately upon the institution of divorce or separation proceedings. The awards are made solely upon affidavits elaborately compiled by attorneys. There is no prior court hearing on the merits of the litigation or the earnings or income of the husband.

In the majority of such cases the wife is granted a temporary allowance which is generally out of all proportion to the income of the husband. This we call temporary alimony, and temporary alimony can be so close to actual racketeering that the line of separation is almost invisible. In theory it is an allowance made to the wife, of whose condition and estate we may know nothing, to enable her to subsist until the action is reached for trial when a determination may be had on the merits of the case. And that established, if the wife is successful in her suit, a permanent award is made for her support.

But what generally occurs? Having obtained all the relief she may expect in the event that her suit should be successful, the wife neglects to go on with her action to its final determination, fully realizing that she has nothing to gain and everything to lose. The result is that in the majority of the cases coming before my court the award of temporary alimony operates for all practical purposes as a final award. And the merits of the action are never fully determined.

A Wife's Revenge

The situation has developed into one of the most deplorable of rackets operated by wives to extract money from husbands and by unscrupulous lawyers to win counsel fees. Happily I am able to record that the number of attorneys who lend themselves to such schemes is small. But the vicious few that thrive on such racketeering are more than enough.

From Pennsylvania I learn that if the husband is unable to pay because of the current general unemployment he is not punished for contempt. In Pennsylvania generally one finds little imprisonment for non-payment of alimony, and when one finds it, it is for short terms only. Similarly Ohio is unwilling to imprison alimony debtors, such cases becoming fewer and fewer in that state. One discovers a similar growing feeling in Massachusetts. And California makes no such mockery of logic. There the courts are inclined to be lenient with husbands. Attorneys' fees are seldom exorbitant. The husband is not required to pay money he is not able to earn or receive as income from other sources. Financial ability is a prerequisite to a judgment for contempt and financial disability is an honest defense.

These states have shown progress. There and in some others we witness no such travesties of justice as I may illustrate with the case of the salesman whose salary was fifty dollars a week.

The court ordered that this man should pay to his divorced wife ten dollars a week for her own and her child's maintenance. There was no protest from the man, who not only paid cheerfully enough but, having recovered from the unhappiness of his first marriage, married again. Two children were born of the second marriage.

Like millions of workers, the economic depression deprived him of employment. The first wife, well employed and entirely able to support herself and her child, did not wait. She did not inquire into circumstance. Neither did it soften her heart that her former husband's two children by his second wife were but babies—nineteen months and one month old. She immediately applied for an order committing him to jail for contempt, and to jail he went. He is there as I write this. His second wife and her infants are destitute. He might have obtained a job, at materially reduced salary, had he been at liberty to take it, but there was no mercy in his first wife's heart.

Separate Courts Are Better

Such is the law which I am compelled to administer. That it leads the court into absurdities is neither here nor there—such is the law I am sworn to uphold.

Our courts too readily accept the woman's contention in her petition for alimony and counsel fees—accept too blindly, with what may be characterized as a false chivalry. It is due to a certain extent to an inheritance of former and outmoded standards when the difference in the earning powers of men and women was more marked than it is now. Another reason is largely one of sentiment. In our consideration of alimony we still defer to what our fathers were accustomed to calling "the weaker sex" and still are likely to regard man as "the brute." Sentimentality still defeats reason.

Too much consideration has been given the young woman under thirty-five, healthy and able-bodied. That such a supplicant is without children has not markedly altered the court's attitude toward her. She is still the "weak woman"; she is still the "wronged party" in theory. She may have earned her livelihood before marriage and nothing may have transpired to impair her ability to resume her self-support. Yet she is encouraged in her desire to continue her lotus-eating ease at the expense of a man she has come to loathe, whose income is the only remaining attraction he has for her. Too much consideration is given the outright gold-digger who assumes the vows of wedlock for no other reason than the financial security she may thereby achieve. The responsibility of successful marriage is upon the woman as much as the man.

Similarly, too much consideration is extended to the divorcee who remarries. She is not averse to being supported by two men. She is materialistic enough to accept alimony from the first husband while enjoying the allowance granted her by her second. Yet she is represented to the court as a spirit in torment, a wronged woman, a suffering sister. Certainly her claims to double support should be completely discouraged except where there are children by her first marriage who are in her custody and are being maintained by her.

The creation of separate courts for the consideration of divorce and alimony exclusively results in a variety of advantages. To begin with, there are more equitable alimony awards. Courts sitting on motions of this character exclusively, knowing that a trial on the facts will follow speedily, may purposely fix temporary alimony at a low rate, thus making certain that the plaintiff's attorney will diligently pursue the action.

The judge following the litigation from its inception is in a better position to rule throughout than is a brother judge who is called upon at random to consider some isolated or incidental motion. The judge who directs all his judicial efforts to this type of litigation soon acquires a background invaluable in disposing of such actions with fairness to both sides. Soon he learns to evaluate and appraise the various witnesses in divorce actions—the parties to the action, their relations, the children, the private detectives, the servants, the meddlesome neighbors.

"Does Gloria, the girl of my dreams, live here?" *Buford Tune*

For Better or for Worse

In the present circumstance (and I speak in particular of my own court in New York, but knowing that New York is not alone in this), I enter court for the day's grind to face a variegated calendar of perhaps one hundred and fifty to two hundred motions. All of them appear to me to have equal importance. I may not look with prejudice upon any of them.

A bill of particulars may require more time to dispose of than a motion for alimony. But what am I to do? A judge called upon to dispose of so wide a variety of motions must accept his calendar as it comes to him. He may lament his predicament, as I do. But he must face what few facts he has at hand and act upon them—for better or worse. He may regard with a certain forgivable cynicism the words of the court crier:

"Oyez, Oyez, all ye having business in this court come near and ye shall be heard."

The crier is uttering a formula. Litigants in these motions cannot be heard except through the medium of affidavits fortified perhaps by brief oral argument of counsel.

Here is a man who was not only a capable and courageous lawyer but who, for twenty years, served the people as prosecuting attorney. When a very young man he married the daughter of a wealthy family, his income at that time being seventy-five dollars a month on the legal staff of a transportation corporation.

In due time he entered the prosecuting attorney's office and at the time of his retirement on a pension of $3,600 a year his annual salary had grown to $12,000. In 1920 his wife left him. He continued to support her, although her inherited income was far in excess of his income from his legal practice plus his pension. He continued also to support the two children. Actual divorce followed in 1924 and she was granted alimony of $5,000 a year.

Ruthless Determination

Now note this: The wife owned several valuable pieces of property which produced a fine income. She was the proprietor of a thriving business in antiques. Her family had settled $100,000 upon her and her prospects of inheriting far greater wealth were acknowledged.

Presently the husband's health failed. Paralysis was accompanied by a heart ailment which made it impossible for him to do even the lightest legal duties. And yet a judge in New York was compelled by law to grant an order sequestering his property in the interests of the alimony which his wealthy wife insisted upon collecting. At least she collected a part of it. His property consisted of his pension—and nothing else. Fortunately the court had reduced the five thousand dollars to thirty-six hundred dollars, the exact amount of his pension. So this once capable lawyer had to depend largely upon charity for his poor existence from which death soon thereafter released him.

These facts do not make the court happy. The court finds too many ghastly injustices to be comfortable. The court thinks, perhaps, of a man whom the law has forced him to send to prison in spite of the fact that such imprisonment may mean the man's death.

This unfortunate has an incurable heart ailment. Yet he was able for a time to pay the small alimony awarded to his wife. Presently his illness became so acute (and a jury of independent physicians agreed unanimously and immediately that it was so) that he was no longer able to work. He was adjudged in contempt of court upon his wife's demand. In prison it was agreed that his chances of living in confinement were most remote and application for his release was made.

But his wife opposed his release. It is her contention that, doctors' testimony notwithstanding, he simulates these heart attacks, that he is shamming. At any rate she will not hear of his release.

Perhaps in spite of her, the court will release him. But it had better be soon.

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At Cinders Lake

Continued from page 24

dancing with excitement and nervousness. "No man's ever seen that before. There weren't men on the earth when things like that were common."

"Supposing it scents us?" said Tillson out of a dry mouth.

"The wind's wrong for that," babbled the doctor. "But look at it! Look!"

It was ghastly. The silence of the lake between the hills, marred only by the engine throb and the lap of water. The cold, impersonal moon. And there, gliding ahead, that which should have died in the youth of the world. Five minutes passed, and ten, and Dr. Ardis wiped the sweat from his forehead. All that strychnine, enough to kill a hundred men, and nothing was happening.

"My God!" Tillson choked suddenly as his nerves snapped. "What's wrong? I thought you said you had poisoned it?"

The doctor's own nerves began to fray.

"Don't you think I know?" he demanded. "Strychnine kills in a matter of minutes. But . . . but who knows about its reactions on organisms of a million years ago?"

AT THE end of fifteen minutes he was worked up to the point of telling Tillson to speed up behind that awful head so they could pour bullets into it. They could surely blow the brains to pieces at short range with three rifles. But even as the suggestion was on his lips the first spasm came to the Thing. It stopped short. For a moment it was motionless, and then it dived with a sudden, curving plunge that set great waves roaring over the water, so the cruiser was almost unmanageable for a while. But even though it had disappeared they could follow its enormous writhings and twistings by the lumping roils that came to the surface, and Dr. Ardis let out his breath in a harsh whistle.

"That's it," he croaked. "It's taking hold. Half an hour ought to see the finish."

Tillson stopped the cruiser and they waited. With an abrupt rush a vast bulk shot from the depths and into the air. In the full moonlight they saw the great head and neck joined to a bloated body as large or larger than a sperm whale's. They saw two mighty paddle-shaped flukes flailing aimlessly. They caught a glimpse of two monstrous, webbed and heavy-clawed feet threshing the water to foam. They saw a tail that must have been all of thirty feet long, flattened and surmounted by heavy spines. Then everything dropped into the lake again with a roaring splash and a splitting noise that echoed and reëchoed to the very hills. Almost at once the head and neck rose again and, in mad waves, with long curving dives between, the Thing raced toward the estuary and the sea. The cruiser, half-swamped, tore along in its wake and Tillson stared at the dials before him with popping eyes.

"We're making thirty knots," he said. "And we're not closing up."

They roared into the estuary, bucking the tide, but it did not seem to affect the Thing. It kept on, blindly heading for the sea, and in spite of its weavings and wide semi-circlings, not all the power of the cruiser could bring it nearer. The cruiser itself was plunging heavily, showered with spray. Tillson had started the pump connected with the engine so there was no need for hand bailing, but it was all the pump could do to hold the water down.

"Another five minutes," exulted the doctor. "Another ten. What does it matter? Nothing that was ever created can stand the dose I gave it."

"Maybe," said Tillson, shouting above the engine roar. "But we can't keep up this pace if there's any sort of swell outside."

"We've got to! It *can't* live long," protested the doctor in a panic. "It *can't!*"

But the Thing did live. It swept out of the long estuary and the cruiser met the first swells of the open sea. Luckily it was calm and, setting his teeth, Tillson held the pace. The Thing seemed to be weakening. Its mad weaves and long, curving dives seemed to partake more of the nature of vicious flurries now. The cruiser began to gain. Dr. Ardis was aglow with foretaste of triumph. Another five minutes would be enough. And then, full across the course of the Thing, there sailed from around a headland a small two-masted fishing schooner from one of the villages on the estuary shore.

Likely enough, there was no one on deck save the helmsman to see the onrushing menace. And likely enough, even if he did see it, he was too stunned to move. The great neck sheered blindly through the fishing craft and went on, curving and writhing down the path of the moon. Four blobs that were heads dotted the water. Cries came. Dr. Ardis was cursing through his teeth and jumping up and down, shaking his fists.

"Keep on!" he screamed. "It can't last much longer and then we can tow it in. Throw those fools life preservers. We'll pick them up later. Keep on! . . ."

But Tillson was shutting off the engine and spinning the wheel, his teeth grating hard together. The doctor shook his arm.

"You can't throw this chance away!" he raved. "Tillson! We're making history. Don't stop now! Science . . ."

"To hell with science!" said Tillson savagely. "The Thing's gone and that's all I care. Those men are neighbors of mine."

DR. ARDIS went utterly mad for a while then. He swore and shouted. He appealed to Barlow. He struck Tillson with his clenched fists. But the cruiser slid down toward the frantically swimming men and Barlow and Tillson hauled them on board. Far off in the distance the doctor could see the dark pillar that was the Thing vanishing into the horizon. And taken at last with the reaction he sank weakly to the cruiser's gunwale and buried his head in his hands.

"I should have used cyanide," he groaned. "I should have used cyanide. It would have died in the lake then. But I wanted to see how it acted in life. How was I to know it would last so long?"

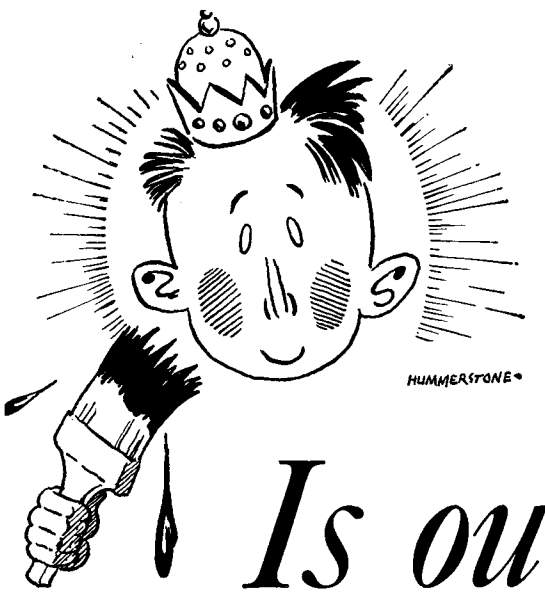
"What's all this about?" one of the fishermen was panting. "What's that that run us down? I never saw anything like it. What was it, hey?"

Dr. Ardis lifted his haggard face, and smiled as a measure of philosophy returned to him.

"What was it?" he echoed gently. "That, my friend, is something I'd like to know. Just what was it? . . . Do you know you're a very remarkable man?"

"Remarkable?" said the fisherman, startled.

"Certainly," agreed the doctor. "When you are old you can tell your grandchildren that you are the only man who ever stopped history."



Is our face RED?

WHEN King Frederick Wilhelm I of Prussia was a youngster, he used to paint his cheeks red. Not that he was effeminate—far from it. He did it, in fact, to make himself look more like a he-man. The soldiers, he noticed, always looked ruddy. He figured that a few dashes of red paint would make him look more like a soldier—more rugged, and healthy and strong.

It's a technique that wasn't new with Frederick, and didn't end with him. Some people have always resorted to tricks, when the unadorned facts were weak. But The Country Home doesn't have to do that. We say, with Al Smith, "Let's look at the record."

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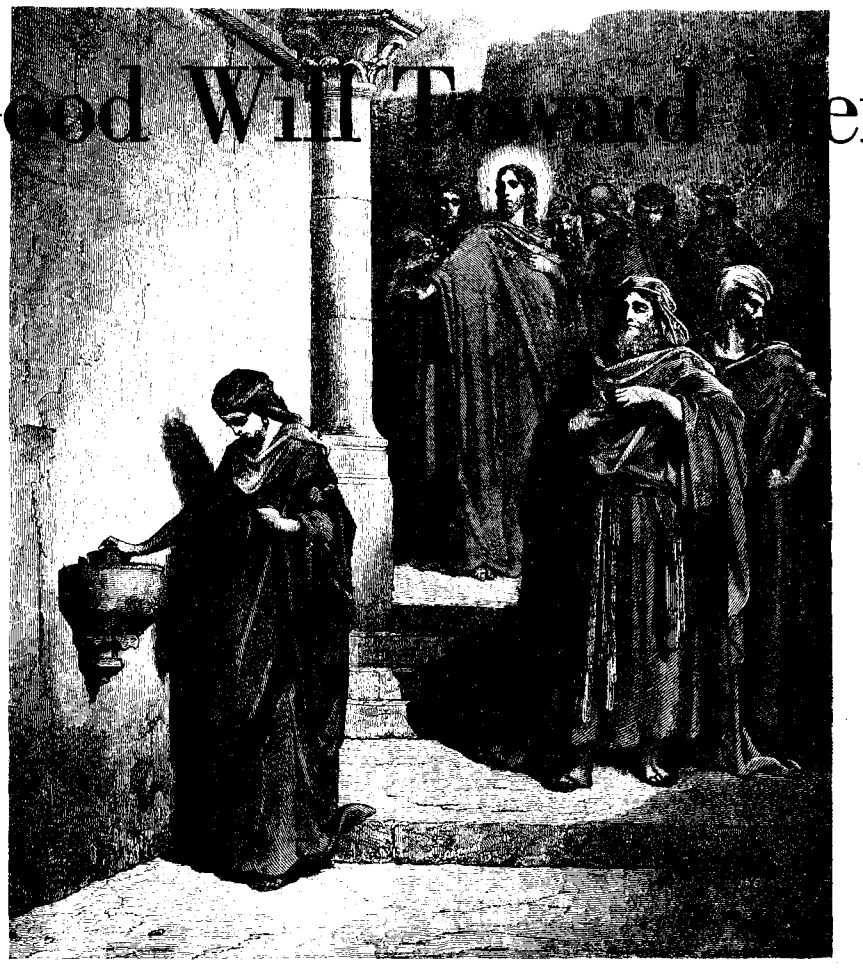
Good Will Toward Men



Gustave Doré

And there came a poor widow, and she cast in two mites, which make a farthing. And he called unto him his disciples, and said unto them, Verily I say unto you, This poor widow cast in more than all they that are casting into the treasury.
—Mark 12: 42-43.

WE NEED Christmas more than ever this year. We need to have our spirits refreshed. We need the strength, the encouragement, the joy which this, the finest of all religious festivals, has always brought us.

Christmas is the time for giving, for generosity, for good will. It is the occasion when for the moment self-seeking is laid aside, when concern over the future is forgotten, when for the day we join with our fellows in a glad enjoyment of the benefits vouchsafed us and in celebration of those ideal principles of conduct which add the divine spark to the animal man.

To the extent that we have, let's give this Christmas. Give with discernment and affection. Despite the progress toward better times, many are still in need. Share with those whose necessities are great. It is in truth better to give than to receive. This year especially it is best to give to those who cannot return your gift in kind but who themselves will be made happier or more secure by beneficence.

If you are among the fortunate who have weathered the storms, give heed to those who have been hurt. Make it possible for the less favored children to enjoy this Christmas as you or your children enjoy it. Interest yourself in the condition of others in your circle of friends and in the larger impersonal circle of your community. Do what you reasonably can. You will make others happier and, incidentally, you may enjoy this Christmas as seldom before.

After all, the best that we have and are centers around this season. Christian or other, we have a common interest in the holy principles and ideals which we recognize and honor at Christmas. Most practical of all is the rule of good will toward men which we observe and honor at this time.

Happily there is peace on earth. No great wars are raging. But seldom before, during a time of peace certainly, have we more sorely needed to be reminded of the healing power of good will. Wherever we are, whatever we are, young, old, rich or poor, weak or strong, no one of us lives who does not benefit from kindly and generous feelings.

Nothing is more practicable, even in our larger relationships, than good will. There is not a question of business, nor a controversy between employer and employed, nor clash or difference between classes or regions, whose solution would not be immensely facilitated by mutual good will.

Suspicion and distrust, prejudice and hostility—these are the things which confuse, complicate and make difficult our problems. Substitute confidence for suspicion, good will for prejudice, and there are no issues which cannot be quickly and readily settled. Christmas is practical. Good will is the solvent of difficulty.

Self-preservation may be the first law of nature but sacrifice of immediate self-interest is certainly the first rule of the religious and civilized man. In all history no man who put himself and his interests first is remembered pleasantly and with affection by mankind. The men and women whose memories we revere rose above mere self-protection and self-satisfaction. Those we honor most risked their lives and their all in order that others might fare better.

In our national life we call such men patriots and heroes. We are right. But they and the wise men of all time draw their inspiration from religion, nowhere more eloquently or more fully expressed than in the great historic literature of church and people which derives from Christmas.

The merry and often gorgeous music which enlivens this season is the natural outburst of the Christmas spirit. Kings and wise men honored and offered gifts to the Infant because He embodied an ideal. The teachings which later He was to offer did in fact sum up the hopes and fears of all the years of mankind.

Times change and we think of this feverish period through which we are passing as something new and unprecedented in the world. So far as the surface appearance is concerned, our difficulties are new and without precise precedent. Behind the shiny look of novelty, however, our problems are not new. Fundamentally we are wrestling with difficulties which have been familiar to men from the very beginning.

Down below the surface our troubles are mainly those of misunderstanding, selfishness and prejudice. Christmas comes to us with the ancient and tried message of hope, of generosity, of cheer and of good will.

Thousands of years ago in the very depths of winter, when the days were shortest and the shadows longest, men learned that the sun would return to warm the world and to replenish the dwindling stocks of food. So our pagan ancestors dared to feast on their scanty stores, confident of another spring.

Christianity took this festival and enriched it with the noble doctrines which hang about the Christ Child.

So we have Christmas, rich heritage of our long past, and constant reminder of the sacrifices made for us and of our own privileges and obligations.

Enjoy Christmas to the full this year. Share its good news. Accept its message of good will. There is no greater wisdom.

Act upon it and apply it in all our relationships and we shall be amazed at the difference it makes. Work will still have to be done, energy expended, difficulties overcome and defeats lived through. Good will, consideration for others, appreciation of their feelings, troubles and misunderstandings will enormously lighten our load and theirs.

Look about the world as you will, in the small places as well as the large, and you will see nothing which cannot measurably be bettered by sincere efforts put forth generously and kindly. The best news for the world of 1933 is the message uttered when a Cæsar ruled the world. "On earth peace, good will toward men" is the wisest and most practical guide for safe conduct through life.

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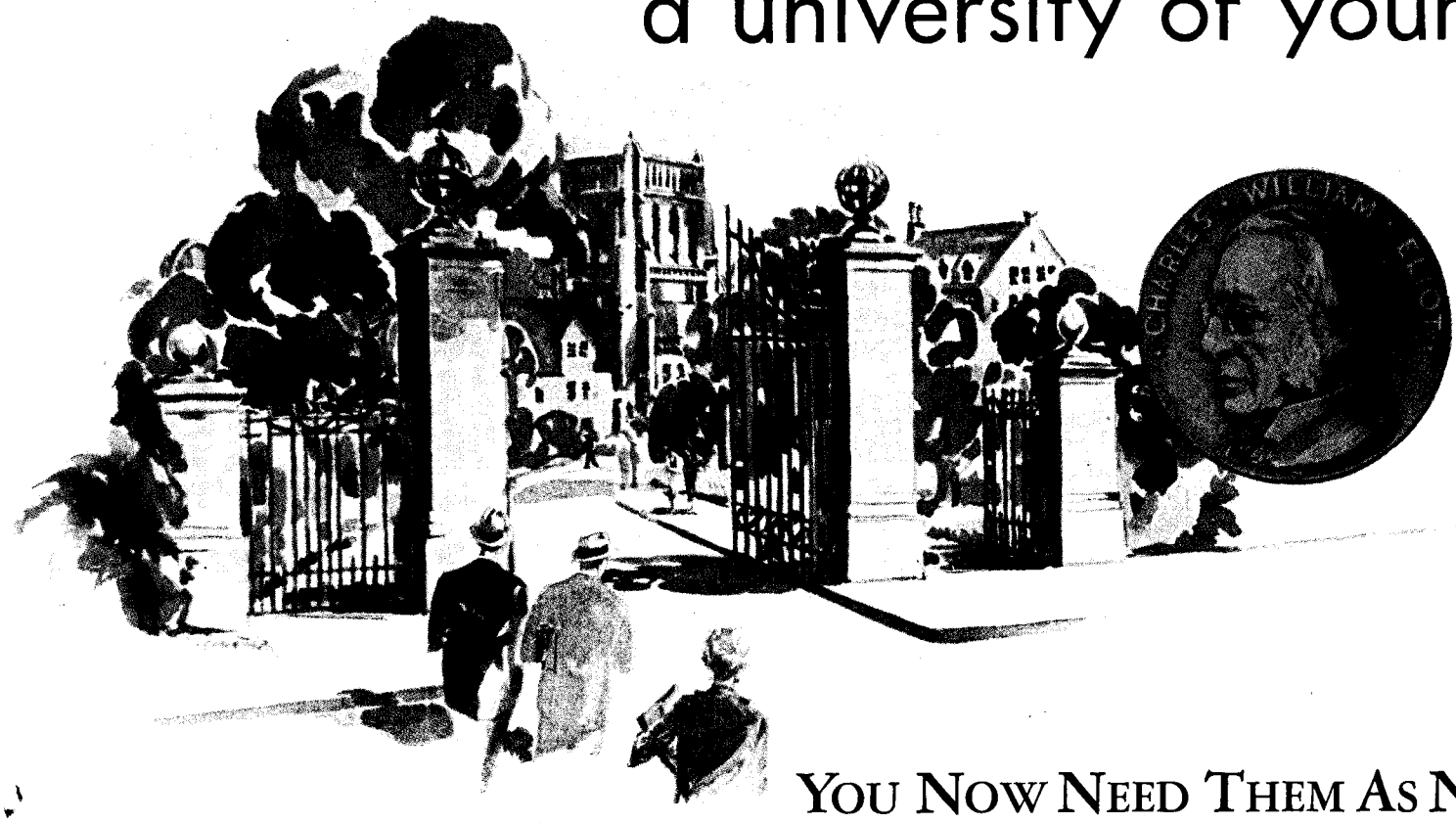

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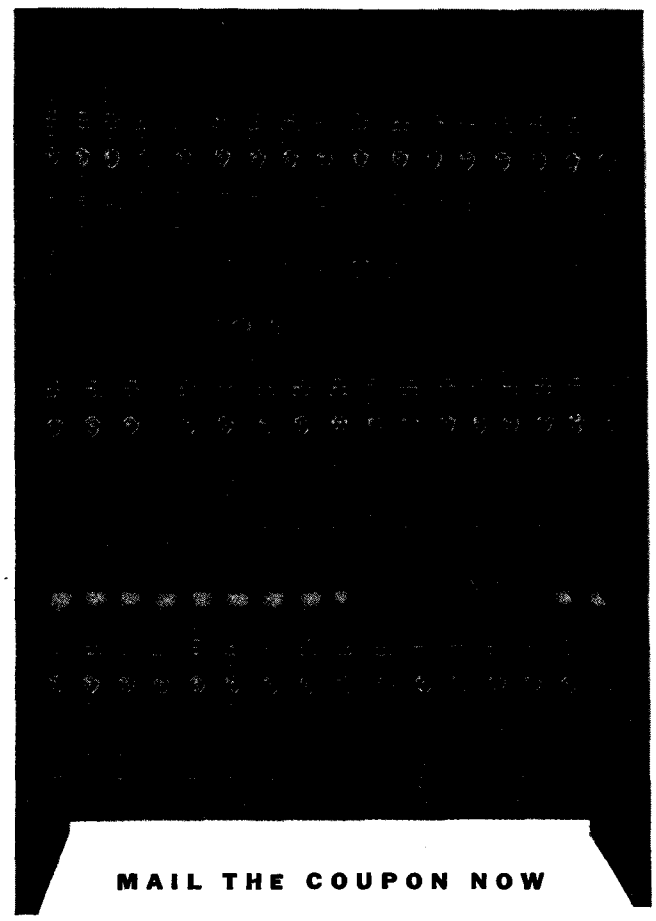

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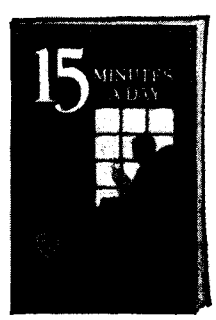

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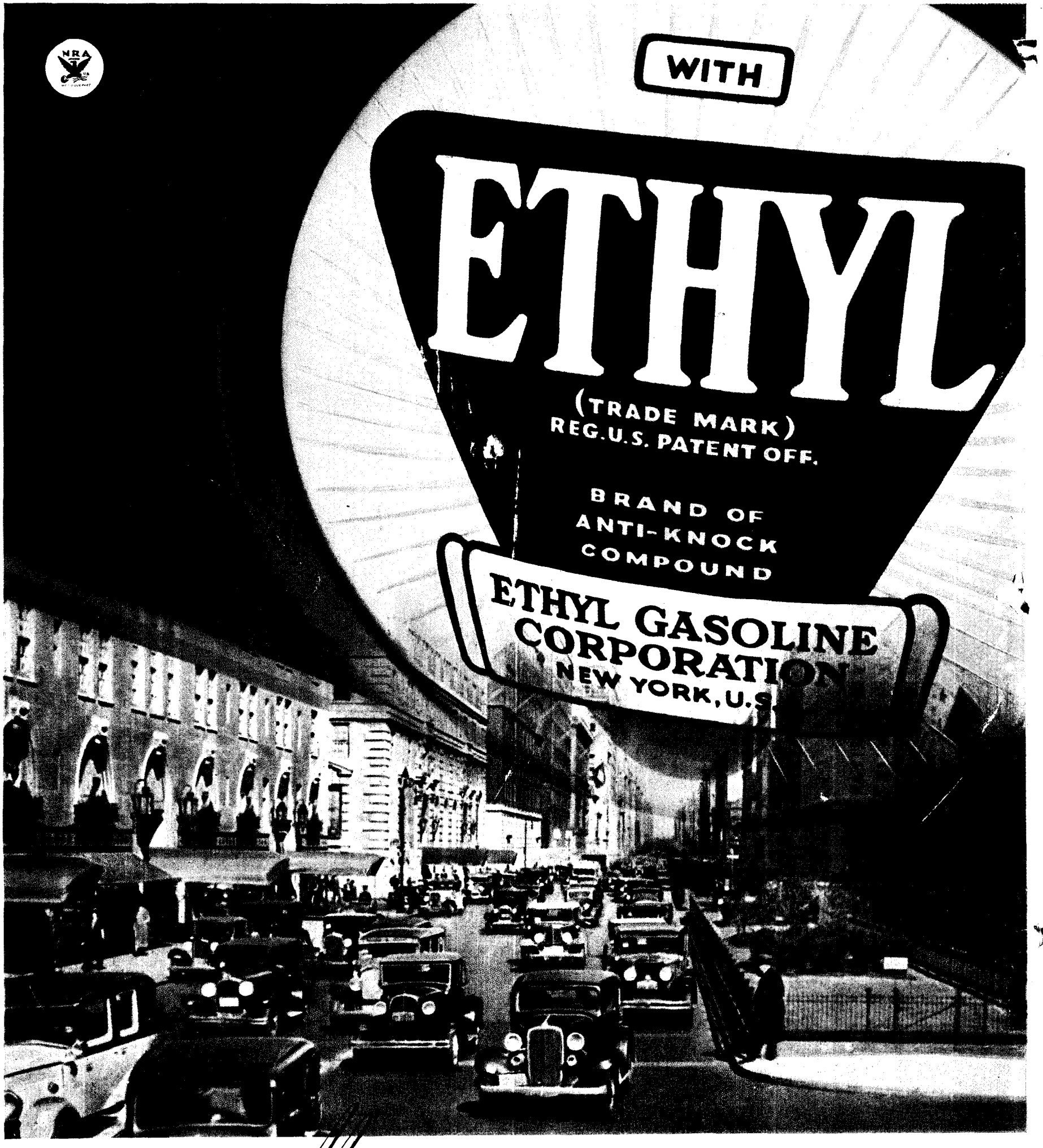

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